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CLASS III.
THE GREAT WRITERS—ENGLISH AND
FOREIGN.

SPENSER, AND HIS POETRY.

BY
G. L. CRAIK, M.A.
VOL. III.



KNIGHT'S
WEEKLY VOLUME
FOR ALL READERS

LXXI.

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ARTHUR MELVILLE CLARK
OF HERRIOTSHALL AND OXTON

SPENSER, AND HIS POETRY.

BY

GEO. L. CRAIK, M.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

L O N D O N :

CHARLES KNIGHT & Co., LUDGATE STREET.

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ERRATA.

- Vol. I. p. 5, l. 11, *for* "antiquarians," *read* "antiquaries."
" p. 48, l. 21, *read* "the seventh and eighth Cantos of
the Sixth Book."
" p. 189, l. 1, *for* "mind," *read* "maid."
Vol. II. p. 260, l. 17, *for* "turn," *read* "hour."

SPENSER AND HIS POETRY.

THE FAIRY QUEEN.

BOOK SIXTH.

WE now enter upon the last completed Book of the 'airy Queen, containing the legend of *Sir Calidore, or f Courtesy*. It is preceded by an introductory address of seven stanzas, of which the first five are as follow :—

The ways through which my weary steps I guide
In this delightful land of Faïry,
Are so exceeding spacious and wide,
And sprinkled with such sweet variety
Of all that pleasant is to ear or eye,
That I, nigh ravished with rare thought's delight,
My tedious travel do forget thereby ;
And, when I gin to feel decay of might,
It strength to me supplies and cheers my dulled sprite.

Such secret comfort and such heavenly pleasures,
Ye sacred imps, that on Parnasso dwell,
And there the keeping have of learning's treasures
Which do all worldly riches far excel,
Into the minds of mortal men do well,*
And goodly fury into them infuse ;
Guide ye my footing, and conduct me well,
In these strange ways, where never foot did use,
Ne none can find but who was taught them by the
muse :

* Cause to flow.

Reveal to me the sacred nursery
 Of virtue, which with you doth there remain,
 Where it in silver bower does hidden lie
 From view of men and wicked world's disdain ;
 Since it at first was by the gods with pain
 Planted in earth, being derived at first
 From heavenly seeds of bounty sovereign,
 And by them long with careful labour nurst,
 Till it to ripeness grew, and forth to honour burst.

Amongst them all grows not a fairer flower
 Than is the bloem of comely courtesy ;
 Which, though it on a lowly stalk do bower,
 Yet brancheth forth in brave nobility,
 And spreads itself through all civility :
 Of which though present age do plenteous seem,
 Yet, being matched with plain antiquity,
 Ye will them all but feigned shows esteem,
 Which carry colours fair that feeble eyes misdeem :

But, in the trial of true courtesy,
 It's now so far from that which then it was,
 That it indeed is nought but forgery,
 Fashioned to please the eyes of them that pass,
 Which see not perfect things but in a glass :
 Yet is that glass so gay that it can blind
 The wisest sight, to think gold that is brass :
 But virtue's seat is deep within the mind,
 And not in outward shows but inward thoughts defined.

The two remaining stanzas are employed in complimenting Elizabeth as the greatest patron and mirror of the virtue about to be celebrated—as, indeed, of all other virtues—that has been known either in the modern or the ancient world.

Canto I. (47 stanzas).—Courtesy, the poet sets out by observing, is especially the virtue of courts, whence it has its name, and in Fairy Court it abounded most of all, both among knights and ladies ; but among them all was no more courteous knight than Calidore, the all-beloved. The name may be translated the beautifully gifted ; and the character is supposed to be designed for Sir Philip Sidney, whom we shall find to have been also previously

pictured by our author, in his Mother Hubbard's Tale,
as

— the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought.

He is here described as one in whom it seemed

————— that gentleness of sprite
And manners mild were planted natural;
To which he adding comely guise withal
And gracious speech, did steal men's hearts away;
Nathless thereto he was full stout and tall,
And well approved in battelous affray,
That him did much renown, and far his fame display.

Every knight and every lady in Fairy Court loved him
dearly, and with the greatest he had greatest grace,
which he ever used well and wisely to favour good and
repress evil :

For he loathed leasing^b and base flattery,
And loved simple truth and steadfast honesty.

Travelling on a hard adventure in which he is engaged, this Knight of Courtesy chanceth to meet Sir Artegal returning from the land of Irena; they are old acquaintances, and, after Artegal has related his late conquest of Grantorto, Sir Calidore informs him that he himself, beginning where his friend has happily ended, is now in quest of a monster called the Blatant Beast, which is incessantly roaming through the world; yet how or where to find him he does not know, and can therefore only still go forward in the hope that he may at last chance upon him.

“What is that Blatant Beast then?” he replied.
“It is a monster bred of hellish race,”
Then answered he, “which often hath annoyed
Good knights and ladies true, and many else destroyed.

^b Lying.

"Of Cerberus whilome he was begot
And fell Chimæra, in her darksome den,
Through foul commixture of his filthy blot;
Where he was fostered long in Stygian fen,
Till he to perfect ripeness grew; and then
Into this wicked world he forth was sent
To be the plague and scourge of wretched men:
Whom with vile tongue and venomous intent
He sore doth wound, and bite, and cruelly torment."

Such a beast, Artegal replies, he had himself encountered since leaving "the Salvage Island" (this is the first time that any name is given to Irena's kingdom); and he describes how it had bayed and barked at him. They agree that this must be the object of Calidore's pursuit; and that knight, after they have taken leave of each other, and Sir Artegal has bidden him good speed, now proceeds on his way with some hope of finding what he seeks.

He has not travelled long when his ears are assailed by shrill cries for help; they proceed from a comely youth bound hand and foot to a tree; the knight stops to ask no questions till he has released him; and then the squire recounts how he had fallen into such mishap:—

"Not far from hence, upon yond rocky hill,
Hard by a strait there stands a castle strong,
Which doth observe a custom lewd and ill,
And it hath long maintained with mighty wrong:
For may no knight nor lady pass along
That way, (and yet they needs must pass that way,
By reason of the strait, and rocks among.)
But they that lady's locks do shave away,
And that knight's beard, for toll which they for passage
pay."

"A shamefull use as ever I did hear,"
Said Calidore, "and to be overthrown.
But by what means did they at first it rear,
And for what cause? Tell if thou have it known."
Said then that squire; "The lady, which doth own
This castle, is by name Briana hight;
Than which a prouder lady liveth none:

She long time hath dear loved a doughty knight,
And sought to win his love by all the means she might.

"His name is Crudor; who, through high disdain
And proud despite of his self-pleasing mind,
Refused hath to yield her love again,
Until a mantle she for him do find,
With beards of knights and locks of ladies lined:
Which to provide, she hath this castle dight,
And therein hath a seneschal assigned,
Called Malefort, a man of mickle might,
Who executes her wicked will with worse despite.

"He, this same day as I that way did come
With a fair damsel, my beloved dear,
In execution of her lawless doom
Did set upon us flying both for fear;
For little boots against him hand to rear:
Me first he took unable to withstand,^c
And, whiles he her pursued every where,
Till his return unto this tree he bond;^d
Ne wot I surely whether he her yet have fond."

While they are still conversing, a loud and rueful shriek
is heard, and, looking up, they see at a little distance the
strong seneschal, "with hand unblest," dragging the
lady by her yellow hair,

That all her garments from her snowy breast,
And from her head her locks he nigh did tear,
Ne would he spare for pity, nor refrain for fear.

Calidore instantly sets out in pursuit of the villain, and,
having come up to him, calls on him to turn and answer
his defiance;

Who, harkening to that voice, himself upreared,
And, seeing him so fiercely towards make,
Against him stoutly ran, as nought afeared,
But rather more enraged for those words' sake;
And with stern countenance thus unto him spake;
"Art thou the caitiff that defiest me,
And for this maid, whose party thou dost take,

^c Withstand.^d Bound.

• Found.

Wilt give thy beard, though it but little be?
Yet shall it not her locks for ransom fro me free."

Calidore, as is the usual mode of civilized and well-disciplined knights, allows his adversary to spend his first fury without attempting much more than to elude or ward off his blows; and then, when he finds him beginning to lose breath, rises and comes down upon him with all his reserved might, like a mill-stream which has been confined by a dam, when it is let out to drive the mill. Maleffort is at last forced to take to his heels, and, flying to the castle, he calls aloud to the warder to open to him instantly.

They, from the wall him seeing so aghast,
The gate soon opened to receive him in;
But Calidore did follow him so fast,
That even in the porch he him did win,
And cleft his head asunder to his chin:
The carcase tumbling down within the door
Did choke the entrance with a lump of sin,
That it could not be shut; whilst Calidore
Did enter in, and slew the porter on the floor.

The other occupants of the castle now gather, and fall upon him from all sides;

But he them all from him full lightly swept,
As doth a steer, in heat of summer's day,
With his long tail the brizes^f brush away.

But now, having passed onward into the hall, he finds himself confronted by the Lady Briana herself, who shamelessly charges him with having come upon her like no knight, but rather a lawless robber and man of blood, and, after having slain her seneschal, and murdered her men, proceeding to plunder her defenceless house, and make his spoil of herself, who has no means of resisting him. She is not to be appeased or brought to reason by anything he can say; but, throwing at him her scornful defiance (which he tells her he holds to be no indignity

^f The breeze-flies, or gad-flies.

from a lady), she declares that if she did not know that, coward as he is, he would fly before her champion could arrive, she would soon have one to measure swords with him who might perhaps make him pay dear for what he had done. Calidore entreats that she will instantly send for him to come, upon which, calling to her a dwarf, she takes from her hand a gold ring (a token agreed upon between them), and orders him to fly with it with all the speed he can to Crudor, and inform him in what plight she stands. All the night, nevertheless, while Calidore there abides with her, she never ceases her discourteous treatment and womanish disdain; but on the morrow, before the sun has risen, the dwarf is back with an assurance from Crudor that ere he has tasted bread he will be with her, and that she need fear nothing. As a pledge of his fidelity, he sends her his basenet, or helmet. On this she gets into high spirits, and becomes more insolent and venomous than ever;

Yet no whit more appalled for the same,
Ne ought dismayed was Sir Calidore;
But rather did more cheerful seem therefore:
And, having soon his arms about him dight,
Did issue forth to meet his foe afore;
Where long he stayed not, whenas a knight
He spied come pricking on with all his power and
might.

Instantly running at each other, they are both at the first shock "rudely rolled to ground, both horse and man."

But Calidore uprose again full light,
Whiles yet his foe lay fast in senseless sound,^s
Yet would he not him hurt although he might:
For shame he weened a sleeping wight to wound.
But when Briana saw that dreary stound,
There where she stood upon the castle wall,
She deemed him sure to have been dead on ground;
And made such piteous mourning therewithal,
That from the battlements she ready seemed to fall.

^s Swoon.

After a time, however, Crudor begins to stretch his limbs ; and at last he gets upon his legs, and the fight is renewed by the two on foot with undiminished fury. They long hew at each other's helmets, breaking asunder the metal plates as if they were potshares, till a purple lake stands congealed about them of the blood that has gushed from their riven sides. At length Calidore, by a nimble blow on the head, forces his adversary to stoop, and, following up that advantage, soon has him on the ground and at his mercy ; but Crudor now, to his surprise, as he is about to unlace his helmet, in order to cut off his head, cries out entreating him to spare his life ; and, after his conqueror has earnestly but mildly pointed out to him the culpability of the conduct he has, in his arrogance and vain confidence of his matchless strength and good fortune, hitherto pursued, he is suffered to rise on condition of his promising hereafter to behave himself better to all strangers and errant knights, and to aid ladies " in every stead and stound." Then, when he has got up, Calidore further makes him swear " by his own sword, and by the cross thereon," to release Briana from the barbarous conditions he had imposed, and to take her " for his loving fere," without either dower or compact. Crudor agrees to everything, and also swears to the restorer of his life " true fealty for aye ;" and Briana too, who now comes forth, after having been cheered and comforted by the courteous knight, and informed by him how all has been arranged, is so affected that she throws herself at his feet, and, with outpoured thanks and acknowledgments, adores him " as her life's dear lord."

So, all returning to the castle glad,
Most joyfully she them did entertain ;
Where goodly glee and feast to them she made,
To show her thankful mind and meaning fain,
By all the means she mote it best explain ;
And, after all, unto Sir Calidore
She freely gave that castle for his pain,
And herself bound to him for evermore ;
So wondrously now changed from that she was afore.

But Calidore himself would not retain
 Nor land nor fee for hire of his good deed,
 But gave them straight unto that squire again,
 Whom from her seneschal he lately freed,
 And to his damsel, as their rightful meed
 For recompense of all their former wrong :
 There he remained with them right well agreed,
 Till of his wounds he waxed whole and strong ;
 And then to his first quest he passed forth along.

Canto II. (48 stanzas).—The story of the adventures of Sir Calidore is now resumed with this exordium :—

What virtue is so fitting for a knight,
 Or for a lady whom a knight should love,
 As Courtesy ; to bear themselves aright
 To all of each degree as doth behove ?
 For, whether they be placed high above
 Or low beneath, yet ought they well to know
 Their good ; that none them rightly may reprove
 Of rudeness for not yielding what they owe :
 Great skill it is such duties timely to bestow.

Thereto great help dame Nature self doth lend :
 For some so goodly gracious are by kind,
 That every action doth them much commend,
 And in the eyes of men great liking find ;
 Which others that have greater skill in mind,
 Though they enforce themselves, cannot attain :
 For every thing, to which one is inclined,
 Doth best become and greatest grace doth gain :
 Yet praise likewise deserve good thewes^b enforced with pain.

That well in courteous Calidore appears ;
 Whose every act and deed, that he did say,
 Was like enchantment, that through both the ears
 And both the eyes did steal the heart away.*

He is now again set forth on his quest after the Blatant Beast, when, as he pursues his way, he perceives, not

^b Manners.

* In these two lines all the editions absurdly persist in repeating the manifest erratum of the first, which has transposed the words "ears" and "eyes."

far off, a tall young man fighting on foot against an armed and mounted knight, while a fair lady in foul array stands by herself looking on. Before he can make up to them, the knight has been slain by the youth, and lies low on ground, much to the amazement of Calidore, when he scans the figure of the other combatant :—

Him stedfastly he marked, and saw to be
A goodly youth of amiable grace,
Yet but a slender slip, that scarce did see
Yet seventeen years, but tall and fair of face,
That sure he deemed him born of noble race :
All in a woodman's jacket he was clad
Of Lincoln green, belayed^l with silver lace ;
And on his head an hood with aglets^j sprad,^k
And by his side his hunter's horn he hanging had.

Buskins he wore of costliest cordwain,^l
Pinckt^m upon gold, and paled part per part,ⁿ
As then the guise was for each gentle swain :
In his right hand he held a trembling dart,
Whose fellow he before had sent apart ;
And in his left he held a sharp boar-spear,
With which he wont to launch^o the salvage heart
Of many a lion and of many a bear,
That first unto his hand in chase did happen near.

To Calidore's question wherefore he, no knight, has his
"hand too bold embued in blood of knight," in violation
of the law of arms,

" Certes," said he, " loth were I to have broken
The law of arms ; yet break it should again,
Rather than let myself of wight be stroken,
So long as these two arms were able to be wroken."

And he appeals to the slain knight's lady, standing before them, to say whether it was not the knight who had been the assailant. He is himself, he goes on to relate,

^l Decorated. ^j Aigulets, tags. ^k Spread, covered.

^l Leather of Cordova, Spanish leather.

^m Worked in small holes.

ⁿ Divided by a longitudinal line ; an heraldic phrase.

^o Lance, pierce.

wont to spend his time carelessly, while his years are yet unripe, hunting in the forest, where this same day he had met the knight and the lady passing along.

“ The knight, as ye did see, on horseback was,
And this his lady, that him ill became,
On her fair feet by his horse-side did pass
Through thick and thin, unfit for any dame :
Yet not content, more to increase his shame,
Whenso she lagged, as she needs mote so,
He with his spear (that was to him great blame)
Would thump her forward and enforce to go,
Weeping to him in vain and making piteous woe.”

Moved with indignation at this sight, he had blamed the knight for his cruelty

“ Towards a lady, whom, with usage kind,
He rather should have taken up behind.”

The knight thereupon, in rage and scorn, had threatened to chastise him, “ as doth to a child pertain ;” he, with no less disdain, “ back returned his scornful taunts unto his teeth again ;” the knight then ‘struck him once or twice with his spear, on which he, taking a slender dart, the fellow of the one he now has in his hand, threw it “ not in vain,” and struck the knight, as it appeared, underneath the heart. Sir Calidore much admires his well-tempered speech, but more the well-aimed stroke that had so cunningly made its way through the strong mail, and so sternly chastised the wrong-doer ; and, when the lady confirms all that the youth has stated, he not only absolves him from blame, but applauds him for what he has done ; “ for,” as he observes,

—— “ knights and all men this by nature have,
Towards all women-kind them kindly to behave.”

He now asks the lady to inform them what cause could have made her late lover do so strange and dishonourable an act as to drive her so on foot——

————— “ unfit to tread
And lackey by him, gainst all womanhead.”

The lady, though unwilling to cast blame upon the dead, will not conceal the truth. This day, as he and she were riding along together, they chanced

———“to come foreby^p a covert glade
Within a wood, whereas a lady gent
Sat with a knight in joyous jolliment
Of their frank loves, free from all jealous spies:
Fair was the lady sure, that mote content
An heart not carried with too curious eyes,
And unto him did show all lovely courtesies.”

As soon as her knight saw this new lady, he began to wish her his own; and, finding the presence of his old love to be a let, or hindrance, he first desired her to alight, and then, when she hesitated or refused—loth, as she says, to leave him so suddenly—threw her down with violence from the saddle. At the same time, rushing at him, he called upon the other knight, all unarmed as he was, either to yield up the lady or instantly to defend his claim to her in fight. The other requested him to allow him time to get his arms, which were near at hand; but to no purpose; he struck his spear into him, and he fell severely wounded. Meanwhile, however, the lady had made her escape into the thick of the grove; and as soon as the armed knight missed her, mad with disappointment, he left the other, and ran ranging through all the wood after the fugitive. At last, obliged to give up the hope of finding her, he returned to the place where he had left his own love, and “there,” says she,

———“gan he me to curse and ban, for lack
Of that fair booty, and with bitter wrack
To wreak on me the guilt of his own wrong:
Of all which I yet glad to bear the pack
Strove to appease him, and persuaded long;
But still his passion grew more violent and strong.

“Then, as it were to avenge his wrath on me,
When forward we should fare, he flat refused

^p Near to.

To take me up (as this young man did see)
Upon his steed, for no just cause accused,
But forced to trot on foot, and foul misused,
Punching me with the butt-end of his spear,
In vain complaining to be so abused ;
For he regarded neither plaint nor tear,
But more enforced my pain, the more my plaints to hear.

“ So passed we, till this young man us met ;
And, being moved with pity of my plight,
Spake as was meet, for ease of my regret :
Whereof befell what now is in your sight.”

Sir Calidore replies in a few gentle words ; and

Then turning back unto that gentle boy,
Which had himself so stoutly well acquit ;
Seeing his face so lovely stern and coy,
And hearing the answers of his pregnant wit,
He praised it much, and much admired it ;
That sure he weened him born of noble blood,
With whom those graces did so goodly fit :
And, when he long had him beholding stood,
He burst into these words, as to him seemed good ;

“ Fair gentle swain, and yet as stout as fair,
That in these woods amongst the nymphs dost won,
Which daily may to thy sweet looks repair,
As they are wont unto Latona's son
After his chase on woody Cynthus done ;
Well may I certes such an one thee read,
As by thy worth thou worthily hast won,
Or surely born of some heroic seed,
That in thy face appears and * gracious goodly-head.”

To his request that he will reveal who and what he is—
“ for,” says Sir Calidore,

——“ since the day that arms I first did rear,
I never saw in any greater hope appear,”—

the noble youth answers that he is a Briton born, and
is the son of a king ; “ however,” says he,

* It may be suspected that this “ and ” is a misprint for
“ such,” though a certain sense may be made of the line as
it stands.

“ through fate
Or fortune I my country have forlorn,
And lost the crown which should my head by right
adorn.”

His name, he continues, is Tristram, and he had been born the only heir of good King Meliograss of Cornwall; but his father had died while he was yet in his boyhood, upon which his uncle, the brother of Meliograss, had seized the crown. Fair Emeline, the widowed queen, his mother, then becoming alarmed for his safety, and following the advice of a sage counsellor, had had him conveyed away from his native land, the fertile Lioness, into this Land of Fairy; “ where,” says he,

“ I have woned thus long
Since I was ten years old, now grown to stature strong.

“ All which my days I have not lewdly spent,
Nor spilt the blossom of my tender years
In idleness; but, as was convenient,^a
Have trained been with many noble feres
In gentle thewes and such like seemly leres:^r
Mongst which my most delight hath always been
To hunt the salvage chace, amongst my peers,
Of all that rangeth in the forest green,
Of which none is to me unknown that ever was seen.

“ Ne is there hawk which mantleth her on perch,
Whether high towering or accosting^a low,
But I the measure of her flight do search,
And all her prey and all her diet know:
Such be our joys which in these forests grow:
Only the use of arms, which most I joy,
And fitteth most for noble swain to know,
I have not tasted yet; yet past a boy,
And being now high time these stroug joints to employ.”

He concludes by requesting Sir Calidore to make him a squire on the spot; which the courteous knight readily consents to do.

^a In three syllables, with the accent on the first.

^r Arts, disciplines.

^a Stooping.

There* him he caused to kneel, and made to swear
Faith to his knight, and truth to ladies all,
And never to be recreant for fear
Of peril, or of ought that might befall :
So he him dubbed, and his squire did call.
Full glad and joyous then young Tristram grew ;
Like as a flower, whose silken leaves small
Long shut up in the bud from heaven's view,
At length breaks forth, and broad displays his smiling
hue.

Child Tristram now prays Sir Calidore to take him for his own squire ; but for the present, greatly delighted as he is that it should have been made, the knight is obliged to decline this offer, having bound himself by vow to his sovereign, when he set out upon his present adventure, that he would achieve it unattended and alone. He proposes therefore that Tristram should remain to aid and guard the lady ; and, "the noble imp" having gladly accepted that service, they part, and Calidore pursues his journey.

But Tristram, then despoiling that dead knight
Of all those goodly implements of praise,
Long fed his greedy eyes with the fair sight
Of the bright metal shining like sun rays ;
Handling and turning them a thousand ways :
And, after having them upon him dight,
He took that lady, and her up did raise
Upon the steed of her own late dead knight :
So with her marched forth, as she did him beight.[†]

Calidore has not ridden many miles when he comes to where the knight since slain by Tristram had left the other knight whom he had so unhandsomely attacked and so sorely wounded.

There he that knight found lying on the floor
With many wounds full perilous and wide,
That all his garments and the grass in vermeil dyed.

* It should probably be "Then."

† Direct, desire.

And beside him on the ground sits his woeful lady,
wiping his wounds and trying to ease his pain as she
laments aloud. When Sir Calidore comes up, and,
scarcely refraining from tears, entreats to know what
cruel hand has wrought such pitiable wrong, she describes
the strange knight as having been


—————" of stature large,
Clad all in gilden arms, with azure band
Quartered athwart, and bearing in his targe
A lady on rough waves rowed in a summer barge."

By this Sir Calidore knows that it is the same knight
whom he has since seen dead; and he endeavours to
comfort the lady with this intelligence. She thanks him
for his good news; but is still much perplexed what to
do with her wounded love. She does not like to trouble
a stranger to assist her in removing him; and she also
thinks it "a thing too base" to take him up and bear
him herself.

Which whenas he perceived he thus bespake;
"Fair lady, let it not you seem disgrace
To bear this burden on your dainty back;
Myself will bear a part, coportion of your pack."

So off he did his shield, and downward laid
Upon the ground, like to an hollow bier;
And pouring balm, which he had long purveyed,
Into his wounds, him up thereon did rear,
And twixt them both with parted pains did bear,
Twixt life and death, not knowing what was done:
Thence they him carried to a castle near,
In which a worthy ancient knight did won:
Where what ensued shall in next Canto be begun.

Canto III. (50 stanzas).—By nothing, observes the
poet in commencing this Canto, is a man so well betrayed
as by his manners, by nothing is it so plainly shown "of
what degree and what race he is grown." It has ever
been found "that gentle blood will gentle manners
breed," as may be seen by this instance of Calidore,
who so courteously takes up the wounded knight "in
his great need," and bears him on his back to that neigh-



bouring castle. There he is earnestly besought to make his abode for the night by the lord of the castle :—

He was to weet a man of full ripe years,
That in his youth had been of mickle might,
And borne great sway in arms among his peers ;
But now weak age had dimmed his candlelight :
Yet was he courteous still to every wight,
And loved all that did to arms incline ;
And was the father of that wounded knight,
Whom Calidore thus carried on his chine ;
And Aldus was his name ; and his son's, Aladine.

Aldus is of course affected at the sight of his wounded son, but, with the philosophy and something also perhaps of the indifference of age, he soon consoles himself with a reflection on the uncertainty of mortal hopes, and the “ tickle,” or precarious, condition of all things earthly :—
“ this,” he remarks,

— “ is the state of keasars and of kings !
Let none, therefore, that is in meaner place,
Too greatly grieve at any his unlucky case.”

Thus well and wisely tempering his grief, he makes the evening pass not unpleasantly to Calidore.

But that fair lady would be cheered for nought,
But sighed and sorrowed for her lover dear,
And inly did afflict her pensive thought
With thinking to what case her name should now be brought.

For she is the daughter of a noble lord dwelling near, and has preferred the lusty Aladine, though of meaner birth and inferior estate, to a great peer to whom her father desires to marry her : taking advantage of an opportunity that had offered, they had “ met together in that luckless glade ;” but she is now filled with fear and perplexity as she bethinks herself in what hazard she has put her good fame, and how she is to manage so as to save appearances. Calidore endeavours to cheer and reassure her with his wonted courtesy ; the old knight tries by all the means in his power “ to make them both

as merry as he may ;” and when the time of rest comes Calidore retires to his bower with a quiet mind, and sleeps soundly ;—

But fair Priscilla (so that lady hight)
Would to no bed, nor take no kindly sleep,
But by her wounded love did watch all night,
And all the night for bitter anguish weep,
And with her tears his wounds did wash and steep :
So well she washed them, and so well she watched him,
That of the deadly swoon, in which full deep
He drenched was, she at the length despatched him,
And drove away the stound which mortally attached
him.

He too, when morning comes, and he has awakened as out of a dream, is deeply distressed to think of the position in which she has placed herself for his sake ; she, again, now grieves more to see him so made miserable on her account than for herself. To both their only hope seems to be Calidore ; “ all other helps were past.”

Early, so soon as Titan’s beams forth burst
Through the thick clouds, in which they steeped lay
All night in darkness, dulled with iron rust,
Calidore rising up as fresh as day
Gan freshly him address unto his former way :

But first he goes to salute the wounded knight, “ and eke that lady, his fair lovely lass ;” the former he finds much better, and they talk together about “ things of course ;” till Aladine (or Aldine, as he is otherwise called) takes occasion to unfold to him the whole story of his and Priscilla’s love. The courteous knight readily consents to conduct the fair lady to her father’s house :—

— so after little stay,
That she herself had to the journey dight,
He passed forth with her in fair array,
Fearless who ought did think or ought did say,
Sith his own thought he knew most clear from wite.”

And on the way he devises a "counter-cast of sleight" whereby "to give fair colour" to the lady's cause. Proceeding first to the place where the carcass of the knight slain by noble Tristram still lies, he cuts off the head; and, taking it along with him, presents it to Priscilla's father at the same time with his daughter, whom he swears on his knighthood to be "most perfect pure and guiltless innocent of blame" since he had first seen her, and delivered her from fear of the discourteous knight, the owner of the head,

————— who her had reft,
And by outrageous force away did bear.

It will be observed that he does not say he had delivered her from the knight, but only from the fear of him, which he had done by bringing her the news of his having been slain by Tristram. It does not seem to trouble Calidore, or the poet either, that a false impression has in this way been left upon the mind of the old lord. Everything passes off smoothly and prosperously:—

Most joyful man her sire was her to see,
And hear the adventure of her late mischance;
And thousand thanks to Calidore for fee
Of his large pains in her deliverance
Did yield; ne less the lady did advance.^v
Thus having her restored trustily,
As he had vowed, some small continuance
He there did make, and then most carefully
Unto his first exploit he did himself apply.

Pursuing his way he chances to come where "in covert shade" a jolly knight rests unarmed, solacing himself with his lady love, who is also

————— full fair to see,
And courteous withal, becoming her degree.

The two lovers are much abashed, but Calidore himself is much more so, that he should have so rudely lighted

^v Nor did the lady less commend him.

upon them, and "troubled their quiet love's delight;" but his courteous apologies, framed with "gentle words and goodly wit," soon allay all unpleasant feeling, and the strange knight, having asked him to sit down beside him, entertains him with a very interesting account of adventures in which he has been engaged—leaving the fair Serena (such is the lady's name) to find in the meanwhile such amusement for herself as she can. She, "allured with mildness of the gentle weather, and pleasure of the place," wanders about the fields as liking leads her, gathering flowers to make a garland for her head, and suspecting no ill, when suddenly out of the neighbouring forest comes rushing the Blatant Beast, and, catching her up, bears her away in his great wide mouth. Her cries, however, rouse the two knights from their absorbing conversation; and Calidore, overtaking the monster, soon compels him to drop his prey,

And to betake himself to fearful flight;
For he durst not abide with Calidore to fight.

Who nathless, when he the lady saw
There left on ground, though in full evil plight,
Yet knowing that her knight now near did draw,
Stayed not to succour her in that affright,
But followed fast the monster in his flight:
Through woods and hills he followed him so fast,
That he would let him breathe nor gather sprite,
But forced him gape and gasp, with dread aghast,
As if his lungs and lights were nigh asunder brast.

Sir Calepine (that is the name of the stranger knight) lifts up his lady from the ground where she lies, wounded by the animal's teeth in both her sides and covered with blood, and, sustaining her in his tender arms, brings her out of her swoon, and then, setting her on his horse, supports her there with careful hands, while he walks softly by her side till they can find some place of shelter. At length, as "Phœbus with his fiery train unto his inn" begins "to draw apace," waxing weary of travelling so long on foot in that painful manner, and laden besides with his armour, he chances to see, "down in a

dale foreby a river's side," a fair and stately house in which he hopes that he may find succour. But when he reaches the river he finds that it will be hardly possible to cross it on foot, especially encumbered as he is. While he is deliberating what he shall do, he sees an armed and mounted knight approach, "with a fair lady linked by his side," also on her palfrey. Saluting this knight, Calepine beseeches him of courtesy that in the circumstances he will take him up behind him; but the other tauntingly replies:—

"Perdy, thou peasant knight mightst rightly read
Me then to be full base and evil born,
If I would bear behind a burden of such scorn.

"But, as thou hast thy steed forlorn with shame,
So fare on foot till thou another gain,
And let thy lady likewise do the same,
Or bear her on thy back with pleasing pain,
And prove thy manhood on the billows vain."

Even his own lady is shocked at this rude speech, and would have taken up Calepine beside herself in her pity for his sick love.

Sir Calepine her thanked; yet, inly wroth
Against her knight, her gentleness refused,
And carelessly into the river go'th,
As in despite to be so foul abused
Of a rude churl, whom often he accused
Of foul discourtesy, unfit for knight;
And, strongly wading through the waves unused,
With spear in the one hand stayed himself upright,
With the other stayed his lady up with steady might.

And all the while that same discourteous knight
Stood on the further bank beholding him;
At whose calamity, for more despite,
He laughed, and mocked to see him like to swim.
But whenas Calepine came to the brim,
And saw his carriage past that peril well,
Looking at that same carl with countenance grim,
His heart with vengeance inwardly did swell,
And forth at last did break in speeches sharp and fell:

"Unknightly knight, the blemish of that name,
And blot of all that arms upon them take,
Which is the badge of honour and of fame,
Lo! I defy thee; and here challenge make,
That thou for ever do those arms forsake,
And be for ever held a recreant knight,
Unless thou dare, for thy dear lady's sake
And for thine own defence, on foot alight
To justify thy fault gainst me in equal fight."

The dastard, that did hear himself defied,
Seemed not to weigh his threatful words at all,
But laughed them out, as if his greater pride
Did scorn the challenge of so base a thrall;
Or had no courage, or else had no gall.

In the end, turning his steed about, the knight rides away with his lady to the house which Calepine had seen in the dale, and which is his own castle; although it must be supposed that Calepine does not know this, when, having followed him, he arrives there at the fall of day, and, drawing to the gate, with prayers and mild entreaty asks lodging for his suffering charge. The rude porter, however, sternly refuses him admission, the established order of the place being that no one shall there lodge who shall not first have fought with its lord. Calepine confesses that he has no disposition, especially now when day is spent and he has himself as well as the lady such need of rest, to combat with the host to whom he is to be indebted for the courtesy of a night's entertainment, unless indeed he were enforced thereunto; "but yet," says he,

———"aread to me, how hight thy lord,
That doth thus strongly ward the Castle of the Ford."

His name, the porter tells him, is Sir Turpin,

———"one of mickle might
And manhood rare, but terrible and stern
In all assays to every errant knight,
Because of one that wrought him foul despite."

Calepine replies that it is seldom seen that courtesy and *manhood* disagree; "but," he adds,

——“go thy ways to him, and fro me say
That here is at his gate an errant knight,
That house-room craves; yet would be loth to assay
The proof of battle now in doubtful night,
Or courtesy with rudeness to requite :
Yet, if he needs will fight, crave leave till morn,
And tell withal the lamentable plight
In which this lady languisheth forlorn,
That pity craves, as he of woman was yborn.”

Turpin, when this message is brought him, is seated at table with his gentler wife, whose name is Blandina; but her persuasions have no force to move him from “his currish will;” Calepine must remain with his poor love without doors:—

Which answer when the groom returning brought
To Calepine, his heart did inly flame
With wrathful fury for so foul a shame,
That he could not thereof avenged be;
But most for pity of his dearest dame,
Whom now in deadly danger he did see;
Yet had no means to comfort, nor procure her glee.

But all in vain; for why? no remedy
He saw the present mischief to redress,
But the utmost end perforce for to aby^w
Which that night's fortune would for him address.
So down he took his lady in distress,
And laid her underneath a bush to sleep,
Covered with cold, and wrapt in wretchedness;
Whiles he himself all night did nought but weep,
And wary watch about her for her safeguard keep.

The next morning, as soon as it is day, angry and greedy for revenge as he is, he yet “for the feeble lady's sake,” determines to make no longer stay, and he sets out again, as before, walking on foot by her side and sustaining her on his steed. But he has not gone a great way when he perceives an armed knight fast riding after them, evidently with no friendly intent. When he approaches, he proves to be the same person who had so

abused him yesterday at the river, that is, Turpin. Couching his spear, he calls upon Calepine to stand and either abide his vengeance or ask pardon for his lewd, that is, unmannerly, words and deeds; and then runs at him as if "he would devour his life at once." Calepine, situated as he is, can only endeavour to shun his assault; he flies round and round, while the other chases him;

But his best succour and refuge was still
Behind his lady's back; who to him cried,
And called oft with prayers loud and shrill,
As ever he to lady was affianced,*
To spare her knight, and rest with reason pacified.

But the more she calls upon him, the more furiously does Turpin pursue his victim, till at length he succeeds in sending his spear through Calepine's shoulder, so that the blood gushes out like a spring from a hill-side.

Yet ceased he not for all that cruel wound,
But chased him still for all his lady's cry;
Not satisfied till on the fatal ground
He saw his life poured forth despiteously;
The which was certes in great jeopardy,
Had not a wondrous chance his rescue wrought,
And saved from his cruel villainy:
Such chances oft exceed all human thought:
That in another Canto shall to end be brought.

Canto IV. (40 stanzas).—The chance that effects the rescue of Calepine is the approach of "a salvage man" who dwells in the neighbouring forest, drawn to the place by Serena's piteous shrieks. The salvage, though he has never till this hour tasted of pity or known gentleness, is yet moved by the furious and insatiable cruelty of Turpin, still

Chasing the gentle Calepine around,
Ne sparing him the more for all his grievous wound;
and he resolves to deliver the unhappy knight if he may.

* Affianced, pledged in honour.

Yet arms or weapon had he none to fight,
Ne knew the use of warlike instruments,
Save such as sudden rage him lent to smite ;
But naked, without needful vestiments
To clad his corpse with meet habiliments,
He cared not for dint of sword nor spear,
No more than for the stroke of straws or bents :⁷
For from his mother's womb, which him did bear,
He was invulnerable made by magic lear.

Instantly, without stopping to consider anything, he rushes upon Turpin, who, being prepared for his assault, "with the push of his sharp-pointed spear" meets him with a stroke "so strong and hard full on the breast," that he forces him to "recoil and reel arear;" yet neither blood nor wound follows. The only effect is to infuriate the wild man still more, so that he flies again upon him with the madness of a tiger that has missed his prey—

Regarding neither spear that mote him slay,
Nor his fierce steed that mote him much dismay :
The salvage nation doth all dread despise.

Seizing hold of his shield, he clings to it with so firm a grasp that all the knight's efforts are vain to wrest it from him; he is almost pulled from his steed in the struggle; and, having also now in this close encounter no use of his long spear, he has nothing for it but to relinquish both spear and shield, and to betake himself to flight.

But after him the wild man ran apace,
And him pursued with importune speed,
For he was swift as any buck in chase ;
And, had he not in his extremest need
Been helped through the swiftness of his steed,
He had him overtaken in his flight,
Who, ever as he saw him nigh succeed,
Gan cry aloud with horrible affright,
And shrieked out; a thing uncomely for a knight.

The salvage man then, seeing his labour vain, returns to

⁷ Rushes, bent-grass.

Calepine and his lady. Poor Serena, suffering from her own wounds, with her knight now also bleeding and disabled, and further alarmed by this new danger,—that their deliverer may prove anything but a deliverer in the end,—against which she has no defence, can only recommend herself to God, and him implore

To send her succour, being of all hope forlorn.

The wild man, however, comes up to her “creeping like a fawning hound,” and showing his compassion by kissing his hands and other signs ; for all the language he has is a confused murmur of words without sense. Approaching likewise to the bleeding Calepine, he makes “great moan after his salvage mood,” and then runs into the forest and procures an herb, the juice of which being poured into the wound soon staunches it. Then, taking up Turpin’s shield and spear, he leads the way to where he has his dwelling :—

Far in the forest, by a hollow glade
Covered with mossy shrubs, which spreading broad
Did underneath them make a gloomy shade,
Where foot of living creature never trode,
Ne scarce wild beasts durst come, there was this wight’s
abode.

Thither he brought these unacquainted guests ;
To whom fair semblance, as he could, he showed
By signs, by looks, and all his other gests :^{*}
But the bare ground with hoary moss bestrowed
Must be their bed ; their pillow was unsewed ;
And the fruits of the forest was their feast :
For their bad steward neither ploughed nor sowed,
Ne fed on flesh, ne ever of wild beast
Did taste the blood, obeying nature’s first behest.

Yet, howsoever base and mean it were,
They took it well, and thanked God for all.

Here, therefore, they remain for some space :—

^{*} Proceedings, actions.

During which time that wild man did apply
His best endeavour and his daily pain
In seeking all the woods both far and nigh
For herbs to dress their wounds; still seeming fain
When ought he did, that did their liking gain.

The knight's wound is soon healed; but the lady's no herb can be found that will cure, seeing that it is "inwardly unsound."

One day, after Calepine has become quite strong again, he goes abroad unarmed "to take the air, and hear the thrush's song," when he is startled by a sight of pity and horror—an infant borne away in the bloody jaws of a bear, and piercing the air with its shrieks. He is instantly after the savage beast, and is all the better for being without the burthen of his arms;

For having long time, as his daily weed,
Them wont to wear, and wend on foot for need,
Now wanting them he felt himself so light,
That like an hawk, which feeling herself freed
From bells and jesses which did let her flight,
Him seemed his feet did fly and in their speed delight.

When the bear is overtaken he drops his prey, and turns upon his pursuer; but the bold knight snatching up a stone, thrusts it into his gaping throat and nearly chokes him, and then, closing with him, squeezes him to death. When he takes up the babe and examines it, he finds, to his surprise, that it is unwounded and unhurt; but, looking about for a path by which to return, he can descry none. Turning now in one direction, now in another, he spends the whole day in wandering about to no purpose, the infant also evermore crying for food, to his infinite perplexity. At last, about sunset, he makes his way out of the forest into the open country; and now he hears

————— under the forest's side
A voice, that seemed of some womankind,
Which to herself lamenting loudly cried,
And oft complained of fate, and fortune oft defied.

Coming up to her, Calepine entreats her to tell him the

cause of her distress. Even if he cannot aid her, he observes, it may relieve her only to communicate her grief; and, besides, who can tell?

" Oftimes it haps that sorrows of the mind
Find remedy unsought, which seeking cannot find."

On this she proceeds to relate her story. Her name is Matilde, and she is the wife of bold Sir Bruin, who has lately conquered the country where they are from the giant Cormorant, whom, however, he has not slain, although he has so daunted him by three great overthrows that there is no danger of his giving any further disturbance while his conqueror lives. But with these happy fortunes the fates have mingled one evil: the heavens have not vouchsafed to grant to Sir Bruin and his spouse " the gladful blessing of posterity," so that it is probable that after his death all will again return into the possession of the giant. Her lord in particular, Matilde adds, grieves and laments on this account; yet it has been prophesied that

—————" *there should to him a son
Be gotten, not begotten; which should drink
And dry up all the water which doth run
In the next brook, by whom that fiend should be fordone.*"

For a time Sir Bruin had drawn from this prophecy a hope that he should yet have a son who would quite annihilate the giant; but now the latter, concludes Matilde,

—————" *gins to despise
The good Sir Bruin growing far in years,
Who thinks from me his sorrow all doth rise.
Lo! this my cause of grief to you appears;
For which I thus do mourn, and pour forth ceaseless
tears.*"

Calepine is greatly touched by this relation; but after a few moments it occurs to him that he has it in his power to remedy what the fair lady complains of. Assuring her that, whatever she may think of his proposal, it is at least well meant, he proceeds:—

" If that the cause of this your languishment
Be lack of children to supply your place,
Lo ! how good fortune doth to you present
This little babe, of sweet and lovely face,
And spotless spirit in which ye may enchase
Whatever forms ye list thereto apply,
Being now soft and fit them to embrace ;
Whether ye list him train in chivalry,
Or nurse up* in lore of learn'd philosophy.

" And, certes, it hath oftentimes been seen,
That of the like, whose lineage was unknown,
More brave and noble knights have raised been
(As their victorious deeds have often shown,
Being with fame through many nations blown),
Than those which have been dandled in the lap.
Therefore some thought that those brave imps were
sown
Here by the gods, and fed with heavenly sap,
That made them grow so high to all honourable hap."

Matilde, " hearkening to his senseful speech," considers the scheme to be a very reasonable one ; so she gladly accepts the babe,

And, having over it a little wept,
She bore it thence, and ever as her own it kept.

Right glad was Calepine to be so rid
Of his young charge whereof he skilled nought ;
Ne she less glad ; for she so wisely did,
And with her husband under hand so wrought,
That when that infant unto him she brought,
She made him think it surely was his own ;
And it in goodly thewes so well upbrought,
That it became a famous knight well known,
And did right noble deeds ; the which elsewhere are
shown.

But Calepine, now being left alone
Under the greenwood's side in sorry plight,
Withouten arms or steed to ride upon,

* Nurse up, educate.

Or house to hide his head from heaven's spite ;
Albe that dame, by all the means she might,
Him oft desired home with her to wend,
And offered him, his courtsy to requite,
Both horse and arms, and whatso else to lend,
Yet he them all refused, though thanked her as a friend ;

And, for exceeding grief which inly grew,
That he his love so luckless now had lost,
On the cold ground mangre himself he threw
For fell despite, to be so sorely crost ;
And there all night himself in anguish tost,
Vowing that never he in bed again
His limbs would rest, ne lig in ease embost,^b
Till that his lady's sight he mote attain,
Or understand that she in safety did remain.

Upton suspects that in this episode of the infant rescued from the bear, Spenser designed an allusion to the fabulous origin assigned by the Irish to the Macmahons, whose name is said to signify *sons of a bear*, and to have been given to them as descended from the noble English family of the Fitzursulas. He has mentioned the English descent of the Macmahons in his 'View of the State of Ireland.' As for the deeds of the rescued infant, after he became a famous knight, being shown or told elsewhere, that intimation must be supposed to refer to some future portion of the Fairy Queen.

Canto V. (41 stanzas).—"O what an easy thing is to descry the gentle blood," says the poet, however it may be warped and misshapen by the force of adverse circumstances ; even then, however unapt to all virtue it may seem,

Yet will it show some sparks of gentle mind,
And at the last break forth in his own proper kind.

So this wild man, though he was born and bred in the woods among savage beasts,

^b Lie in ease concealed.

Ne ever saw fair guise, ne learned good,
Yet showed some token of his gentle blood
By gentle usage of that wretched dame:
For certes he was born of noble blood,
However by hard hap he hither came;
As ye may know, when time shall be to tell the same.

Unfortunately this part of the story must now remain for ever unknown; but the conduct of the man of the woods meanwhile is all that is noble and kind. When he finds that the good Sir Calepine does not reappear, he goes forth into the forest in the hope that he may find him lying asleep, or at least may learn what has befallen him. "He sought him far and near, yet him no where he spied." Returning to Serena, he intimates his want of success and his sorrow

By speaking signs, as he them best could frame,
Now wringing both his wretched hands in one,
Now beating his hard head upon a stone,
That ruth it was to see him so lament.

When he sees the misery of Serena, who throws herself upon the ground, careless of her bleeding wounds, and groaning and convulsed "as if her vital powers were at strife with stronger death," he lifts her up, and tries in every way he can both to staunch the flowing blood, and to restore her to her senses; and at last when, having lost all hope of his return, she takes Calepine's steed, and, weak as she is, mounts it in order to set out and try what of good fortune will bring her, her host will not suffer her to go forth alone, but, seizing the knight's arms, fastens them about himself in such rude manner as he can—all except the sword, which Calepine had put away, and insists upon attending her.

So forth they travelled, an uneven pair,
That mote to all men seem an uncouth sight;
A salvage man matched with a lady fair,
That rather seemed the conquest of his might
Gotten by spoil than purchased aright:
But he did her attend most carefully,
And faithfully did serve both day and night


Withouten thought of shame or villainy,
Ne ever showed sign of foul disloyalty.

One day as they were thus journeying, while the salvage man has laid his arms on the ground to assist Serena in putting something to rights about the furniture of her horse, there come riding up a knight and his squire, all armed to point, and seeming, by their attire and bearing, to be two knights errant. They are, in fact, Prince Arthur and young Timias, who have now at length met again. After Timias had recovered the favour of Belphebe in the manner that has been already related (in the eighth Canto of the fourth Book), although he ever after dwelt in her sovereign liking, yet many foes still endeavoured to destroy him, among which were three mightier than the rest—Despetto (Despite), Decetto (Deceit), and Defetto (Defamation);—the first eminent both in strength and height, the second more wise than strong, the third more spiteful than either strong or wise. Finding their divided efforts all in vain to work his ruin or to injure him, they conspired together, and, one day as he was hunting in the wood, sent the Blatant Beast to allure him “from his dear beloved dame” into danger;

For well they wist that squire to be so bold,
That no one beast in forest wild or tame
Met him in chase, but he it challenge would,
And pluck the prey oftimes out of their greedy hold.

As they had calculated, Timias, as soon as the monster caught his eye, set upon it, and speedily forced it to turn and take to flight, but not before it had, in a moment when he was off his guard, inflicted a bite upon him with its malignant tooth. It drew him on in pursuit, moreover, through brakes and briers, till, almost wearied out, he found himself in a woody glade, where it escaped from his view; and here lay his three foes in ambush, all now ready to fall upon him.

Sharply they all at once did him assail,
Burning with inward rancour and despite,



And heaped strokes did round about him hail
With so huge force, that seemed nothing might
Bear off their blows from piercing thorough quite :
Yet he them all so warily did ward,
That none of them in his soft flesh did bite ;
And all the while his back for best safeguard
He leant against a tree, that backward onset barred.

Like a wild bull, that, being at a bay,
Is baited of a mastiff and a hound
And a cur-dog, that do him sharp assay
On every side, and beat about him round ;
But most that cur, barking with bitter sound,
And creeping still behind, doth him incumber,
That in his chafe he digs the trampled ground,
And threats his horns, and bellows like the thunder :
So did that squire his foes disperse and drive asunder.

But his utmost exertions were all needed, for the three sought to encompass him, and attack him at once from every point : Defetto creeping behind him ; Decetto also trying to get at him by stratagem and circumvention ; while stout Despetto, " in his greater pride," confronted him, and fought him face to face. He is beginning to give way, when suddenly he hears in the forest

A trampling steed, that with his neighing fast
Did warn his rider be upon his guard ;
With noise whereof the squire, now nigh aghast,
Revived was, and sad despair away did cast.

A knight was soon visible, hurrying on with the evident intention of aiding the one against the three, who all thereupon fled away into the wood. It was Prince Arthur himself, who now, turning to Timias, at once knew him to be " his own true squire." To his questions, Timias answered only with tears, shutting up for the present the sorrows of the past in his own breast ; but gracious expressions of mutual joy, nevertheless, were not wanting, and the two were soon riding again side by side as of old. How long after they had thus met it was that they came upon Serena and her salvage attendant we are not

informed. At first, when Timias observed the arms of Calepine,

————— he to them stept
Thinking to take them from that hilding^c hound;
But he it seeing lightly to him leapt,
And sternly with strong hand it from his handling kept.

Gnashing his grinded teeth with grisly look,
And sparkling fire out of his furious eyne,
Him with his fist unwares on the head he strook,
That made him down unto the earth incline;
Whence soon upstarting, much he gan repine,
And, laying hand upon his wrathful blade,
Thought therewithal forthwith him to have slain;
Who it perceiving hand upon him laid,
And greedily him griping his avengement stayed.

Serena now calls aloud to Prince Arthur to part them, which he does with some difficulty. She then briefly relates the loss of Calepine, whose love erewhile she was; and, explaining how much she has been indebted to the humanity and perfect gentleness of the salvage man, requests that no harm may be done to him. In the end they all set forward together, to find, if possible, some place of harbour where both Serena and Timias may be taken care of;

For now her wounds corruption gan to breed;
And eke this squire, who likewise wounded was
Of that same monster late, for lack of heed
Now gan to faint, and further could not pass
Through feebleness, which all his limbs oppressed has.

On the way Serena gives the prince an account of the usage Calepine and she had met with from Turpin, on whom he vows to lose no time in taking revenge; and with this and other talk they relieve the weary way,

Till towards night they came unto a plain,
By which a little hermitage there lay,
Far from all neighbourhood, the which annoy it may.

And nigh thereto a little chapel stood,
Which being all with ivy overspread
Decked all the roof, and, shadowing the rood,
Seemed like a grove fair branched over head :
Therein the hermit, which his life here led
In straight observance of religious vow,
Was wont his hours and holy things to bed ;^d
And therein he likewise was praying now,
Whenas these knights arrived, they wist not where nor
how.

When they pass in the hermit breaks off his devotions,
and advances to meet them "with stayed steps and grave
beseeming grace," and all the courtesies of one of gentle
descent : it is said that in his youth he had been a man
of great renown in arms ;

But being aged now, and weary too
Of war's delight and world's contentious toil,
The name of knighthood he did disavow ;
And, hanging up his arms and warlike spoil,
From all this world's encumbrance did himself assoil.

He thence them led into his hermitage,
Letting their steeds to graze upon the green :
Small was his house, and, like a little cage,
For his own turn ; yet inly neat and clean,
Decked with green boughs and flowers gay beseen :
Therein he them full fair did entertain
Not with such forged shows, as fitter been
For courting fools that courtesies would feign,
But with entire affection, and appearance plain.

They on their part enjoy their fare, homely as it is, and
then retire well contented to bed ; but neither Serena
nor Timias can take any rest all night, for pain of the
wounds they have both received from the Blatant Beast.

So all that night they passed in great disease,
Till that the morning, bringing early light
To guide men's labours, brought them also ease,
And some assuagement of their painful plight.
Then up they rose, and gan themselves to dight

^d To bid, to repeat while he tells his beads.

Unto their journey ; but that squire and dame
 So faint and feeble were, that they ne might
 Endure to travel, nor one foot to frame :
 Their hearts were sick ; their sides were sore ; their feet
 were lame.

Therefore the prince, whom great affairs in mind
 Would not permit to make there longer stay,
 Was forced there to leave them both behind
 In that good hermit's charge, whom he did pray
 To tend them well : So forth he went his way,
 And with him eke the salvage (that whilere
 Seeing his royal usage and array
 Was greatly grown in love of that brave peer)
 Would needs depart ; as shall declared be elsewhere.

Canto VI. (44 stanzas).—Meanwhile the story proceeds with the cure of Timias and Serena, which, however, is by no means of easy accomplishment.

No wound, which warlike hand of enemy
 Inflicts with dint of sword so sore doth light
 As doth the poisonous sting, which infamy
 Infixeth in the name of noble wight :
 For, by no art nor any leech's might,
 It ever can recured be again ;
 Ne all the skill, which that immortal sprite
 Of Podalirius did in it retain,
 Can remedy such hurts ; such hurts are hellish pain.

Such are the wounds inflicted on the bodies of this squire and dame by the Blatant Beast ; and they have become much worse than they were at first, from having been neglected. The hermit, nevertheless, does his best "with many kinds of medicines meet to tame the poisonous humour" that rankles in them ;

For he right well in leech's craft was seen ;
 And, through the long experience of his days,
 Which had in many fortunes tossed been
 And passed through many perilous assays,
 He knew the diverse went^o of mortal ways,
 And in the minds of men had great insight ;
 Which with sage counsel, when they went astray,

^o Course.

He could infor, and them reduce aright;
And all the passions heal, which wound the weaker
sprite.

For whilome he had been a doughty knight,
As any one that lived in his days,
And proved oft in many perilous fight,
In which he grace and glory won alway,
And in all battles bore away the bays:
But being now attached with timely age,
And weary of this world's unquiet ways,
He took himself unto this hermitage,
In which he lived alone, like careless bird in cage.

But, on searching the wounds of his two patients, he finds at length that internal putrefaction has commenced, so that they seem past help of mere surgery, and rather requiring moral discipline, their corruption, in fact, proceeding from ill regulated passion. So, proceeding on the rule or old law, "Give salve to every sore, but counsel to the mind," he takes the two one day into his cell, and, knowing as he does wondrous well the art of words, proceeds to address such advice to them as the case requires. It is not from him, he tells them, but from themselves, that they must hope for remedy; if they would recover their health, they must begin by bridling in their outward senses from whatever stirs up frail affection, it being from them that all the evil originally springs, which at first might easily be suppressed, but, being allowed to grow strong, brings anguish into the inner parts, scatters contagious poison through the veins, and never rests till it has done its work of utter destruction. "For," he continues,

— "that beast's teeth, which wounded you tofore,
Are so exceeding venomous and keen,
Made all of rusty iron rankling sore,
That, where they bite, it booteth not to ween
With salve, or antidote, or other mean,
It ever to amend: ne marvel ought;
For that same beast was bred of hellish strene,^f

^f Race.

And long in darksome Stygian den upbrought,
Begot of foul Echidna, as in books is taught.

"Echidna is a monster direful dread,
Whom gods do hate, and heavens abhor to see;
So hideous is her shape, so huge her head,
That even the hellish fiends affrighted be
At sight thereof, and from her presence flee:
Yet did her face and former ^s parts profess
A fair young maiden, full of comely glee;
But all her hinder parts did plain express
A monstrous dragon, full of fearful ugliness.

"To her the gods, for her so dreadful face,
In fearful darkness, furthest from the sky
And from the earth, appointed have her place
Amongst rocks and caves, where she enrolled doth lie
In hideous horror and obscurity,
Wasting the strength of her immortal age."

There Typhaon, he who has often made the heavens
themselves to tremble, was her companion; and their
offspring was

"This hellish dog, that hight the Blatant Beast;
A wicked monster, that his tongue doth whet
Gainst all, both good and bad, both most and least,
And pours his poisonous gall forth to infest
The noblest wights with notable defame:
Ne ever knight that bore so lofty crest,
Ne ever lady of so honest name,
But he them spotted with reproach, or secret shame."

Serena at first loses all hope when she is thus informed
that medicine can do nothing for her; Timias, however,
requests the hermit, since it is good counsel that they
need, to give them such as may suit their case:—

"The best," said he, "that I can you advise,
Is, to avoid the occasion of the ill:

For when the cause, whence evil doth arise,
Removed is, the effect surceaseth still.
Abstain from pleasure, and restrain your will;
Subdue desire, and bridle loose delight;
Use scanted diet, and forbear your fill;
Shun secrecy, and talk in open sight:
So shall you soon repair your present evil plight."

And these wise injunctions the two so well observe that in a short space their malady leaves them, and "the biting of that harmful beast" is also thoroughly healed in both. They then take their leave of the hermit, but determine, in setting out again upon their wanderings, still to keep each other company—the lady dreading to be left alone, the squire too courteous to forsake her in her need.

So both together travelled, till they met
With a fair maiden clad in mourning weed,
Upon a mangy jade unmeetly set,
And a lewd fool her leading thorough dry and wet.

The story of this lady, however, is deferred for the present, while we are told that of the fortune that befell the Briton Prince in his encounter with Turpin.

Arthur, in proceeding upon this adventure, takes no one with him except only the Salvage Man, who will not be prevented from attending him. Arriving at Turpin's castle he finds the gate wide open, and rides straight into the hall. There dismounting, he assumes the appearance of one wearied out with travail and unable to proceed another step, while at the same time his salvage attendant takes his horse and puts him in a stable to feed. Soon a groom makes his appearance, and asks the prince who or what he is who so boldly enters his lord's forbidden hall. The prince, feigning humility, mildly answers that he is a knight errant, who would crave pity on account of many sore wounds he has lately received in fight. But the groom sternly bids him quickly hence avaunt, if he would not pay dear for his audacity; his lord has long hated all errant knights, and

will grant lodging to none such : and therewith he lays hands on the prince to thrust him out of doors. But just at this moment the Salvage Man enters, and, seeing what the villain is about, flies at him with the fierceness of a lion, and with his teeth and nails rends him and tears him to pieces. Attracted by the noise the other inmates rise in great uproar, and, when they see their fellow lying dead, fall all at once upon the two strangers. They are, however, driven back, and most of them are struck to the ground and slain. The few that are left alive run with the evil tidings to their lord, who, coming to the place, and seeing the ground all strewed with the dead, and the knight and the Salvage Man streaming with their blood, addresses himself to the former in words of rage and scorn, and at the same time makes ready for fight, as do also his forty yeomen by whom he is accompanied. They assail the prince all at once and from all sides ; in especial, their craven coward leader tries to get behind him that he may murder him before he is aware of his danger ; “ for cowardice doth still in villainy delight.” But, perceiving his intent, the prince turns upon him, as might a bull surrounded by many assailants upon a cur trying to bite his heels ; he cannot long stand the storm of blows that now falls upon him, but first gives ground, and then, as the prince still presses him hard, at last fairly turns round and takes to flight. Still, however, the prince continues to pursue him, while, as he keeps looking back, terror ever adds new wings to his speed. At last he follows him into the chamber where his love, Blandina, is sitting all alone, and there he smites him senseless to the ground by a stroke with his sword on the head ;

Yet, whether thwart or flatly it did light,
The tempered steel did not into his brainpan bite.

The lady on seeing him fall shrieks aloud, and, covering him with her garment, while she falls down on her knees, beseeches the prince to spare him with repeated prayers and vows ; so that, in compassion for her wretch-

edness, he lowers his uplifted hand without giving him a second blow. Still, even after his safety is thus assured, and his protectress has left him again exposed to sight, the miserable craven will not rise, but lies quaking and quivering on the floor till half dragged up by Blandina; and then he stands before them ghastly and full of dread, like a troubled ghost. In bitter scorn the prince addresses him :—

“ Vile cowherd dog, now do I much repent,
That ever I this life unto thee lent,
Whereof thou caitiff so unworthy art,
That both thy love for lack of hardiment,
And eke thyself for want of manly heart,
And eke all knights hast shamed with this knightless
part.”

He adds shame to shame, he tells him, and crime to crime by this his coward fear; it was reproach enough to him to have established his wicked custom of stripping knights and ladies of their arms or upper garments; yet not even that evil practice did he maintain with manhood, but only with guile. “ And lastly,” continues the indignant prince,

——— “ in approbance of thy wrong,
To show such faintness and foul cowardice
Is greatest shame; for oft it falls, that strong
And valiant knights do rashly enterprise
Either for fame, or else for exercise,
A wrongful quarrel to maintain by fight;
Yet have through prowess and their brave emprise
Gotten great worship in this worldes sight:
For greater force there needs to maintain wrong then
right.

“ Yet, since thy life unto this lady fair
I given have, live in reproach and scorn!
Ne ever arms ne ever knighthood dare
Hence to profess; for shame is to adorn
With so brave badges one so basely born;
But only breath, sith that I did forgive!”
So having from his craven body torn

Those goodly arms, he them away did give,
And only suffered him this wretched life to live.

He now bethinks him of the peril in which he had left his salvage attendant, who he fears must by this time be slain among such a press and throng of foes; but, descending to the hall, he there finds him environed about with slaughtered bodies, and still laying about him with unabated vigour. He has got possession of some of the weapons of his numerous adversaries, of which he is making good use; but when the prince makes signs to him to stay his hand he instantly obeys, and, laying his weapons down, follows him up to Blandina's chamber. There, however, as soon as he sees Turpin sitting apparently at his ease, he seizes hold of him to tear him in pieces; but again is at once quieted by the prince's command.

All things being thus peacefully arranged, the prince rests him for the night in the castle;

Where him Blandina fairly entertained
With all the courteous glee and goodly feast
The which for him she could imagine best:
For well she knew the ways to win good will
Of every wight, that were not too infest;^a
And how to please the minds of good and ill,
Through tempering of her words and looks by wondrous skill.

Yet were her words and looks but false and feigned,
To some hid end to make more easy way,
Or to allure such fondlings whom she trained
Into her trap unto their own decay:
Thereto, when needed, she could weep and pray,
And when her listed she could fawn and flatter;
Now smiling smoothly like to summer's day,
Now glooming sadly, so to cloak her matter;
Yet were her words but wind, and all her tears but water.

^a Mortally hostile.

Whether such grace were given her by kind,
As women wont their guileful wits to guide;
Or learned the art to please, I do not find:
This well I wot, that she so well applied
Her pleasing tongue, that soon she pacified
The wrathful prince, and wrought her husband's peace.

Turpin, nevertheless, meditates revenge, and lies in wait all night, with his weapons ready, to fall upon the prince while he is asleep; but for very cowardice he lets the night pass away without venturing to make the attempt; and by an early hour in the morning the prince is arisen, and again gone forth on the great enterprise from which no other adventure can ever divert him long.

Canto VII. (50 stanzas).—Still hoping to find an opportunity of effecting his base and malignant purpose, Turpin, as soon as Arthur is out of sight, arms himself in haste and sets out after him, keeping however at a safe distance till fit time and place present themselves. At last he chanches to meet two stranger knights, both armed alike, and united, as it turns out, in a compact to share between them whatever adventure and whatever spoil fortune may send. To them, after courteous salutation, he makes his complaint of great discourtesy done both to himself and to his lady by a knight who rides not a long way before them; and he intimates that if they will aid him in avenging himself they shall both accomplish a knightly deed and obtain a goodly guerdon for their pains. Believing what he tells them to be all true, and "being fresh and full of youthful sprite," as well as "desirous of the offered meed," the two knights are well pleased to hear of an opportunity of making the first trial of their skill in fight. So, spurring on under Turpin's guidance, they soon come in sight of the prince, riding softly, "with portance sad," and thinking of his love never yet beheld more than of any danger about to befall him, while his wild attendant foots it at as gentle a pace by his side.

Then one of them aloud unto him cried,
Bidding him turn again; false traitor knight,

Foul woman-wronger! for he him defied,
With that they both at once with equal spite
Did bend their spears, and both with equal might
Against him ran; but the one did miss his mark,
And being carried with his force forthright
Glanced swiftly by; like to that heavenly spark,
Which gliding through the air lights all the heavens
dark.

But the other, aiming better, did him smite
Full in the shield with so impetuous power,
That all his lance in pieces shivered quite,
And scattered all about fell on the floor:
But the stout prince with much more steady stour
Full on his beaver did him strike so sore,
That the cold steel through piercing did devour
His vital breath, and to the ground him bore,
Where still he bathed lay in his own bloody gore.

As when a cast¹ of falcons make their flight
At an harnshaw, that lies aloft on wing,
The whiles they strike at him with heedless might,
The weary fowl his bill doth backward wring;
On which the first, whose force her first doth bring,
Herself quite through the body doth engore,
And falleth down to ground like senseless thing;
But the other, not so swift as she before,
Fails of her souse, and passing by doth hurt no more.

The other knight, who had been carried past the prince, now turns round again to attempt a second onset; he is not a little astonished to see his friend lying lifeless on the ground, but this does not prevent him from letting drive with the most ambitious of aims—only, however, to be again balked as before; the steel-head can find no steadfast hold, but merely touches the prince's armour and glances by. Not so the prince's more knowing spear: it takes this second adversary, and, pitching him forth above a lance's length from his horse's back, makes him strike against "the cold hard earth" with a force that well nigh breaks all his bones in pieces. The prince leaps down to him to give him the last fatal stroke with his sword; but when he sees the flaming steel uplifted

¹ Couple.

over him he cries aloud for mercy, and promises, if his conqueror will spare his life, to reveal to him a dangerous plot contrived against his own. Then he tells how a stranger knight had by the promise of a great reward set himself and his companion upon the attempt which has prospered so ill in their hands.

The prince much mused at such villainy,
And said: "Now sure ye well have earned your meed;
For the one is dead, and the other soon shall die,
Unless to me thou hither bring with speed
The wretch that hired you to this wicked deed."

To this proposal the prostrate man gladly assents, and, having sworn by his sword to rest "neither day nor week" (one of the boldest and most tyrannical of Spenser's subjugations of the sense to the sound) till he shall have found the knight of whom he has spoken, he is permitted to rise, and straightway proceeds to where he had left Turpin. The latter is not a little astonished and alarmed at his changed appearance, and also at the absence of his friend; and the other confesses that his victory has not been an easy one:—

"Perdy," said he, "in evil hour it fell,
That ever I for meed did undertake
So hard a task as life for hire to sell."

As for his friend and fellow-adventurer, he lies upon "the cold bare ground, slain of that errant knight with whom he fought," but whom he himself, he adds, afterwards slew. Turpin now accompanies him to the spot, and the first sight that meets them is the dead body of the other knight.

Much did the craven seem to moan his case,
That for his sake his dear life had forgone;
And, him bewailing with affection base,
Did counterfeit kind pity where was none:
For where's no courage, there's no ruth nor moan.
Thence passing forth, not far away he found
Whereas the prince himself lay all alone,
Loosely displayed upon the grassy ground,
Possessed of sweet sleep that lulled him soft in sround.

Weary of travel in his former fight,
 He there in shade himself had laid to rest,
 Having his arms and warlike things undight,
 Fearless of foes that mote his peace molest;
 The whiles his salvage page, that wont be prest,^j
 Was wandered in the wood another way,
 To do some thing, that seemed to him best;
 The whiles his lord in silver slumber lay,
 Like to the evening star adorned with dewy ray.

At first Turpin thinks that Arthur is dead; but a nearer approach quickly undeceives him. Trembling in every limb and vein, he now endeavours in vain to tempt the other to break his oath, and to join with him in despatching the prince while he sleeps. While they are still debating, the Salvage Man makes his appearance from the wood, and his eye immediately falls on his lord lying asleep on the ground. Then

— when he saw those two so near him stand,
 He doubted much what mote their meaning be;
 And, throwing down his load out of his hand,
 (To weet, great store of forest fruit which he
 Had for his food late gathered from the tree,)
 Himself unto his weapon he betook,
 That was an oaken plant, which lately he
 Rent by the root; which he so sternly shook,
 That like an hazel wand it quivered and quook.

On this the prince awakening starts up, and, snatching his sword, lays hold of Turpin with the left hand by the collar:—

Therewith the cowherd, deaded with affright,
 Fell flat to ground, ne word unto him said,
 But, holding up his hands, with silence mercy prayed.

But mercy is of course out of the question in such a case. The indignant prince, having first set his foot on the vile neck of the wretch as he lies grovelling “upon the humbled grass,” then lets him get to his feet, and, while he stands before him an abject thrall, upbraids him with

^j That is, wont to be in readiness.

his crimes and his cowardice, and, calling him recreant,—the last term of contempt,—proceeds formally to degrade him by taking from him his knightly banner, or pennon borne on his lance. Finally, he hangs him on a tree by the heels, and so “baffles,” or disfigures, him that all who pass may read the baseness of his crime in the baseness of his punishment.

And now we come to a very remarkable passage. Having thus disposed of Turpin, the poet suddenly addresses his readers,—

But turn we now back to that lady free,
Whom late we left riding upon an ass,
Led by a carle and fool which by her side did pass.

This is the “fair maiden clad in mourning weed,” who it may be remembered was met, as related in the beginning of the preceding Canto, by Timias and Serena some time after they had set out together from the house of the hermit. There, however, she was represented as attended only by a fool. What makes this episode especially interesting is the conjecture which has been thrown out, and which seems extremely probable, that the lady is Spenser’s own Rosalind, by whom he had been jilted, or at least rejected, more than a quarter of a century before his unforgetting resentment is supposed to have taken this revenge. It is pretty evident, at any rate, that the picture is drawn from the life; some of the circumstances that are mentioned can hardly have been introduced except with the design of indicating a particular individual. There is a *gusto* in the writing, too, which is very like the inspiration of a strong personal feeling. And, as has been already remarked,* the description will answer very well for what we know of Rosalind, who was certainly a person moving in a superior class, and educated and accomplished as well as beautiful, but most probably of humble birth. Spenser himself in the Shepherd’s Calendar calls her “the widow’s daughter of the glen;” and, although his an-

* See Vol. I. p. 46.



notator E. K. asserts that this is "rather said to colour and conceal the person than simply spoken," and adds that she was well known to be "a gentlewoman of no mean house," his expressions may very well refer to some family of rank to which she had become allied, and not to her birth or descent. Aubrey, the antiquary, who lived in the latter part of the seventeenth century, states, on the authority of Dryden, the poet, that Rosalind was a kinswoman of the lady of Sir Erasmus Dryden, of Canons Ashby, in Northamptonshire, the poet's grandfather.* The pedigree, or family history, of the Drydens, if closely examined, might perhaps furnish a clue to the mystery.

The story of the lady encountered by Serena and Timias is thus given :—

She was a lady of great dignity,
And lifted up to honourable place,
Famous through all the land of Faïry :
Though of mean parentage and kindred base,
Yet decked with wondrous gifts of nature's grace,
That all men did her person much admire,
And praise the feature of her goodly face;
The beams whereof did kindle lovely fire
In the hearts of many a knight, and many a gentle
squire :

But she thereof grew proud and insolent,
That none she worthy thought to be her fere,*
But scorned them all that love unto her meant;
Yet was she loved of many a worthy peer:
Unworthy she to be beloved so dear,
That could not weigh of worthiness aright:
For beauty is more glorious bright and clear
The more it is admired of many a wight,
And noblest she that served is of noblest knight.

But this coy damsel thought contrariwise,
That such proud looks would make her praised more ;

* See 'Letters Written to Eminent Persons,' &c. 2 vols. 8vo. Lon. 1813. II. 541.

* Mate.

And that, the more she did all love despise,
The more would wretched lovers her adore.
What cared she who sighed for her sore,
Or who did wail or watch the weary night?
Let them that list their luckless lot deplore;
She was born free, not bound to any wight,
And so would ever live, and love her own delight.

Through such her stubborn stiffness and hard heart,
Many a wretch for want of remedy
Did languish long in life-consuming smart,
And at the last through dreary dolour die:
Whilst she, the lady of her liberty,
Did boast her beauty had such sovereign might,
That with the only twinkle of her eye
She could or save or spill whom she would hight:¹
What could the gods do more, but do it more aright?

But lo! the gods, that mortal follies view,
Did worthily revenge this maiden's pride;
And, nought regarding her so goodly hue,
Did laugh at her that many did deride,
Whilst she did weep, of no man mercifid:^m
For on a day, when Cupid kept his court,
As he is wont at each Saint Valente,
Unto the which all lovers do resort,
That of their love's success they there may make report;

It fortun'd then, that when the rolls were read,
In which the names of all Love's folk were filed,
That many there were missing; which were dead,
Or kept in bands, or from their loves exiled,
Or by some other violence despoiled.
Which whenas Cupid heard, he waxed wroth;
And, doubting to be wronged or beguiled,
He bade his eyes to be unblindfold both,
That he might see his men, and muster them by oath.

Then found he many missing of his crew,
Which wont do suit and service to his might;
Of whom what was becomen no man knew.
Therefore a jury was empaneled straight

¹ Whomsoever she chose to name, or select.

^m Pitied.

To inquire of them, whether by force or sleight,
Or their own guilt, they were away conveyed :
To whom foul Infamy and fell Despite
Gave evidence, that they were all betrayed
And murdered cruelly by a rebellious maid.

Fair Mirabella was her name, whereby
Of all those crimes she there indicted was :
All which when Cupid heard, he by and by
In great displeasure willed a capias
Should issue forth to attach that scornful lass.
The warrant straight was made, and therewithal
A bailiff errant forth in post did pass,
Whom they by name there Portamore did call ;
He which doth summon lovers to Love's judgment hall.

Having been brought to the bar and there arraigned, in
her stubborn pride she would neither plead nor answer
aught ; judgment was therefore about to pass according
to law ; when, humbled at last, she cried out for mercy.
At this,

The son of Venus, who is mild by kind,
But where he is provoked by peevishness,

moved with pity refrained from pronouncing so severe a
doom as he might, but still imposed upon her this pen-
ance, that she should wander " through this world's
wide wilderness " in company of her two present attend-
ants till she had saved as many lovers as she had de-
stroyed.

So now she had been wandering two whole years
Throughout the world, in this uncomely case,
Wasting her goodly hue in heavy tears,
And her good days in dolorous disgrace ;
Yet had she not in all these two years' space
Saved but two ; yet in two years before,
Through her dispiteous pride, whilst love lacked place,
She had destroyed two and twenty more.
Aye me, how could her love make half amends therefor !

And she is still travelling thus on her weary way when
she is met by Timias and Serena, all in foul disfigure-
ment ; while " that Mighty Man," the carle, perpetually

assails her with all the evil terms and cruel annoyances
he can think of or invent ;

————— and eke that angry fool
Which followed her, with cursed hands unclean
Whipping her horse, did with his smarting tool
Oft whip her dainty self, and much augment her dool.

Ne ought it mote avail her to entreat
The one or the other better her to use ;
For both so wilful were and obstinate
That all her piteous plaint they did refuse,
And rather did the more her beat and bruise :
But most the former villain, which did lead
Her tireling^a jade, was bent her to abuse ;
Who, though she were with weariness nigh dead,
Yet would not let her light, nor rest a little stead :

For he was stern and terrible by nature,
And eke of person huge and hideous,
Exceeding much the measure of man's stature,
And rather like a giant monstrous :
For sooth he was descended of the house
Of those old giants, which did wars darrain^o
Against the heaven in order battailous ;
And sib^p to great Orgoglio, which was slain
By Arthur, whenas Una's knight he did maintain.^q

His looks were dreadful, and his fiery eyes,
Like two great beacons, glared bright and wide,
Glancing askew,^r as if his enemies
He scorned in his overweening pride ;
And stalking stately, like a crane, did stride
At every step upon the tiptoes high ;
And, all the way he went, on every side
He gazed about and stared horribly,
As if he with his looks would all men terrify.

He wore no armour, ne for none did care,
As no whit dreading any living wight ;

^a Tired or wearied is, probably, the meaning both here
and in B. III., C. 1, s. 17.

^o Wage.

^p Related.

^q Maintain, or enact the part of. See Book I., Canto 8.

^r Askance.

But in a jacket, quilted richly rare
Upon checklaton,* he was strangely dight;
And on his head a roll of linen plight,
Like to the Moors of Malabar, he wore,
With which his locks, as black as pitchy night,
Were bound about, and voided† from before;
And in his hand a mighty iron club he bore.

This was Disdain, who led that lady's horse
Through thick and thin, through mountains and through
plains,

Compelling her, where she would not, by force,
Hauling her palfrey by the hempen reins:
But that same fool, which most increased her pains,
Was Scorn; who, having in his hand a whip,
Her therewith yerks; and still, when she complains,
The more he laughs, and does her closely quip,
To see her sore lament, and bite her tender lip.

Roused to indignation by this spectacle, Timias, stepping up to Disdain, without stopping to parley deals him such a blow as forces him to drop the halter and also to reel back; but, recovering himself immediately, the carle in return lets drive at the squire so furiously that he can only preserve himself from destruction by the utmost activity and dexterity in shifting from side to side. As a mastiff, who has got at bay a savage bull, beats round and round about to avoid the brute's murderous horns and to spy out where he may get any advantage,

So did the squire, the whiles the carle did fret
And fume in his disdainful mind the more,
And oftentimes by Turmagant and Mahound swore.

At last, however, the squire's foot slips, he is struck to the ground by the carle's iron club, and when he recovers his senses he finds himself a captive. Disdain now, binding both his hands, leads him along by the rope;

* Cloth of gold.

† Removed.

Ne ought that fool for pity did him spare,
 But with his whip him following behind
 Him often scourged, and forced his feet to find :
 And otherwhiles with bitter mocks and mowes "^a
 He would him scorn, that to his gentle mind
 Was much more grievous than the other blows :
 Words sharply wound, but greatest grief of scorning
 grows.

Meanwhile Serena, thinking him slain when she saw
 him fall under the villain's club, has sought safety in
 flight.

Canto VIII. (51 stanzas).—Pursuing the story of
 Mirabella, the poet thus re-commences :—

Ye gentle ladies, in whose sovereign power
 Love hath the glory of his kingdom left,
 And the hearts of men, as your eternal dower,
 In iron chains, of liberty bereft,
 Delivered hath unto your hands by gift ;
 Be well aware how ye the same do use,
 That pride do not to tyranny you lift ;
 Lest, if men you of cruelty accuse,
 He from you take that chieftdom which ye do abuse.

And as ye soft and tender are by kind,
 Adorned with goodly gifts of beauty's grace,
 So be ye soft and tender eke in mind ;
 But cruelty and hardness from you chase,
 That all your other praises will deface,
 And from you turn the love of men to hate :
 Ensample take of Mirabella's case,
 Who from the high degree of happy state
 Fell into wretched woes, which she repented late.

Proud and hard-hearted as she was, or had formerly
 been, she is touched with compassion by the " thralldom
 of the gentle squire," fallen into such misery for her
 sake ; but it is to no purpose that she entreats her mer-
 ciless attendants to cease tormenting him ; they only
 misuse and beat him the more. But unexpected deli-
 verance is at hand : as the reader will feel assured when

^a Making of mouths.

he is informed that they have met Prince Arthur accompanied by the young knight to whom he had lately given his life, and whose name we are now told is Sir Enias. It appears that Disdain and Scorn know who the prince is; for when they see him and his companion, it is stated, they begin to scourge and drag away at Timias with increased vehemence, "as if it should them grieve to see his punishment." The squire, at sight of his lord, hangs his head for shame that he should be thus led along with an hempen cord like a dog. Sir Enias immediately proposes to attack the two villains, and, the prince consenting, he dismounts and going up to Disdain bids him defiance. His answer is a blow of the villain's iron club, which only his agility in stepping aside as it descends prevents from annihilating him; by a dexterous stroke of his sword in requital he succeeds in drawing blood from his powerful adversary; but when he attempts to repeat the blow the latter beats back the weapon with his club, and the next moment has his foot upon Sir Enias's neck. The fool upon this also comes running up, and helps to keep down the prostrate knight. But now the prince strikes in; and, leaving Sir Enias to the fool Disdain, addresses himself to this new opponent. He sends strokes about him in all directions with his iron club with incredible velocity and fury; but the prince manages to avoid them all. At last the caitiff collects all his strength in one mighty effort, resolved to make an end of him at once "without ruth or remorse:"—

His dreadful hand he heaved up aloft,
And with his dreadful instrument of ire
Thought sure have pounded him to powder soft,
Or deep emboweled in the earth entire;
But fortune did not with his will conspire:
For, ere his stroke attained his intent,
The noble child, preventing his desire,
Under his club with wary boldness went,
And smote him on the knee that never yet was bent.
It never yet was bent, ne bent it now,
All be the stroke so strong and puissant were,

That seemed a marble pillar it could bow ;
But all that leg, which did his body bear,
It cracked throughout, (yet did no blood appear,)
So as it was unable to support
So huge a burden on such broken gear,
But fell to ground like to a lump of durt ;
Whence he assayed to rise, but could not for his hurt.

When the prince, however, is about to cut off his head, Mirabella calls aloud to him to stay his hand for the love of God, for if the villain shall be slain her own life will perish with his. Staying his hand as she desires, but taking care not to let Disdain rise from the ground, he asks her to explain what her strange words may mean. Bursting forth into tears, it is some time before her passionate grief will allow her to speak ; she then exclaims in her agony that neither heavens nor men can deliver her from her deserved doom, laid on her by the God of Love for punishment of her pride and hard-heartedness. In the prime of her youth, " when first the flower of beauty gan to bud," she had been sued and sought of many a gentle knight ; and many had been brought to the door of death for sorrow that she " would not on them rue."

" But let them love that list, or live or die ;
Me list not die for any lover's dool :
Ne list me leave my loved liberty
To pity him that list to play the fool :
To love myself I learned had in school.
Thus I triumphed long in lover's pain,
And, sitting careless on the scorner's stool,
Did laugh at those that did lament and plain :
But all is now repaid with interest again.

" For lo ! the winged god, that woundeth hearts,
Caused me be called to account therefore ;
And for revengement of those wrongful smarts,
Which I to others did inflict afore,
Adeemed^v me to endure this penance sore ;

^v Adjudged.

That in this wise, and this unmeet array,
With these two lewd companions, and no more,
Disdain and Scorn, I through the world should stray,
Till I have saved so many as I erst did slay."

But why, the prince asks her, does she bear the bottle
which she carries with so much toil before her, and the
wallet on her back?

"Here in this bottle," said the sorry maid,
"I put the tears of my contrition,
Till to the brim I have it full defrayed :^w
And in this bag, which I behind me don,
I put repentance for things past and gone.
Yet is the bottle leak,* and bag so torn,
That all which I put in falls out anon,
And is behind me trodden down of Scorn,
Who mocketh all my pain, and laughs the more I
I mourn."

The prince, hearing all this, wonders much at the
wise judgment of Cupid, that can make proud hearts so
meekly bend, and so avenge himself on those who de-
spise his godhead. He then suffers Disdain to get again
upon his legs, helped up by the fool his comrade.

But being up he looked again aloft,
As if he never had received fall;
And with stern eye-brows stared at him oft,
As if he would have daunted him withal :
And standing on his tiptoes, to seem tall,
Down on his golden feet he often gazed,
As if such pride the other could appal ;
Who was so far from being ought amazed,
That he his looks despised, and his boast dispraised.

After all this, turning round to Timias with the intention
of unbinding him, he perceives to his amazement that
the captive youth is his own gentle squire, and thereupon
folds him to his bosom in repeated embraces.

Meanwhile the Salvage Man, when he beheld
That huge great fool oppressing the other knight,

^w Filled.

* Leaky.

Whom with his weight unwieldy down hē held,
He flew upon him like a greedy kite
Unto some carrion offered to his sight;
And, down him plucking, with his nails and teeth
Gan him to haul, and tear, and scratch, and bite;
And, from him taking his own whip, therewith
So sore him scourgeth that the blood down followeth.

He is only prevented from whipping him to death by the prince, at the cry of Mirabella, staying his hand; on which he instantly stops and allows him to rise.

The prince now proposes to the lady that he should rid her for good and all of her villainous attendants; but this, she tells him, may not be; she must fulfil the penance enjoined her lest a worse thing befall her. They therefore part company; she setting out again in one direction attended, or driven, as before by Disdain and Scorn, though both, it is to be hoped, somewhat mitigated by the chastisement they have just received; the prince, with Timias, Sir Enias, and the Salvage Man in another, following still his great first quest, in which, however, we are told, he soon meets with an adventure that again separates him from all these friends.

Meanwhile the course of the story turns to take up the adventures of the fair Serena, who long continued her flight over hill and dale before she ventured to think herself out of danger. At last dismounting from her palfrey she sate down on the ground, and fell to lamenting her luckless case:

And evermore she blamed Calepine,
The good Sir Calepine, her own true knight,
As the only author of her woful tine;
For being of his love to her so light,
As her to leave in such a piteous plight:
Yet never turtle truer to his make,
Than he was tried unto his lady bright.

For he, in truth, all this while is in peril of his life, and in incessant trouble, all for her. At last, she lays herself adown on the grass, and, tired with travel and oppressed with sorrow, falls asleep. Now, in this wild

desert, to which she has chanced to find her way, there dwells a salvage nation, living only by theft and robbery, and moreover indulging in the accursed practice of eating human flesh, and devouring all strangers whom either shipwreck or other chance may bring into their country.

They towards evening, wandering every way
To seek for booty, came by fortune blind
Whereas this lady, like a sheep astray,
Now drowned in the depth of sleep all fearless lay.

Delighted with her fresh and healthy appearance, the only question with the cannibals is

Whether to slay her there upon the place,
Or suffer her out of her sleep to wake,
And then her eat at once, or many meals to make.

It is determined to let her sleep out her fill, simply on the consideration that a good sleep will improve her condition, or make her the fatter and tenderer; and they agree that, when she awakes, as she has been sent them by the grace of God, to their God they will present her blood, and reserve her dainty flesh to feast on themselves.

So round about her they themselves did place
Upon the grass, and diversely dispose,
As each thought best to spend the lingering space :
Some with their eyes the daintiest morsels chose ;
Some praise her paps ; some praise her lips and nose ;
Some whet their knives, and strip their elbows bare :
The priest himself a garland doth compose
Of finest flowers, and with full busy care
His bloody vessels wash and holy fire prepare.

The damsel wakes ; then all at once upstart,
And round about her flock, like many flies,
Whooping and hallowing on every part,
As if they would have rent the brazen skies.

Poor Serena is of course in distraction and despair ; she cries aloud, and tears her golden locks and her snowy breasts ; " but all boots not ; " they strip her first of her

jewels, then of all her attire. Other emotions now inflame them as they feed their eyes on "her ivory neck, her alabaster breast," and all the rest of her discovered loveliness; but the priest warns them to respect what is devoted to the gods:

So, being stayed, they her from thence directed
Unto a little grove not far aside,
In which an altar shortly they erected
To slay her on. And now the eventide
His broad black wings had through the heavens wide
By this disspread, that was the time ordained
For such a dismal deed, their guilt to hide:
Of few green turfs an altar soon they feigned,
And decked it all with flowers which they nigh hand
obtained.

The victim, already as it were dead with fright, stands before the altar; the priest has muttered his charm and gone through the other forms of his devilish ceremonial, and is in the act of raising his bared arm with the murderous knife; amid the shouts of the surrounding multitude, the bagpipes and horns begin "to shrill and shriek aloud," and, mingling with the voices of the people, fill the air with terror and make the very wood tremble. But sudden deliverance, as usual, is at hand. Calepine, after travelling long and far in search of his lost love—"on foot in heavy arms," it is said, although he had, it may be recollected, left his arms behind him and they had been taken possession of by the Salvage Man—had at last lain down and fallen asleep this same evening in the close neighbourhood of the very grove where all this is going on. Awakened by the noise he starts up, and, catching hold of his arms, makes straight for the place whence it seems to proceed.

There by the uncertain glimpse of starry night,
And by the twinkling of their sacred fire,
He mote perceive a little dawning sight
Of all which there was doing in that quire:
Mongst whom a woman spoiled of all attire
He spied lamenting her unlucky strife,
And groaning sore from grieved heart entire:

Eftsoons he saw one with a naked knife
 Ready to launch her breast, and let out loved life.

With that he thrusts into the thickest throng;
 And, even as his' right hand adown descends,
 He him preventing lays on earth along,
 And sacrificeth to the infernal fiends:
 Then to the rest his wrathful hand he bends;
 Of whom he makes such havock and such hew,
 That swarms of damned souls to hell he sends:
 The rest, that scape his sword and death eschew,
 Fly like a flock of doves before a falcon's view.

Returning from this truly marvellous exertion of valour
 to the lady, he unbinds her hands; but it is to no purpose
 that he questions her, and endeavours to cheer her with
 kind speeches; she will not answer him, or utter a word,
 for all that he can say or do; shame will not allow her
 to discover herself. "So," concludes the Canto,

— all that night to him unknown she past:
 But day, that doth discover bad and good,
 Ensuing, made her known to him at last:
 The end whereof I'll keep until another cast.

Canto IX. (46 stanzas).—We have heard nothing of
 Calidore, although it is to his adventures that the present
 Book professes to be dedicated, since he rescued Serena
 from the Blatant Beast, as related in the Third Canto.
 To him the poet now returns, with the following exor-
 dium, addressed, we presume, to Cupid, as the chief guide
 of his song, invoked by him as such in the prelude to the
 First Book:—

Now turn again my team, thou jolly swain,
 Back to the furrow which I lately left;
 I lately left a furrow one or twain
 Unploughed, the which my coulter had not cleft;
 Yet seemed the soil both fair and fruitful left;^a
 As I it passed; that were too great a shame,
 That so rich fruit should be from us bereft;
 Besides the great dishonour and defame,
 Which should befall to Calidore's immortal name.

^a The priest's.

^a Also.

Many toils and perils has Calidore undergone, pursuing the Blatant Beast, day and night, with only such rest as nature absolutely requires, "through hills, through dales, through forests, and through plains:"—

Him first from court he to the cities coursed,
And from the cities to the towns him pressed,
And from the towns into the country forced,
And from the country back to private farms he scorsed.^a

From thence into the open fields he fled,
Whereas the herds^b were keeping of their neat,
And shepherds singing, to their flocks that fed,
Lays of sweet love and youth's delightful heat :
Him thither eke for all his fearful threat
He followed fast, and chased him so nigh,
That to the folds, where sheep at night do seat,
And to the little cots, where shepherds lie
In winter's wrathful time, he forced him to fly.

Here one day he falls upon a company of shepherds, playing on their pipes and carolling, while their flocks feed beside them among the budded brooms. To his inquiry if they have seen such a beast as he describes, which he says has fled from him in the direction of where they are, they answer that none such has been seen by them, nor any other evil thing, that might disturb or endanger their happy peace ;

But if that such there were (as none they kenned)
They prayed high God them far from them to send.

Then one of them, seeing him perspiring with fatigue, offers him drink and also somewhat to eat if he be hungry. He, nothing nice where is no need, accepts their gentle offer ; so they pray him to sit down, and place before him a homely meal, of which he feeds his full. And now the poet, who throughout this book has never yet ventured far into the air, spreads his wings for one of his long flights. The strain of unbroken music that follows is of great though quiet beauty. Calidore, looking up, sees close by

^a Changed his course.

^b Tenders of sheep or cattle.

— a fair damsel, which did wear a crown
Of sundry flowers with silken ribands tied,
Yclad in home-made green that her own hands had
dyed.

Upon a little hillock she was placed
Higher than all the rest, and round about
Environed with a girland, goodly graced,
Of lovely lasses; and them all without
The lusty shepherd swains sat in a rout,
The which did pipe and sing her praises due,
And oft rejoyce, and oft for wonder shout,
As if some miracle of heavenly hue
Were down to them descended in that earthly view.

And soothly sure she was full fair of face,
And perfectly well shaped in every limb,
Which she did more augment with modest grace
And comely carriage of her countenance trim,
That all the rest like lesser lamps did dim:
Who, her admiring as some heavenly wight,
Did for their sovereign goddess her esteem,
And, carolling her name both day and night,
The fairest Pastorella her by name did hight.^c

Ne was there herd, ne was there shepherd's swain,
But her did honour; and eke many a one
Burnt in her love, and with sweet pleasing pain
Full many a night for her did sigh and groan:
But most of all the shepherd Corydon
For her did languish, and his dear life spend;
Yet neither she for him nor other none
Did care a whit, ne any liking lend:
Though mean her lot, yet higher did her mind ascend.

Her whiles Sir Calidore there viewed well,
And marked her rare demeanour, which him seemed
So far the mien of shepherds to excel,
As that he in his mind her worthy deemed
To be a prince's paragon esteemed,
He was unwares surprised in subtile bands
Of the blind boy; ne thence could be redeemed

^c Call.

By any skill out of his cruel hands ;
Caught like the bird which gazing still on others stands.

So stood he still long gazing thereupon,
Ne any will had thence to move away,
Although his quest were far afore him gone :
But, after he had fed, yet did he stay
And sate there still, until the flying day
Was far forth spent, discoursing diversly
Of sundry things, as fell, to work delay ;
And evermore his speech he did apply
To the herds, but meant them to the damsel's fantasy.

By this the moisty night approaching fast
Her dewy humour gan on the earth to shed,
That warned the shepherds to their homes to haste
Their tender flocks, now being fully fed,
For fear of wetting them before their bed :
Then came to them a good old aged sire,
Whose silver locks bedecked his beard and head,
With shepherd's hook in hand and fit attire,
That willed the damsel rise ; the day did now expire.

He was to wit, by common voice, esteemed
The father of the fairest Pastorel,
And of herself in very deed so deemed ;
Yet was not so ; but, as old stories tell,
Found her by fortune, which to him befell,
In the open fields an infant left alone ;
And, taking up, brought home and nursed well
As his own child ; for other he had none ;
That she in tract of time accounted was his own.

She at his bidding meekly did arise,
And straight unto her little flock did fare :
Then all the rest about her rose likewise,
And each his sundry sheep with several care
Gathered together, and them homeward bare :
Whilst every one with helping hands did strive
Amongst themselves, and did their labours share,
To help fair Pastorella home to drive
Her fleecy flock : but Corydon most help did give.

But Melibee (so hight that good old man)
Now seeing Calidore left all alone,

And night arrived hard at hand, began
Him to invite unto his simple home ;
Which though it were a cottage clad with loam,
And all things therein mean, yet better so
To lodge than in the salvage fields to roam.
The knight full gladly soon agreed thereto,
Being his heart's own wish ; and home with him did go.

There he was welcomed of that honest sire,
And of his aged beldame homely well ;
Who him besought himself to disattire,
And rest himself till supper time befell ;
By which home came the fairest Pastorel,
After her flock she in their fold had tied ;
And, supper ready dight, they to it fell
With small ado, and nature satisfied,
The which doth little crave contented to abide.

Tho^d when they had their hunger slaked well,
And the fair maid the table ta'en away ;
The gentle knight, as he that did excel
In courtesy and well could do and say,
For so great kindness as he found that day
Gan greatly thank his host and his good wife ;
And, drawing thence his speech another way,
Gan highly to commend the happy life
Which shepherds lead, without debate or bitter strife.

"How much," said he, "more happy is the state
In which ye, father, here do dwell at ease,
Leading a life so free and fortunate
From all the tempests of these worldly seas,
Which toss the rest in dangerous disease ;
Where wars, and wrecks, and wicked enmity
Do them afflict, which no man can appease !
That certes I your happiness envy,
And wish my lot were placed in such felicity !"

"Surely, my son," then answered he again,
"If happy, then it is in this intent,
That having small yet do I not complain
Of want, ne wish for more it to augment,
But do myself, with that I have, content ;

^d Then.

So taught of nature, which doth little need
Of foreign helps to life's due nourishment:
The fields my food, my flock my raiment breed;
No better do I wear, no better do I feed.

"Therefore I do not any one envy,
Nor am envied of any one therefore:
They, that have much, fear much to lose thereby,
And store of cares doth follow riches' store.
The little that I have grows daily more
Without my care, but only to attend it;
My lambs do every year increase their score,
And my flock's father daily doth amend it,
What have I, but to praise the Almighty that doth
send it?

"To them, that list, the world's gay shows I leave,
And to great ones such follies do forgive;
Which oft through pride do their own peril weave,
And through ambition down themselves do drive
To sad decay, that might contented live,
Me no such cares nor cumbrous thoughts offend,
Ne once my mind's unmoved quiet grieve;
But all the night in silver sleep I spend,
And all the day, to what I list, I do attend.

"Sometimes I hunt the fox, the vowed foe
Unto my lambs, and him dislodge away;
Sometime the fawn I practise from the doe,
Or from the goat her kid, how to convey;
Another while I baits and nets display
The birds to catch or fishes to beguile;
And when I weary am, I down do lay
My limbs in every shade to rest from toil;
And drink of every brook, when thirst my throat doth
boil.

"The time was once, in my first prime of years,
When pride of youth forth pricked my desire,
That I disdained among mine equal peers
To follow sheep and shepherds' base attire;
For further fortune then I would inquire:
And, leaving home, to royal court I sought,
Where I did sell myself for yearly hire,
And in the prince's garden daily wrought:
There I beheld such vainness as I never thought.

"With sight whereof soon cloyed, and long deluded
With idle hopes which them do entertain,
After I had ten years myself excluded
From native home, and spent my youth in vain,
I gan my follies to myself to plain,
And this sweet peace, whose lack did then appear :
Tho, back returning to my sheep again,
I from thenceforth have learned to love more dear
This lowly quiet life which I inherit here."

Whilst thus he talked, the knight with greedy ear
Hung still upon his melting mouth attent ;
Whose senseful words empierced his heart so near,
That he was wrapt with double ravishment,
Both of his speech that wrought him great content,
And also of the object of his view,
On which his hungry eye was always bent ;
That twixt his pleasing tongue, and her fair hue,
He lost himself, and like one half-entranced grew.

Yet to occasion means to work his mind,
And to insinuate his heart's desire,
He thus replied ; " Now surely, sire, I find,
That all this world's gay shows which we admire,
Be but vain shadows to this safe retire
Of life, which here in lowliness ye lead,
Fearless of foes, or fortune's wrackful ire,
Which tosseth states, and under foot doth tread
The mighty ones afraid of every change's dread.

" That even I, which daily do behold
The glory of the great mongst whom I won,
And now have proved what happiness ye hold
In this small plot of your dominion,
Now loath great lordship and ambition ;
And wish the heavens so much had graced me,
As grant me live in like condition ;
Or that my fortunes might transposed be
From pitch of higher place unto this low degree."

" In vain," said then old Melibee, " do men
The heavens of their fortunes' fault accuse ;
Sith they know best what is the best for them :
For they to each such fortune do diffuse,
As they do know each can most aptly use.

For not that, which men covet most, is best ;
Nor that thing worst, which men do most refuse ;
But fittest is, that all contented rest
With that they hold ; each hath his fortune in his
breast.

" It is the mind, that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor :
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store ;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise ;
For wisdom is most riches : fools therefore
They are, which fortunes do by vows devise ;
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunise."

" Since then in each man's self," said Calidore,
" It is to fashion his own life's estate,
Give leave awhile, good father, in this shore
To rest my bark, which hath been beaten late
With storms of fortune and tempestuous fate,
In seas of troubles and of toilsome pain ;
That, whether quite from them for to retreat
I shall resolve or back to turn again,
I may here with yourself some small repose obtain."

He concludes by intimating that he does not mean either to be chargeful to his host, or that his being with them shall make any change in their way of living ; their humble food shall be his daily feast, and this their cabin both his bower, or chamber, and hall ; but the old man thrusts away his offered gold : if he covet to try " this simple sort of life that shepherds lead," he is welcome to make their cottage his own.

So there that night Sir Calidore did dwell,
And long while after, whilst him list remain,
Daily beholding the fair Pastorel,
And feeding on the bait of his own bane :
During which time he did her entertain
With all kind courtesies he could invent ;
And every day, her company to gain,
When to the field she went, he with her went :
So for to quench his fire he did it more augment.

But she, that never had acquainted been
With such quaint usage, fit for queens and kings,
Ne ever had such knightly service seen ;
But, being bred under base shepherds' wings,
Had ever learned to love the lowly things,
Did little whit regard his courteous guise,
But cared more for Colin's carollings
Than all that he could do, or e'er devise ;
His lays, his loves, his looks, she did them all despise.

Which Calidore perceiving, thought it best
To change the manner of his lofty look ;
And doffing his bright arms himself addressed
In shepherd's weed ; and in his hand he took,
Instead of steel-head spear, a shepherd's hook ;
'That who had seen him then, would have bethought
On Phrygian Paris by Plexippus' brook ;
When he the love of fair Benone sought,*
What time the golden apple was unto him brought.

So being clad, unto the fields he went
With the fair Pastorella every day,
And kept her sheep with diligent attent,
Watching to drive the ravenous wolf away,
The whilst at pleasure she mote sport and play ;
And every evening helping them to fold :
And otherwhiles, for need, he did assay
In his strong hand their rugged teats to hold,
And out of them to press the milk : Love so much could.

All this irritates the jealousy of Corydon, who complains to the other shepherds of Pastorella's loving a stranger more than she does him, and whenever he finds himself in company with Calidore shows his ill humour and impatience in every look and gesture. The knight, on the other hand, so far from feeling any such malice, or grudging him his fair opportunities, does all he can to grace his rival with the object of their common affection ;

* The well-known name of Paris's love was Oenone, and Benone here is probably a typographical error. But no fountain with a name resembling Plexippus is mentioned in ancient story.

And oft, when Corydon unto her brought
Or little sparrows stolen from their nest,
Or wanton squirrels in the woods far sought,
Or other dainty thing for her address,
He would commend his gift, and make the best :
Yet she no whit his presents did regard,
Ne him could find to fancy in her breast :
This new-come shepherd had his market marred.
Old love is little worth when new is more preferred.

One day when they are met to hold their merry sports,

As they are wont in fair sunshiny weather,
The whiles their flocks in shadows shrouded be,

they fall to dance, and it is agreed that Colin Clout shall pipe, "as one most fit," and that Calidore shall lead the ring, as standing highest in Pastorella's favour :

Thereat frowned Corydon, and his lip closely bit.

But the courteous Calidore takes his rival, who has been accustomed to lead the dance, and sets him in his place ; and when Pastorella, taking a garland of flowers from her own head, places it on that of the knight, he transfers that too to Corydon, who thereupon suddenly waxes quite frolic from seeming to have no life in him at all. Another time when Corydon challenges him to a wrestling match, Pastorella being appointed judge, and a garland being the meed of victory, he gives the aspiring shepherd such a fall as all but breaks his neck ;

Then was the oaken crown by Pastorel
Given to Calidore as his due right ;
But he, that did in courtesy excel,
Gave it to Corydon, and said he won it well.

In this way does the gentle knight, rising above the untaught clowns about him in all his deeds, not only establish himself in their good will and favour, but at last succeed in sowing the seeds of true love in the mind of the rustic beauty that has won his heart.

Thus Calidore continued there long time
To win the love of the fair Pastorel ;

Which having got, he used without crime
 Or blameful blot; but managed so well,
 That he, of all the rest which there did dwell,
 Was favoured and to her grace commended:
 But what strange fortunes unto him befell,
 Ere he attained the point by him intended,
 Shall more conveniently in other place be ended.

It is strange that the editors of the *Fairy Queen* should not have perceived that Pastorella is Frances Walsingham, daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, whom Sir Philip Sidney, who is Calidore, married. Sir Francis Walsingham appears also as Melibee, or Melibae, in another of Spenser's poems, *The Ruins of Time*, to be afterwards noticed. The character here given to the old shepherd is exactly suitable to Sir Francis, who, for all his great employments, died (6th April, 1590) so poor that his friends had to bury him privately in the night to prevent his body being seized by his creditors. Lord Henry Howard (afterwards Earl of Northampton), in a dedication addressed to Walsingham in 1583, declares, "that the sweetness of his disposition, the frankness of his mind, the credit of his place, the level of his long experience, and the depth of his judgment, were means sufficient and strong enough to draw the minds of all persons well disposed both to love and honour him." His daughter, and only child, two or three years after Sidney's death became the wife of the Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's celebrated favourite, who was thought in marrying her to descend below his rank. Accordingly, she is here represented as of an apparently humble condition, though, as we shall find, it is afterwards made to appear that she is really of high descent. This is the poet's way of hinting that as the daughter of Walsingham, although he was only a simple knight, she was a match for any nobleman. Her name, Pastorella, carries an obvious allusion to the *Arcadia*.

Canto X. (44 stanzas.)—This Canto commences as follows:—

Who now does follow the foul Blatant Beast,
 Whilst Calidore does follow that fair maid,

Unmindful of his vow, and high beheast
Which by the Fairy Queen was on him laid,
That he should never leave, nor be delayed
From chasing him, till he had it achieved ?
But now, entrapped of Love which him betrayed,
He mindeth more how he may be relieved
With grace from her whose love his heart hath sore
engrieved.

That from henceforth he means no more to sue
His former quest, so full of toil and pain ;
Another quest, another game in view
He hath, the guerdon of his love to gain ;
With whom he minds for ever to remain,
And set his rest amongst the rustic sort,
Rather than hunt still after shadows vain
Of courtly favour, fed with light report
Of every blast, and sailing always in the port.

Nor, proceeds the narrative, was Calidore to be greatly
blamed for thus stooping to so lowly a life ; for whoso
had once tasted, as he had done,

The happy peace which there doth overflow,
And proved the perfect pleasures which do grow
Amongst poor hinds, in hills, in woods, in dales,

would never more delight in the painted show and false
bliss by which men are befooled in courts. For what is
the best of their glory to one sight that Calidore here
beheld ? a sight, the glance of which would daze the
dimmed eyes of the admirers of mere courtly splendour,
so that they should never be able again to endure that
sunshine—a sight to which nothing in that world of
beauty can for a moment be compared—

Save only Gloriana's heavenly hue,
To which what can compare ?

And then comes another brilliant burst :—

One day, as he did range the fields abroad,
Whilst his fair Pastorella was elsewhere,
He chanced to come, far from all people's trode,
Unto a place, whose pleasance did appear
To pass all others on the earth which were :

For all that ever was by Nature's skill
Devised to work delight was gathered there;
And there by her were poured forth at fill,
As if, this to adorn, she all the rest did pill.

It was an hill placed in an open plain,
That round about was bordered with a wood
Of matchless height, that seemed the earth to disdain;
In which all trees of honour stately stood,
And did all winter as in summer bud,
Spreading pavilions for the birds to bower,
Which in their lower branches sung aloud;
And in their tops the soaring hawk did tower,
Sitting like king of fowls in majesty and power :

And at the foot thereof a gentle flood,
His silver waves did softly tumble down,
Unmarred with ragged moss or filthy mud;
Ne mote wild beasts, ne mote the ruder clown
Thereto approach; ne filth mote therein drown:
But nymphs and fairies by the banks did sit
In the wood's shade which did the waters crown,
Keeping all noisome things away from it,
And to the water's fall tuning their accents fit.

And on the top thereof a spacious plain
Did spread itself, to serve to all delight,
Either to dance, when they to dance would fain,
Or else to course-about their bases light;*
Ne ought there wanted, which for pleasure might
Desired be, or thence to banish bale:
So pleasantly the hill with equal height
Did seem to overlook the lowly vale;
Therefore it rightly cleeped was Mount Acidale.

They say that Venus, when she did dispose
Herself to pleasance, used to resort
Unto this place, and therein to repose
And rest herself as in a gladsome port,
Or with the Graces there to play and sport;
That even her own Cytheron,† though in it
She used most to keep her royal court,

* The meaning seems to be to practise the sport called Prison-base, or Prison-bars.

† He means the island Cythera.

And in her sovereign majesty to sit,
She in regard hereof refused and thought unfit.

Unto this place whenas the elfin knight
Approached, him seemed that the merry sound
Of a shrill pipe he playing heard on height,
And many feet fast thumping the hollow ground,
That through the woods their echo did rebound.
He nigher drew, to weet what mote it be:
There he a troop of ladies dancing found
Full merrily, and making gladful glee,
And in the midst a shepherd piping he did see.

He durst not enter into the open green,
For dread of them unwares to be descried,
For breaking of their dance, if he were seen;
But in the covert of the wood did bide,
Beholding all, yet of them unespied:
There he did see, that pleased much his sight,
That even he himself his eyes envied,
An hundred naked maidens lily white
All ranged in a ring, and dancing in delight.

All they without were ranged in a ring,
And danced round; but in the midst of them
Three other ladies did both dance and sing,
The whilst the rest them round about did hem,
And like a girland did in compass stem;
And in the midst of those same three was placed
Another damsel, as a precious gem
Amidst a ring most richly well enchased,
That with her goodly presence all the rest much graced.

Look! how the crown, which Ariadne wore
Upon her ivory forehead that same day
That Theseus her unto his bridal bore,
When the bold Centaurs made that bloody fray
With the fierce Lapiths which did them dismay,
Being now placed in the firmament,
Through the bright heaven doth her beams display,
And is unto the stars an ornament,
Which round about her move in order excellent.

Such was the beauty of this goodly band,
Whose sundry parts were here too long to tell:

But she, that in the midst of them did stand,
 Seemed all the rest in beauty to excel,
 Crowned with a rosy garland that right well
 Did her beseeem : and ever, as the crew
 About her danced, sweet flowers that far did smell
 And fragrant odours they upon her threw ;
 But, most of all, those three did her with gifts endue.

Those were the Graces, daughters of delight,
 Handmaids of Venus, which are wont to haunt
 Upon this hill, and dance there day and night ;
 Those three to men all gifts of grace do grant ;
 And all, that Venus in herself doth vaunt,
 Is borrowed of them : but that fair one,
 That in the midst was placed paravaunt,^e
 Was she to whom that shepherd piped alone ;
 That made him pipe so merrily, as never none.

She was, to weet, that jolly shepherd's lass,
 Which piped there unto that merry rout ;
 That jolly shepherd, which there piped, was
 Poor Colin Clout (who knows not Colin Clout ?),
 He piped apace, whilst they him danced about.
 Pipe, jolly shepherd, pipe thou now apace
 Unto thy love that made thee low to lout ;
 Thy love is present there with thee in place ;
 Thy love is there advanced to be another Grace.

As Colin Clout is Spenser, so of course this pre-eminently beautiful shepherdess, advanced to be a fourth grace, as Elisa, or Queen Elizabeth, is made to be in the 'Shepherd's Calendar,' written many years before,* is the Irish beauty who had at last supplanted Rosalind in the possession of his heart, and who was now his wife. Surely never was woman crowned by Love and Poetry with a garland comparable to this.

Much, we are told, did Calidore wonder at the strange sight that has been described, "whose like before his eye had never seen," and long he stood astonished, and, wrapt in delight, wist not what to think ;

^e Prominently, conspicuously.

* See Vol. I., p. 64.

Whether it were the train of Beauty's Queen,
Or nymphs, or fairies, or enchanted show,
With which his eyes mote have deluded been.
Therefore, resolving what it was to know,
Out of the wood he rose, and toward them did go.

But, soon as he appeared to their view,
They vanished all away out of his sight,
And clean were gone, which way he never knew,
All save the shepherd, who, for fell despite
Of that displeasure, broke his bag-pipe quite,
And made great moan for that unhappy tura :
But Calidore, though no less sorry wight
For that mishap, yet seeing him to mourn,
Drew near, that he the truth of all by him mote learn :

And, first him greeting, thus unto him spake ;
" Hail, jolly shepherd, which thy joyous days
Here ledest in this goodly merry-make,
Frequented of these gentle nymphs always,
Which to thee flock to hear thy lovely lays !
Tell me what mote these dainty damsels be,
Which here with thee do make their pleasant plays :
Right happy thou, that mayest them freely see !
But why, when I them saw, fled they away from me ?"

He himself, the shepherd answers, is not so happy, or fortunate, as his questioner is the reverse ; for those whom he has chased away he never will be able by any art to recall : they will come to none except to such as " they of themselves list so to grace." Calidore is sorry that he should have been so unlucky, but requests to know who or what the ladies are.

Tho gan that shepherd thus for to dilate :
" Then wot, thou shepherd, whatsoe'er thou be,
That all those ladies, which thou sawest late,
Are Venus' damsels, all within her fee,
But differing in honour and degree ;
They all are Graces which on her depend ;
Besides a thousand more which ready be
Her to adorn, whenso she forth doth wend ;
But those three in the midst do chief on her attend.

" They are the daughters of sky-ruling Jove,
By him begot of fair Eurynome,
The Ocean's daughter, in this pleasant grove,
As he, this way coming from feastful glee
Of Thetis' wedding with Aeacidee,*
In summer's shade himself here rested weary.
The first of them hight mild Euphrosyne,
Next fair Aglaia, last Thalia merry;
Sweet goddesses all three, which me in mirth do cherry! †

" These three on men all gracious gifts bestow,
Which deck the body or adorn the mind.
To make them lovely or well-favoured show;
As comely carriage, entertainment kind,
Sweet semblant, friendly offices that bind,
And all the complements of courtesy:
They teach us, how to each degree and kind
We should ourselves demean, to low, to high,
To friends, to foes; which skill men call civility.

" Therefore they always smoothly seem to smile,
That we likewise should mild and gentle be;
And also naked are, that without guile
Or false dissemblance all them plain may see,
Simple and true from covert malice free;
And eke themselves so in their dance they bore,
That two of them still forward seemed to be,
But one still towards showed herself afore;
That good should from us go, than come, in greater
store.‡

" Such were those goddesses which ye did see:
But that fourth maid, which there amidst them traced,
Who can aread what creature mote she be,
Whether a creature, or a goddess graced
With heavenly gifts from heaven first enrac'd!
But, whatso sure she was, she worthy was
To be the fourth with those three other placed:

* Aeacides (Peleus).

† Cherish.

‡ That good should go out from us in greater plenty than
it comes to us.

Yet was she certes but a country lass;
Yet she all other country lasses far did pass:

"So far, as doth the Daughter of the Day
All other lesser lights in light excel;
So far doth she in beautiful array
Above all other lasses bear the bell;
Ne less in virtue that beseems her well
Doth she exceed the rest of all her race;
For which the Graces, that here wont to dwell,
Have for more honour brought her to this place,
And graced her so much to be another Grace.

"Another Grace she well deserves to be,
In whom so many graces gathered are,
Excelling much the mean of her degree;
Divine resemblance, beauty sovereign rare,
Firm chastity, that spite ne blemish dare!
All which she with such courtesy doth grace,
That all her peers cannot with her compare,
But quite are dimmed when she is in place:
She made me often pipe, and now to pipe apace.

"Sun of the world, great glory of the sky,
That all the earth dost lighten with thy rays,
Great Gloriana, greatest majesty!
Pardon thy Shepherd, mongst so many lays
As he hath sung of thee in all his days,
To make one minim^b of thy poor handmaid,
And underneath thy feet to place her praise;
That, when thy glory shall be far displayed
To future age, of her this mention may be made!"

The shepherd's speech ended, Calidore again expresses his regret, and asks pardon that he should have rashly sought that which he might not see. In such discourse the two pass many an hour, as chance brings them together; and the knight becomes so attached both to the shepherd, for the delight with which his talk feeds his greedy fancy, and to the place, that he is inclined to remain there. But soon the envenomed sting that has fixed itself in his heart begins to rankle afresh; and nothing

^b Little song.

will avail him but "to return again to his wound's worker." So, "like as the wounded whale to shore flies from the main," he repairs again to the "rustic won," where his Pastorella is; and renews his dutiful service, sparing neither pains nor peril

By which he might her to his love allure,
And liking in her yet untamed heart procure.

The jealousy of Corydon also re-awakens, and he resumes his contentious rivalry and emulation. One day, as they are all three together in the greenwood gathering strawberries, a tiger suddenly makes his appearance, and rushes with open mouth at Pastorella. Corydon, being the first to hear her cries, runs in haste to her rescue, but, when he sees the monster, flies for fear. Calidore, though armed only with his shepherd's hook, strikes the tiger to the ground, and then, cutting off its head, presents it to the still trembling maid, who showers on him a thousand thanks. And from this day she begins to show him daily more favour, and to feel for him a stronger liking, regarding Corydon at the same time as fit only to keep sheep. Calidore, however, still abstains from treating his rival with anything of contempt; but, as for Pastorella,

So well he wooed her, and so well he wrought her,
With humble service, and with daily suit,
That at the last unto his will he brought her;
Which he so wisely well did prosecute,
That of his love he reaped the timely fruit,
And joyed long in close felicity:
Till Fortune, fraught with malice, blind and brute,
That envies lovers' long prosperity,
Blew up a bitter storm of foul adversity.

It chanceth one day, when Calidore is absent hunting in the woods, that the place where these shepherds dwell is invaded by a band of lawless people, called Brigants, that live neither by plough nor spade, but only by plundering their neighbours; they despoil the cottages, murder the inmates, and drive away their flocks. Among the rest old Melibee is stript of all he has in the world,

and all his people are led away captive : Pastorella, too, is carried off—

Fair Pastorella, sorrowful and sad,
Most sorrowful, most sad, that ever sight,¹
Now made the spoil of thieves and brigants bad,
Which was the conquest of the gentlest knight
That ever lived, and the only glory of his might.

Corydon, too, is among the captives ; all of which are conveyed by the thieves under cover of night to where they have their dwelling.

Their dwelling in a little island was,
Covered with shrubby woods, in which no way
Appeared for people in nor out to pass,
Nor any footing find for overgrown grass :

For underneath the ground their way was made
Through hollow caves, that no man mote discover
For the thick shrubs, which did them always shade
From view of living wight, and covered over ;
But Darkness dread and daily Night did hover
Through all the inner parts, wherein they dwelt ;
No lightened was with window, nor with lover,²
But with continual candle-light, which dealt
A doubtful sense of things, not so well seen as felt.

Here the Brigants keep all their prisoners with continual watch and ward till they can sell them for slaves. Pastorella thinks herself in hell.

But for to tell the doleful dreariment
And pitiful complaints which there she made,
(Where day and night she nought did but lament
Her wretched life shut up in deadly shade,
And waste her goodly beauty, which did fade
Like to a flower that feels no heat of sun,
Which may her feeble leaves with comfort glade ;*)
And what befell her in that thievish won,
Will in another Canto better be begun.

¹ Sighed.

² Opening in the roof ; the French *l'ouverte*, or *louver*.

* Glad, gladden.

Canto XI. (51 stanzas).—The interruption that has thus befallen the loves of Calidore and Pastorella is only after the due course of nature or of human things :—

The joys of love, if they should ever last
Without affliction or disquietness
That worldly chances do amongst them cast,
Would be on earth too great a blessedness,
Liker to heaven than mortal wretchedness :
Therefore the winged god, to let men weet
That here on earth is no sure happiness,
A thousand sours hath tempered with one sweet,
To make it seem more dear and dainty, as is meet.

But Pastorella, torn from her home and her loved Calidore, and detained in bondage among these thieves in their dark den, has not yet experienced the worst of her fate. Her beauty, that "like the fair morning clad in misty fog did show," inflames the captain of the brigants. Treating her with kindness, he tries to gain her love with looks, with words, with gifts, and by all the means he may; sometimes he mingles threats with his vows of fond affection; but all is alike in vain: he cannot move her constant mind, though he suffers her not to rest with his importunities either by night or day. Only, after a time, seeing how completely she is in his power, she thinks it prudent to pretend to show him some small shadow of favour, in the hope of thereby perhaps acquiring a little more liberty or ease: "a little well is lent that gaineth more withal;" but at last she finds no other way of repelling him except by feigning illness. While she is thus laid aside, the merchants arrive who are used to trade with the thieves for their captives. Old Melibee and Corydon, and many others, are brought forward and exhibited; but when the fair shepherdess is called for, the captain angrily makes answer that she is his own peculiar prize and property, taken by himself, and to be partaken with none: besides, he intimates she is at present too much indisposed to be disposed of. When the merchants see her, however, though it is only by an imperfect candle-light, they prefer her infinitely to all the

others : unless they may have her too, they will have none. The captain declares that his love shall not be sold ; the others insist that she shall ; swords are drawn, " and the mad steel about doth fiercely fly ;" many are slain ; the candle-light is quenched ; it is a scene of universal confusion ;

All on confused heaps themselves assay,
And snatch, and bite, and rend, and tug, and tear.

The captives are put to death by the stronger party (which that is, is not said) lest they should join the weaker ; old Melibee, his aged wife (of whom we now hear for the first time), and many more ; only Corydon effects his escape, and makes off with himself with his characteristic expedition—" ne stayeth leave to take before his friends do die." But all the while Pastorella is defended by the captain, till he too at length is laid prostrate, when she, falling with him, is wounded in the arm by the same blow that deprives him of life ; and there she lies covered with a heap of carcases, and still enclosed in his dying embrace. His death, however, brings the fray to an end ; and, relighting the candles, the survivors proceed to count the slain.

Their captain there they cruelly found killed,
And in his arms the dreary dying maid,
Like a sweet angel twixt two clouds uphild ;¹
Her lovely light was dimmed and decayed
With cloud of death upon her eyes displayed ;
Yet did the cloud make even that dimmed light
Seem much more lovely in that darkness laid,
And twixt the twinkling of her eye-lids bright
To spark out little beams, like stars in foggy night.

Finding life not quite extinct, they apply themselves to revive her, and she is at length restored to a sense of her misery. She is then left in charge of one of their number, " the best of many worst ;" and here too the story leaves her for a while to return to Calidore and his adventures.

¹ Upheld.

When he came back from the wood, and saw what had happened in his absence—"his shepherd's cottage spoiled quite, and his love reft away"—he fell almost distracted;

That even his heart, for very fell despite,
And his own flesh he ready was to tear;
He chafed, he grieved, he fretted, and he sight,
And fared like a furious wild bear,
Whose whelps are stolen away, she being elsewhere.

Ne wight he found to whom he might complain,
Ne wight he found of whom he might inquire;
That more increased the anguish of his pain:
He sought the woods, but no man could see there;
He sought the plains, but could no tidings hear;
The woods did nought but echoes vain rebound;
The plains all waste and empty did appear;
Where went the shepherds oft their pipes resound,
And feed an hundred flocks, there now not one he found.

At last, roaming up and down, he meets his old friend Corydon, all in rags, and with the hair of his head all "upstaring," or raised, "as if he did from some late danger fly." To Calidore's eager questions—where were they all?—where was his Pastorella?—with tears, and sobs, and deep-drawn sighs, he ejaculates, alas that ever he should have lived to see this day—that he should not have died before he had seen Pastorella die.

"Die! out alas!" then Calidore did cry,
"How could the Death dare ever her to quell!"

Corydon then gives him an account of the conflict among the robbers, and his own escape, relating how Pastorella had been defended by the captain;

"But what could he gainst all them do alone?
It could not boot; needs must she die at last!"

Calidore, however, after the first gush of his grief, resolves to make an attempt to save her if she be yet alive, or, if he can neither rescue nor avenge her, at the least to share her fate. With no little difficulty he prevails on Corydon to show him the way to the place; and they set out together, attired as shepherds, and appearing to

carry only shepherds' hooks, but Calidore with arms concealed under his clothes. When they have advanced a little way, they see some sheep feeding on a hill before them, which, on a nearer approach, they find to be some of their own that had been carried away by the robbers, certain of whom are now lying asleep in the shade of the bushes beside them. Corydon is for killing the sleeping shepherds, and making off with the flock, but Calidore

—— that in his mind had closely made
A further purpose, would not so them slay,
But gently waking them gave them the time of day.

Then, sitting down beside them on the green, they enter into talk; and when they have told that they are poor herdsmen who have fled from their masters, and are in quest of others, the robbers propose to hire them if they will consent to take charge of their flocks;

For they themselves were evil grooms, they said,
Unwont with herds to watch or pasture sheep,
But to foray the land, or scour the deep.
Thereto they soon agreed, and earnest took
To keep their flocks for little hire and cheap;
For they for better hire did shortly look:
So there all day they bode, till light the sky forsook.

They are now taken into the thieves' den, and here, growing in great acquaintance, soon learn, to Calidore's infinite joy, that Pastorella still lives. Ere long Calidore, taking advantage of the dead of night, when all the thieves are sound asleep, after a late foray, having lately managed to provide himself with a sword, though of the poorest description, rises and proceeds "to the captain's nest."—Corydon, in his extreme fear and perplexity, hardly daring to accompany him, and yet still less daring to remain behind. When they come to the cave they find the entrance fast; but Calidore, with resistless force, breaks through doors and locks, and then encountering the thief, whom the noise has awakened, slays him with little ado. Pastorella, for whom he calls aloud,

comes, scarcely knowing whether she be alive or dead, and "like to one distraught and robbed of reason," at the well-known voice. A thousand times, we are told, they folded themselves in each other's arms, "and kissed a thousand more." But by this time all the other thieves have been roused, and come pressing into the cave: that is nothing to Calidore at such a moment as this. Taking his stand in the entrance, he slays them man by man as they present themselves, till no more dare to attempt to force their way against the point of his unfailing weapon, and across the barricade of carcases. Nor does it matter more that when he comes forth all of them that are left assail him at once, gathering about him like flies in a hot summer's day upon some beast's bare sore, and seeking to overwhelm him from every side:

— he doth with his raging brand divide
Their thickest troops, and round about him scattereth
wide.

Like as a lion mongst an herd of deer,
Disperseth them to catch his choicest prey;
So did he fly amongst them here and there,
And all that near him came did hew and slay,
Till he had strewed with bodies all the way;
That none his danger daring to abide
Fled from his wrath, and did themselves convey
Into their caves, their heads from death to hide,
Ne any left that victory to him envied.

Then, returning to Pastorella, he brings her forth once more to the joyous light; and afterwards, ransacking those thievish dens, he lays at her feet the choicest of the spoils and treasures there concealed, and, making over all the flocks that had been reft from Melibee and his wife to Corydon, leaves the place, bearing away for his own reward his love alone.

Canto XII. (41 stanzas).—Setting out now on the last stage of his journey, in company with the Knight of Courtesy, the poet begins:—

Like as a ship, that through the ocean wide
Directs her course unto one certain coast,

Is met of many a counter wind and tide,
With which her winged speed is let and crost,
And she herself in stormy surges tost;
Yet, making many a board^m and many a bay,
Still winneth way, ne hath her compass lost;
Right so it fares with me in this long way,
Whose course is often stayed, yet never is astray.

All that has for so long delayed Sir Calidore from his proper quest, "though out of course, yet hath not been mis-said," for it has shown his courtesy "even unto the lowest and the least;" but now we return to his pursuit and final conquest of the Blatant Beast, who has been all this while ranging about, with none to stop or to restrain him.

First, however, he brings Pastorella to the castle of Belgard, the seat of his friend the good Sir Bellamour;

Who whilome was, in his youth's freshest flower,
A lusty knight as ever wielded spear,
And had endured many a dreadful stour
In bloody battle for a lady dear,
The fairest lady then of all that living were.

The name of this lady was Claribel; her father, the lord of many islands, and renowned both for his riches and still more for his might, had designed to marry his daughter to his neighbour the Prince of Picland; but she, bound in heart to Bellamour, married him secretly, upon which her father, seizing both, had them laid in separate dungeons, yet had not been able to prevent Sir Bellamour from obtaining occasional access to his love, who at length brought forth a maiden child, which, to save its life, she gave to her female attendant to be brought up without the knowledge of its parents, and which that trusty damsel took away into the open fields, and, laying it down on the ground, withdrew a little space, and watched behind some bushes till she saw a

^m To make a board is to turn a ship to the windward, in tacking: the expression therefore is equivalent to *making many a tack*.

shepherd, drawn by its cries, come and take it up. B ere she left the little babe, she had unwrapped it in t full light, and, looking upon it with watery eyes,

Upon the little breast, like crystal bright,
She mote perceive a little purple mould,
That like a rose her silken leaves did fair unfold.

The shepherd carried the infant home to his wife, a the high-born foundling was brought up as their chil and bore their name. Meanwhile, after years had pass away, the fortunes of Bellamour and Claribel had su denly changed from storm to sunshine: the death Claribel's father had not only released them fro durance, but given them the inheritance of all his wealt and, when Calidore now came to visit them with Past rella, they had long been living in peace and freedom, well as in undiminished affection. Calidore and Bell mour had long ago been companions in fight; or perha the expression, "they twain long since had fought field," may mean that they had proved their prove against each other, and become friends after havin been foes; nor does a less strong affection draw Clarib to Pastorella, so that they all greatly enjoy themselv together, till, Pastorella now beginning to wax well a strong, Calidore, leaving her in their charge, departs resume his pursuit of the Blatant Beast.

He has not been absent long when Pastorella is fou to be the lost daughter of her host and hostess. Th discovery is made by Claribel's old handmaid Meliss who, having now been appointed to attend upon Ps torella, one morning,

— when this maiden fair
Was dighting her, having her snowy breast
As yet not laced, nor her golden hair
Into their comely tresses duly drest,
Chanced to espy upon her ivory chest
The rosy mark, which she remembered well
That little infant had, which forth she kest,^a

^a Cast.

The daughter of her Lady Claribell,
The which she bore the whiles in prison she did dwell.

Running to her lady in extreme agitation, "My lief,"
that is "My dear," she exclaims,

—————"ye know that long ago,
Whilst ye in durance dwelt, ye to me gave
A little maid, the which ye childed tho:°
The same again if now ye list to have,
The same is yonder lady, whom High God did save."

On her breast she has with these eyes seen "the little
purple rose which thereon grew"—"whereof," says she,
"her name ye then to her did give." Her countenance
and her years, besides, go to confirm the proof. The
mother flies and, tearing open Pastorella's dress, also
recognizes the mark, and folds her daughter to her
bosom:

"And livest thou, my daughter, now again?
And art thou yet alive, whom dead I long did fain?"^p

And again,

A thousand times she her embraced near,
With many a joyful kiss and many a melting tear.

But only she who "is the mother of one child, which
having thought long dead she finds alive" could describe
this mother's joy. Finally, Bellamour also, having all
the facts recounted to him, readily and gladly acknow-
ledges fair Pastorella for his own.

Upton has a fancy, in which possibly there may be
something, that Belgard Castle is Belvoir Castle, the seat
of the Earls (now Dukes) of Rutland, and that even the
name *Bellamour* may contain an allusion to the name of
that noble family, Manners, or in French *Mœurs*. He
conceives the descent of the family of Manners from the
House of York, through the first earl's grandmother
Anne Plantagenet, Duchess of Exeter, a sister of King

° Brought forth then.

^p Fondly desire, or regret.

Edward IV., to be pointed at in the description of Claribel's father; and the Prince of Picland, to whom he wished to marry her, to be the king of Scotland. The said prince is called the neighbour of Claribel's father; and it may be noticed that the first Earl of Rutland, the favourite of Henry VIII., was Warden of the Scottish Marches. Another of this noble family, Upton observes—meaning Roger, the fifth earl—married the daughter of Sir Philip Sidney; “but how far,” he adds, “the story told of Pastorella, who found her parents in Belvoir (Belgard?) Castle, may allude to this alliance I neither affirm nor deny.” Upton's last conjecture, however, would carry more appearance of probability if Sidney had married a daughter of the Earl of Rutland instead of the earl marrying his daughter. It is true, indeed, as Upton remarks, that “in these kind of historical allusions Spenser usually perplexes the subject; he leads you on, and then designedly misleads you: for he is writing a fairy poem, not giving you the detail of an historian.”

All this while Calidore has without ever resting been pursuing through all places the Blatant Beast, tracking it by the spoliation it makes wheresoever it comes. He finds that the monster has passed through all other estates, and is now at last come to the clergy, among whom he is making such havoc as “endless were to tell.” The elfin knight, having left no other place unsearched, at length finds him in a monastery tearing down and destroying with might and main. He has broken into the cloisters, through which he is chasing the monks into their gloomy dormitories, and searching all their cells and other secret places, in which what heaps of filth he comes upon were irksome to report. Nothing regarding either religion or their holy office, the more of their corruptions he discovers the more he tears and tosses away, ransacking all their dens from the greatest to the least. Thence he breaks into the church, and robs the chancel, and overthrows the desks, and befouls the altars, and casts to the ground the images, “for all their goodly hue.” Here, however, seeing Calidore after him, he

starts off with a speed inspired by his recollection of their former encounter ; but the knight pursues with still swifter footstep. And at last

Him in a narrow place he overtook,
And fierce assailing forced him turn again :
Sternly he turned again, when he him strook
With his sharp steel, and ran at him amain
With open mouth, that seemed to contain
A full good peck within the utmost brim,
All set with iron teeth in ranges twain,
That terrified his foes, and armed him,
Appearing like the mouth of Orcus grisly grim :

And therein were a thousand tongues empight^a
Of sundry kinds and sundry quality ;
Some were of dogs, that barked day and night ;
And some of cats, that wrawling^r still did cry ;
And some of bears, that groined^s continually ;
And some of tigers, that did seem to gren
And snar^t at all that ever passed by :
But most of them were tongues of mortal men,
Which spake reproachfully, not caring where nor when.

And them amongst were mingled here and there
The tongues of serpents, with three-forked stings,
That spat out poison, and gore-bloody gear,
At all that came within his ravenings ;
And spake licentious words and hateful things
Of good and bad alike, of low and high,
Ne kesars spared he a whit nor kings ;
But either blotted them with infamy,
Or bit them with his baneful teeth of injury.

Calidore beats the monster back as he attempts to bite him, at the same time

— spitting forth the poison of his spite,
That foamed all about his bloody jaws.

^a Fixed. ^r Wauling. ^s Grunted, growled.
^t Snarl. Perhaps it should be "gnar."

Then rearing aloft his front feet, he ramps or rises up upon him as if to rend him with his claws; but the knight advances his shield, and, putting forth all his strength, forces him backward till he gets him upon the ground, and there he holds him down, even as a bullock which has been felled by the butcher is held down till he be thoroughly subdued. It is in vain that he rages and roars and foams out blood in his struggles to raise himself:—

He grinned, he bit, he scratched, he venom threw,
And fared like a fiend right horrible in hue:

Or like the hell-born Hydra, which they feign
That great Alcides whilome overthrew,
After that he had laboured long in vain
To crop his thousand heads, the which still new
Forth budded, and in greater number grew.
Such was the fury of this hellish beast,
Whilst Calidore him under him down threw;
Who nathemore his heavy load released,
But aye, the more he raged, the more his power increased.

When he finds force will avail him nothing, he sets his hundred tongues agoing, reviling and railing at his adversary with every sharpest and bitterest term of reproach—

Oft interlacing many a forged lie,
Whose like he never once did speak, nor hear,
Nor ever thought thing so unworthily:

but for all this Calidore only strains him the tighter. At last, when he has almost choked him, he takes "a muzzle strong of surest iron made with many a link," and therewith shuts up his mouth and his blasphemous tongue,

For never more defaming gentle knight,
Or unto lovely lady doing wrong;

and, thereunto attaching a great long chain, draws him after him.

Like as whilome that strong Tirynthian swain^a
Brought forth with him the dreadful dog of hell
Against his will fast bound in iron chain,
And roaring horribly did him compel
To see the hateful sun, that he might tell
To grisly Pluto, what on earth was done,
And to the other damned ghosts which dwell
For aye in darkness which day-light doth shun :
So led this knight his captive with like conquest won.

Yet greatly did the beast repine at those
Strange bands, whose like till then he never bore,
Ne ever any durst till then impose ;
And chafed inly, seeing now no more
Him liberty was left aloud to roar :
Yet durst he not draw back, nor once withstand
The proved power of noble Calidore ;
But trembled underneath his mighty hand,
And like a fearful dog him followed through the land.

Him through all Fairy Land he followed so,
As if he learned had obedience long,
That all the people, whereso he did go,
Out of their towns did round about him throng,
To see him lead that beast in bondage strong ;
And seeing it, much wondered at the sight :
And all such persons, as he erst did wrong,
Rejoiced much to see his captive plight,
And much admired the beast, but more admired the knight.

Long, the poet adds in conclusion, did the monster remain thus suppressed and tamed by the mastering might of doughty Calidore ; but unfortunately he broke his chain and regained his liberty at last ; and

Thenceforth more mischief and more scathe he wrought
To mortal men than he had done before ;
Ne ever could, by any, more be brought
Into like bands, ne mastered any more :
All be that, long time after Calidore,
The good Sir Pelleas him took in hand ;
And after him Sir Lamorack of yore ;

^a Hercules.

And all his brethren born in Britain land ;
Yet none of them could ever bring him into band.

So now he rangeth through the world again,
And rageth sore in each degree and state ;
Ne any is that may him now restrain,
He growen is so great and strong of late,
Barking and biting all that him do bate,
All be they worthy blame, or clear of crime ;
Ne spareth he most learned wits to rate,
Ne spareth he the gentle poet's rhyme ;
But rends, without regard of person or of time.

Ne may this homely verse, of many meanest,
Hope to escape his venomous despite,
More than my former writs, all were they cleanest
From blameful blot, and free from all that wite^v
With which some wicked tongues did it backbite,
And bring into a mighty peer's displeasure,
That never so deserved to endite.
Therefore do you, my rhymes, keep better measure,
And seek to please ; that now is counted wise men'
treasure.

The "mighty peer" here spoken of is understood to be the Lord Treasurer Burghley ; the poet's former writings that had brought him into Burghley's displeasure were probably those parts of the *Shepherd's Calendar* in which he had reflected on Bishop Aylmer, and the proceedings of the government in the suspension of Archbishop Grindal.*

^v Blame.

* See Vol. I., pp. 72—75.

THE TWO CANTOS OF MUTABILITY.

to the Six Books of the Fairy Queen as published in the author's life-time, were added in the third edition of the poem, which appeared in 1609, two Cantos (besides 10 stanzas of a third Canto), with the title of "Two Cantos of Mutability, which, both for form and matter, appear to be parcel of some following Book of the Fairy Queen, under the Legend of Constancy." There is no preface to this edition, and the editor is unknown; so that their internal evidence is all the evidence we have for the authenticity of these new Cantos. That, however, is so strong as to be quite conclusive; the poetry is none of the marks of imitation, and is not only perfectly in Spenser's manner throughout, but much of it is in very highest style. Taken as a whole, these two Cantos of Mutability, as they are called, may vie with any other two Cantos of the Fairy Queen. They are numbered Cantos VI. and VII.; and it must be supposed that they were found so numbered in the author's manuscript. To which Book they may belong we have no means of knowing; nor even with absolute certainty the subject of the Book. But the Legend of Constancy seems a probable enough title; and the Book is commonly referred to as the Seventh Book.

Canto VI. (55 stanzas).—The poet begins by proposing the subject of the Canto as follows:—

What man that sees the ever-whirling wheel
Of Change, the which all mortal things doth sway,
But that thereby doth find, and plainly feel,
How Mutability in them doth play
Her cruel sports to many men's decay?
Which that to all may better yet appear,
I will rehearse, that whilome I heard say,

How she at first herself began to rear
Gainst all the gods, and the empire sought from them
to bear.

First, however, he will unfold her antique race and descent, as he has found it registered in the records of Fairy Land. She is sprung from the old Titans who whilome strove with Saturn's son for the sovereignty of heaven, and many of whose stem, worsted although they were in this contest, long continued to survive, and some of whom afterwards were placed by Jove himself in great power and high authority; such, for example, as Hecate,

And dread Bellona, that doth sound on high
Wars and alarms unto nations wide,
That makes both heaven and earth to tremble at her
pride.

To such rule and dominion likewise did this Titaness, Mutability, aspire; desiring, even like those other two, to be worshipped as a goddess: and first she sought to obtain such acknowledgment of her divinity on earth, where with this aim she gave such proof of her great power,

That not men only (whom she soon subdued)
But eke all other creatures her bad doings rued.

For whatever Nature had in the beginning established in meet order and good estate she perverted, and loosened from its proper laws; all the world's fair frame she altered quite; all that God had blessed she made accursed.

Ne she the laws of Nature only brake,
But eke of justice, and of policy;
And wrong of right, and bad of good did make,
And death for life exchanged foolishly:
Since which, all living wights have learned to die,
And all this world is woxen daily worse.
O piteous work of Mutability,
By which we all are subject to that curse,
And death, instead of life, have sucked from our nurse!

And now having subdued the earth she begins to think

of attempting the heavens, "and Jove himself to shoulder from his right." First she passes through the regions of the thin and unresisting air and fire; thence she climbs to the palace of the Moon, and enters its silver gates without leave either given or asked of the hoary old sire, Time, who sits by them with his hour-glass in his hand;

Ne stayed till she the highest stage had scanned,
Where Cynthia did sit, that never still did stand.
Her sitting on an ivory throne she found,
Drawn of two steeds, the one black, the other white,
Environed with ten thousand stars around,
That duly her attended day and night;
And by her side there ran her page, that night
Vesper, whom we the evening star intend;
That with his torch, still twinkling like twilight,
Her lightened all the way where she should wend,
And joy to weary wandering travellers did lend.

Beholding the glory of this goodly palace,—

Made of the heaven's substance, and upheld
With thousand crystal pillars of huge height—

the Titaness burns with envious ambition to displace its mistress, and to gain to herself the kingdom of the night and of the waxing and waning waters. She therefore boldly orders the goddess to descend and allow her to seat herself in that ivory throne, as the more worthy of rule whether over men or gods or the infernal powers.

But she, that had to her that sovereign seat
By highest Jove assigned, therein to bear
Night's burning lamp, regarded not her threat,
Ne yielded ought for favour or for fear;
But, with stern countenance and disdainful cheer
Bending her horned brows, did put her back;
And, boldly blaming her for coming there,
Bade her at once from heaven's coast to pack,
Or at her peril bide the wrathful thunder's wrack.

Yet nathemore the giantess forbare;
But, boldly pressing on, raught [▼] forth her hand

▼ Reached.

To pluck her down perforce from off her chair ;
And, therewith lifting up her golden wand,
Threatened to strike her if she did withstand :
Whereat the Stars, which round about her blazed,
And eke the Moon's bright waggon still did stand,
All being with so bold attempt amazed,
And on her uncouth habit and stern look still gazed.

Meanwhile the lower world, which nothing knew
Of all that chanced here, was darkened quite ;
And eke the heavens, and all the heavenly crew
Of happy wights, now unpurveyed of light,
Were much afraid, and wondered at that sight ;
Fearing lest Chaos broken had his chain,
And brought again on them eternal night ;
But chiefly Mercury, that next doth reign,
Ran forth in haste unto the King of Gods to plain.

All ran together with a great outcry
To Jove's fair palace fixed in heaven's height ;
And, beating at his gates full earnestly,
Gan call to him aloud with all their might,
To know what meant that sudden lack of light.
The Father of the Gods, when this he heard,
Was troubled much at their so strange affright,
Doubting lest Typhon were again upreared,
Or other his old foes that once him sorely feared.*

Forthwith Jove sends the Son of Maia down to the circle
of the Moon, with orders that if it be any one on earth
below who is molesting her with magic charms he be
seized and thrown down to hell ; if the disturbance come
from heaven, that the author be instantly arrested and
brought before him. The winged-footed god beats his
plumes so fast that he soon comes to where the Titaness
is still striving to pull fair Cynthia from her seat ; struck
with dread as well as wonder at her strange appearance
and haughty hardihood he pauses for a moment, but at
last recovering himself he commands her either to cease
molesting the Moon, and to suffer her to walk at large, or
to come with him and answer for her doings before high
Jove :

* Frightened.

And therewithal he on her shoulder laid
His snaky-wreathed mace, whose awful power
Doth make both gods and hellish fiends afraid :
Whereat the Titaness did sternly lour,
And stoutly answered ; That in evil hour
He from his Jove such message to her brought,
To bid her leave fair Cynthia's silver bower ;
Sith she his Jove and him esteemed nought,
No more than Cynthia's self ; but all their kingdoms
sought.

The heavens' herald stays not to reply, but, returning to make report to Jove, finds him seated in highest state in the highest sky with all the gods congregated around him ; what Hermes relates exceedingly amazes them all, save Jove ; he with unchanged countenance unfolds to them the cause and meaning of what they have heard. They may remember that when the cursed offspring of Earth sought to assail the eternal towers of heaven they were effectually defeated and destroyed ; yet a remnant of their race escaped and still survives ; and " of that bad seed is this bold woman bred," who now with bold presumption seeks to drive not only fair Phœbe from her silver throne, but also himself, the lord of heaven, from his high empire. It is for them, the sons of God, now to advise in what way her assault is to be best encountered—whether by open force or cunning counsel. Then, bending his black eyebrow, with whose beck he wields the world, he makes sign to them to speak in their several degrees. But meanwhile the Titaness, having advised with herself what course were best for her to take, has resolved to break in upon her enemies while they are still consulting and divided in opinion. So forth she goes, and, mounting through the sky to the palace of Jove, boldly enters in. At sight of her all the other gods rise in amazement ; but Jove, all fearless, remains unmoved, and, commanding them to resume their seats, disposes himself in his own sovereign throne with increased grace and majesty ; so that even the haughty Titaness, bold as she is, quakes at heart and stands dumb, till Jove himself addresses her ;—

"Speak, thou frail woman, speak with confidence;
Whence art thou, and what dost thou here now make?
What idle errand hast thou earth's mansion to forsake?"

Half confused and daunted, "yet gathering spirit of her nature's pride," she boldly replies, that by her mother's side she is the daughter of her that is the mighty mother of all the gods, "great Earth, great Chaos' child;" but by the father's she is greater in blood than all the gods. For Titan and Saturn were both sons of Uranus, but Titan the elder: him his younger brother, by guile and the aid of the Corybantes, thrust from his right; "since which," she adds,

—————"thou, Jove, injuriously hast held
The heavens' rule from Titan's sons by might;"

and she concludes by calling upon the heavens to witness the truth of all she has affirmed.

Whilst she thus spake, the gods that gave good ear
To her bold words, and marked well her grace
(Being of stature tall as any there
Of all the gods, and beautiful of face
As any of the goddesses in place),
Stood all astonished; like a sort⁷ of steers,
Mongst whom some beast of strange and foreign race
Unwares is chanced, far straying from his peers:
So did their ghastly gaze bewray their hidden fears.

Till, having paused awhile, Jove thus bespake;
"Will never mortal thoughts cease to aspire
In this bold sort to heaven claim to make,
And touch celestial seats with earthly mire?
I would have thought that bold Procrustes' hire,
Or Typhon's fall, or proud Ixion's pain,
Or great Prometheus tasting of our ire,
Would have sufficed the rest for to restrain,
And warned all men, by their example, to refrain:

"But now this off-scum of that cursed fry
Dare to renew the like bold enterprise,

⁷ Herd.

And challenge the heritage of this our sky ;
Whom what should hinder, but that we likewise
Should handle as the rest of her allies,
And thunder-drive to hell ?" With that he shook
His nectar-dewed locks, with which the skies
And all the world beneath for terror quook,
And eft^a his burning levin-brand in hand he took.

But when he looked on her lovely face,
In which fair beams of beauty did appear
That could the greatest wrath soon turn to grace,
(Such sway doth beauty even in heaven bear,)
He stayed his hand ; and, having changed his cheer,
He thus again in milder wise began ;
" But ah ! if gods should strive with flesh yfere,^a
Then shortly should the progeny of man
Be rooted out, if Jove should do still what he can !"

He proceeds to say that she, "fair Titan's child," has probably been excited to her present attempt merely by some vain curiosity to see what has never been seen by mortal eyes, or perhaps has been inflamed by the example of her sister Bellona, with the desire "to bandy crowns and kingdoms to bestow ;" and sure she is not the less deserving of the two. But, for the empire of heaven, that has been won by conquest and confirmed by the eternal doom of Fate, and neither Titanic progeny nor other living wight may challenge right or interest there.

" Then cease thy idle claim, thou foolish girl ;
And seek by grace and goodness to obtain
That place, from which by folly Titan fell."

" Cease, Saturn's son," replies the Titaness with equal scorn,

—————" to seek, by proffers vain
Of idle hopes, to allure me to thy side,
For to betray my right before I have it tried."

Jove she deems no fair judge in the case ; she appeals to

^a Also.

^a Together.

the highest of all the divinities, the acknowledged progenitor alike of gods and men, the great deity Nature.

Thereat Jove waxed wroth, and in his sprite
Did inly grudge, yet did it well conceal;
And bade Dan Phœbus scribe her appellation seal.

The time and place for the trial, at which all parties shall appear before great Nature's presence, are now appointed: it was, namely, says the poet,

— upon the highest heights
Of Arlow hill (who knows not Arlow hill?)
That is the highest head, in all men's sights,
Of my old father Mole.

Arlow, or Arlo, which is also mentioned by Spenser in his 'View of Ireland,'* is understood to be what is now called Galtee More, the loftiest of the eastern range of the Ballyhowra hills, called by him the mountains of Mole, forming the northern boundary of his estate of Kilcolman, in the county of Cork. One of the defiles of Galtee More is still called the Glen of Aharlow. The Mulla is a stream, vulgarly called the Awbeg, which flows from the Ballyhowra hills. The poet now suddenly breaks off into an episode in celebration of these hills and streams:—

And, were it not ill fitting for this file
To sing of hills and woods mongst wars and knights,
I would abate the sternness of my style,
Mongst these stern stounds to mingle soft delights;
And tell how Arlow, through Diana's spites,
(Being of old the best and fairest hill
That was in all this Holy Island's heights,)
Was made the most unpleasant and most ill:
Meanwhile, O Clio, lend Calliope thy quill.

* "All those counties which, lying near unto any mountains or Irish deserts, had been planted with English, were shortly displanted and lost. As, namely, in Munster, all the lands adjoining unto Slewlogher, Arlo, and the Bog of Allon."

Whilome when Ireland flourished in fame
Of wealth and goodness, far above the rest
Of all that bear the British Islands' name,
The gods then used, for pleasure and for rest,
Oft to resort thereto, when seemed them best:
But none of all therein more pleasure found
Than Cynthia, that is sovereign queen profest
Of woods and forests, which therein abound,
Sprinkled with wholesome waters more than most on
ground:

But moungst them^a all, as fittest for her game,
(Either for chase of beasts with hound or bow,
Or for to shroud in shade from Phœbus' flame,
Or bathe in fountains that do freshly flow
Or from high hills or from the dales below,)
She chose this^a Arlow; where she did resort
With all her nymphs enranged on a row,
With whom the woody gods did oft consort;
For with the nymphs the satyrs love to play and sport.

Among the nymphs was one named Molanna,
—— daughter of old Father Mole,
And sister unto Mulla fair and bright—

the same Mulla, to whose bed the false Bregog (another stream flowing from the Ballyhowra hills) once on a time secretly stole, as told and made well known by the Shepherd Colin, that is, by Spenser himself (namely, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*).

But this Molanna, were she not so shole,^b
Were no less fair and beautiful than she:
Yet, as she is, a fairer flood may no man see.
For first she springs out of two marble rocks,
On which a grove of oaks high-mounted grows,
That as a girland seems to deck the locks
Of some fair bride, brought forth with pompous shows
Out of her bower, that many flowers strows;
So through the flowery dales she tumbling down
Through many woods and shady coverts flows
That on each side her silver channel crown,
Till to the plain she come, whose valleys she doth drown.

^b Shallow.

The Molanna is a stream, now called the Brackbawn, which descends from the Tipperary or western range of the Ballyhowra hills.

In her sweet streams Diana used oft,
After her sweaty chase and toilsome play,
To bathe herself; and, after, on the soft
And downy grass her dainty limbs to lay
In covert shade, where none behold her may,
For much she hated sight of living eye.

"Foolish God Faunus," however, giving way to a foolish longing, applied to this her maid, Molanna,

To tell what time he might her lady see
When she herself did bathe, that he might secret be;

and allured her to grant him his request, not only by gifts of "queen apples and red cherries from the tree," but by promising that he would undertake to get the Fanchin, whom she has long ardently loved, to return her affection, and would also be her debtor for many more good turns, the least of them exceeding the little gratification in procuring which he wished her to give him her aid. The Fanchin (now the Funcheon) is another of these streams.

The simple maid did yield to him anon;
And eft^c him placed where he close might view
That never any saw, save only one,^d
Who, for his hire to so fool-hardy due,^e
Was of his hounds devoured in hunter's hue.
Tho,^f as her manner was on sunny day,
Diana, with her nymphs about her, drew
To this sweet spring; where, doffing her array,
She bathed her lovely limbs, for Jove a likely prey.

Faunus was immensely delighted; but his foolish joy, after a little while, could not keep from breaking out into an audible laugh:—

^c Soon.

^d Actæon.

^e Pay, or requital, due to one so fool-hardy.

^f Then.

————— a foolish Faun indeed,
That couldst not hold thyself so hidden blest,
But wouldest needs thine own conceit aread !
Babblers unworthy been of so divine a meed.

The goddess, all abashed with that noise,
In haste forth started from the guilty brook ;
And, running straight whereas she heard his voice,
Enclosed the bush about, and there him took
Like darred ^s lark, not daring up to look
On her whose sight before so much he sought.
Thence forth they drew him by the horns, and shook
Nigh all to pieces, that they left him nought ;
And then into the open light they forth him brought.

Like as an huswife, that with busy care
Thinks of her dairy to make wondrous gain,
Finding whereas some wicked beast unware
That breaks into her dair' house, there doth drain
Her creaming pans, and frustrate all her pain ;
Hath, in some snare or gin set close behind,
Entrapped him, and caught into her train,
Then thinks what punishment were best assigned,
And thousand deaths deviseth in her vengeful mind :

So did Diana and her maidens all
Use silly Faunus, now within their bail ;^b
They mock and scorn him, and him foul miscall ;
Some by the nose him plucked, some by the tail,
And by his goatish beard some did him hale :
Yet he (poor soul !) with patience all did bear ;
For nought against their wills might countervail :
Ne ought he said, whatever he did hear ;
But, hanging down his head, did like a momeⁱ appear.

After various penances had been^f proposed, they agreed
to clad him in deer-skins, and make a beast of chase of
him ; and Diana, moreover, forced him to confess which
of her nymphs it was that had betrayed her ; upon which
they all laid hold upon poor Molanna at once.

^f Dazzled by the mirror used in taking them, called a
darring-glass, or daring-glass.

^b Enclosure, power.

ⁱ A speechless blockhead.

But him (according as they had decreed)
 With a deer's skin they covered, and then chast;^j
 With all their hounds, that after him did speed;
 But he, more speedy, from them fled more fast
 Than any deer; so sore him dread aghast.^k
 They after followed all with shrill outcry,
 Shouting as they the heavens would have brast;^l
 That all the woods and dales, where he did fly,
 Did ring again, and loud re-echo to the sky.

Having followed him till they were weary, they then returned to Molanna, and by command of their mistress overwhelmed her with stones;

— yet Faunus, for her pain,
 Of her beloved Fanchin did obtain
 That her he would receive unto his bed.
 So now her waves pass through a pleasant plain,
 Till with the Fanchin she herself do wed,
 And, both combined, themselves in one fair river spread.

Nathless Diana, full of indignation,
 Thenceforth abandoned her delicious brook:
 In whose sweet stream, before that bad occasion,
 So much delight to bathe her limbs she took:
 Ne only her, but also quite forsook
 All those fair forests about Arlow hid;
 And all that mountain, which doth overlook
 The richest champain that may else be rid;^m
 And the fair Shure, in which are thousand salmons bred.

Them all, and all that she so dear did weigh,
 Thenceforth she left; and, parting from the place,
 Thereon an heavy hapless curse did lay;
 To weet, that wolves, where she was wont to space,
 Should harboured be and all those woods deface,
 And thieves should rob and spoil that coast around.
 Since which, those woods, and all that goodly chase
 Doth to this day with wolves and thieves abound:
 Which too-too true that land's in-dwellers since have
 found.

Canto VII. (59 stanzas).—The poet now, after a short

^j Chased.

^k Frightened.

^l Burst.

^m Read, spoken of.

invocation to the "greater muse," Clio, proceeds to relate the trial of the appeal of the Titaness at the bar of Nature.

The appointed day being come, all the gods are assembled upon Arlow hill, both those of heaven and those of land and sea ;

Only the infernal powers might not appear ;
As well for horror of their countenance ill,
As for the unruly fiends which they did fear ;
Yet Pluto and Proserpina were present there.

All other creatures, also, having life give their attendance, according to their sundry kinds ; so that Arlow with all its heights and hollows can scarcely contain them all, and only the most strenuous exertions of Nature's sergeant, Order, prevent the utmost confusion.

Then forth issued (great goddess) great Dame Nature,
With goodly port and gracious majesty,
Being far greater and more tall of stature
Than any of the gods or powers on high ;
Yet certes by her face and physnomy,
Whether she man or woman inly were,
That could not any creature well descry ;
For, with a veil that wimpled ^a everywhere,
Her head and face was hid that mote to none appear.

That, some do say, was so by skill devised,
To hide the terror of her uncouth hue
From mortal eyes that should be sore agrized ;^o
For that her face did like a lion shew,
That eye of wight could not endure to view :
But others tell that it so beauteous was,
And round about such beams of splendour threw,
That it the sun a thousand times did pass,
Ne could be seen but like an image in a glass.

That well may seemen true ; for well I ween
That this same day, when she on Arlow sat,
Her garment was so bright and wondrous sheen,
That my frail wit cannot devise to what
It to compare, nor find like stuff to that :
As those three sacred saints, though else most wise,
Yet on Mount Tabor quite their wits forgat

^a Gathered itself close.

^o Revolted.

When they their glorious lord in strange disguise
Transfigured saw ; his garments so did daze their eyes.

In a fair plain upon an equal hill
She placed was in a pavilion ;
Not such as craftsmen by their idle skill
Are wont for princes' states ^p to fashion ;
But the earth herself, of her own motion,
Out of her fruitful bosom made to grow
Most dainty trees, that, shooting up anon,
Did seem to bow their blooming heads full low
For homage unto her, and like a throne did show.

But it is so hard for any living wight to describe all her
array that even " Old Dan Geoffrey " (Chaucer)—

————— in whose gentle sprite
The pure well-head of poesy did dwell—

in his *Fowls' Parley* (meaning his *Assembly of Fowls*)
dares not to attempt it, but refers his readers to Alan,
that is, Alanus de Insulis, who he thought had handled
the theme with some success in his *Plaint of Kind*—a
Latin treatise by this Alanus, entitled *De Planctu Na-*
turæ, which exists in manuscript, but which Spenser
from what he adds—

Which who will read set forth so as it ought,
Go seek he out that Alan where he may be sought—

apparently had never seen. The description proceeds :—

And all the earth far underneath her feet
Was dight with flowers, that voluntary grew
Out of the ground, and sent forth odours sweet ;
Ten thousand mores ^q of sundry scent and hue,
That might delight the smell or please the view,
The which the nymphs from all the brooks thereby
Had gathered, they at her footstool threw ;
That richer seemed than any tapestry,
That princes' bowers adorn with painted imagery.

And Mole himself, to honour her the more,
Did deck himself in freshest fair attire ;

^p Canopies, pavilions.

^q Roots.

And his high head, that seemeth always hoar
With hardened frosts of former winter's ire,
He with an oaken girland now did tire,^r
As if the love of some new nymph late seen
Had in him kindled youthful fresh desire,
And made him change his grey attire to green :
Ah ! gentle Mole, such joyance hath thee well beseen.

Was never so great joyance since the day
That all the gods whilome assembled were
On Hæmus' hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemn bridal cheer
Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed^s there ;^t
Where Phœbus' self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousal hymn full clear,
That all the gods were ravished with delight
Of his celestial song and music's wondrous might.

Before this great Grandmother of all things—

Great Nature, ever young, yet full of old ;
Still moving, yet unmoved from her stead ;
Unseen of any, yet of all beheld ;
Thus sitting in her throne—

comes Dame Mutability, and, bent low before her mighty presence, begins with all meekness and humility to state her plea. To her, greatest of divinities, or rather alone great, who distributes right indifferently to all, she comes for right an humble suppliant. "Of all," she proceeds, "thou art the equal mother :"—

"To thee therefore of this same Jove I plain,
And of his fellow gods that feign to be,
That challenge to themselves the whole world's reign,
Of which the greatest part is due to me,
And heaven itself by heritage in fee :
For heaven and earth I both alike do deem,
Sith heaven and earth are both alike to thee ;
And gods no more than men thou dost esteem :
For even the gods to thee, as men to gods, do seem.

^r Attire.

^s Appointed.

^t This wedding, however, according to the ancient poets, was celebrated not on Mount Hæmus, but on Mount Pelion.

Jove himself cannot deny that the place of Prince of the Gods which he has usurped is hers by lawful inheritance, duly derived from her great grandsire Titan. Yet spite of him, and all the gods beside, she does in truth possess the sovereignty of the world. Is not Earth herself, first of all, though seeming of them all the most immovable and permanent, yet continually undergoing change; both in part and in the whole?

“ For all that from her springs, and is ybred,
However fair it flourish for a time,
Yet see we soon decay; and, being dead,
To turn again into their earthly slime:
Yet out of their decay and mortal crime,
We daily see new creatures to arise,
And of their Winter spring another Prime,
Unlike in form, and changed by strange disguise:
So turn they still about, and change in restless wise.

“ As for her tenants: that is, man and beasts;
The beasts we daily see massacred die,
And thralls and vassals unto men’s beheasts;
And men themselves do change continually,
From youth to eld, from wealth to poverty,
From good to bad, from bad to worst of all:
Ne do their bodies only flit and fly;
But eke their minds (which they immortal call)
Still change and vary thoughts, as new occasions fall.

“ Ne is the water in more constant case;
Whether those same on high, or these below:
For the ocean moveth still from place to place;
And every river still doth ebb and flow;
Ne any lake, that seems most still and slow,
Ne pool so small, that can his smoothness hold
When any wind doth under heaven blow;
With which the clouds are also tossed and rolled,
Now like great hills; and straight, like sluices, them
unfold.

“ So likewise are all watery living wights
Still tossed and turned with continual change,

▪ Commands.

Never abiding in their stedfast plights :
The fish, still flooting, do at random range,
And never rest, but evermore exchange
Their dwelling places, as the streams them carry :
Ne have the watery fowls a certain grange
Wherein to rest, ne in one stead do tarry ;
But fitting still do fly, and still their places vary.

“ Next is the air : which who feels not by sense
(For of all sense it is the middle mean)
To fit still, and with subtile influence
Of his thin spirit all creatures to maintain
In state of life ? O weak life ! that does lean
On thing so tickle as the unsteady air,
Which every hour is changed, and altered clean
With every blast that bloweth foul or fair :
The fair doth it prolong ; the foul doth it impair.

“ Therein the changes infinite behold,
Which to her creatures every minute chance ;
Now boiling hot ; straight freezing deadly cold ;
Now fair sun-shine, that makes all skip and dance ;
Straight bitter storms, and baleful countenance
That makes them all to shiver and to shake :
Rain, hail, and snow do pay them sad penance,
And dreadful thunder-claps (that make them quake)
With flames and flashing lights that thousand changes
make.

“ Last is the fire ; which, though it live for ever,
Ne can be quenched quite, yet, every day,
We see his parts, so soon as they do sever,
To lose their heat and shortly to decay ;
So makes himself his own consuming prey ;
Ne any living creatures doth he breed ;
But all, that are of others bred, doth slay ;
And with their death his cruel life doth feed ;
Nought leaving but their barren ashes without seed.

“ Thus all these four (the which the groundwork be
Of all the world and of all living wights)
To thousand sorts of change we subject see :
Yet are they changed by other wondrous sleights
Into themselves, and lose their native mights ;

The fire to air, and the air to water sheer,^v
 And water into earth; yet water² fights
 With fire, and air with earth, approaching near;
 Yet all are in one body, and as one appear.

"So in them all reigns Mutability;
 However these, that gods themselves do call,
 Of them do claim the rule and sovereignty;
 As Vesta, of the fire ethereal;
 Vulcan, of this with us so usual;
 Ops, of the earth; and Juno, of the air;
 Neptune, of seas; and Nymphs, of rivers all:
 For all those rivers to me subject are;
 And all the rest, which they usurp, be all my share."

And she concludes by pressing the Goddess, in order to prove all this to be true, to vouchsafe to call into her presence all other personages who pretend to hold any part of the dominion of the world, when it will be clearly seen that they are one and all subject to her. Let, for example, the Times and Seasons be summoned. To this proposition Nature assents; and Order by her command calls them in.

So forth issued the Seasons of the year:
 First, lusty Spring all dight in leaves of flowers
 That freshly budded and new bloomes did bear,
 In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
 That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
 And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
 And on his head (as fit for warlike stours)
 A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
 That, as some did him love, so others did him fear.

Then, came the jolly Summer, being dight
 In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
 That was unlined all, to be more light:
 And on his head a girland well beseen
 He wore, from which as he had chafed been
 The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
 A bow and shafts, as he in forest green

^v Clear.

Had hunted late the libbard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyed in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinched sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore,
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had
yold.*

Lastly, came Winter clothed all in frieze,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops, that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil:
In his right hand a tipped staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayed still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosed limbs he able was to weld.

These, marching softly, thus in order went,
And after them the Months all riding came;
First, sturdy March, with brows full sternly bent
And armed strongly, rode upon a Ram,
The same which over Hellespontus swam;
Yet in his hand a spade he also hent,
And in a bag all sorts of seeds ysame,*
Which on the earth he strewed as he went,
And filled her womb with fruitful hope of nourishment.

Next came fresh April, full of lustihead,
And wanton as a kid whose horn new buds:
Upon a Bull he rode, the same which led
Europa floating through the Argolic floods:
His horns were gilden all with golden studs,
And garnished with garlands* goodly dight
Of all the fairest flowers and freshest buds

* Yielded.

* Together.

* *Garlands* (not *girlands*, as usual), probably for the consonancy with *garnished*.

Which the earth brings forth; and wet he seemed in
sight
With waves, through which he waded for his love's
delight.

Then came fair May, the fairest maid on ground,
Decked all with dainties of her season's pride,
And throwing flowers out of her lap around:
Upon two brethren's shoulders she did ride,
The Twins of Leda; which on either side
Supported her like to their sovereign queen:
Lord! how all creatures laughed when her they spied,
And leapt and danced as they had ravished been!
And Cupid self about her fluttered all in green.

And after her came jolly June, arrayed
All in green leaves, as he a player were:
Yet in his time he wrought as well as played,
That by his plough-irons mote right well appear:
Upon a Crab he rode, that him did bear
With crooked crawling steps an uncouth pace,
And backward yode, as bargemen wont to fare
Bending their force contrary to their face;
Like that ungracious crew which feigns demurest grace.

Then came hot July boiling like to fire,
That all his garments he had cast away:
Upon a Lion raging yet with ire
He boldly rode, and made him to obey:
(It was the beast that whilome did foray
The Nemean forest, till the Amphytrionide
Him slew, and with his hide did him array:)
Behind his back a scythe, and by his side
Under his belt he bore a sickle circling wide.

The sixth was August, being rich arrayed
In garment all of gold down to the ground:
Yet rode he not, but led a lovely maid
Forth by the lily hand, the which was crowned
With ears of corn, and full her hand was found:
That was the righteous Virgin, which of old
Lived here on earth, and plenty made abound;
But, after Wrong was loved and Justice sold,
She left the unrighteous world, and was to heaven ex-
tollèd.

Next him September marched eke on foot ;
Yet was he heavy laden with the spoil
Of harvest's riches, which he made his boot, ^r
And him enriched with bounty of the soil :
In his one hand, as fit for harvest's toil,
He held a knife-hook ; and in the other hand
A pair of Weights, with which he did assoil
Both more and less, where it in doubt did stand,
And equal gave to each as justice duly scanned.

Then came October full of merry glee ;
For yet his nowl ^a was totty ^a of the must,
Which he was treading in the wine-fats' sea,
And of the joyous oil, whose gentle gust
Made him so frolic and so full of lust : ^b
Upon a dreadful Scorpion he did ride,
The same which by Diana's doom unjust
Slew great Orion ; and eke by his side
He had his ploughing-share and coulter ready tied.

Next was November ; he full gross and fat
As fed with lard, and that right well might seem ;
For he had been a fatting hogs of late,
That yet his brows with sweat did reek and steam,
And yet the season was full sharp and breem ; ^c
In planting eke he took no small delight :
Whereon he rode, not easy was to deem ;
For it a dreadful Centaur was in sight,
The seed of Saturn and fair Nais, Chiron hight.

And after him came next the chill December :
Yet he, through merry feasting which he made
And great bonfires, did not the cold remember ;
His Saviour's birth his mind so much did glad :
Upon a shaggy-bearded Goat he rode,
The same wherewith Dan Jove in tender years,
They say, was nourished by the Idæan ^{*} maid ;

^r Booty.

^a Noddle.

^a Wavering.

^b Joyous alacrity.

^c Chill.

^{*} The common reading is "Idæan," of which nothing can be made. The meaning will be the maid of Mount Ida, in Crete, where Jupiter was nursed.

And in his hand a broad deep bowl he bears,
Of which he freely drinks an health to all his peers.

Then came old January, wrapped well
In many weeds to keep the cold away;
Yet did he quake and quiver like to quell,^d
And blow his nails to warm them if he may;
For they were numbed with holding all the day
An hatchet keen, with which he felled wood,
And from the trees did lop the needless spray:
Upon an huge great Earth-pot Stean^e he stood,
From whose wide mouth there flowed forth the Roman
flood.

And lastly came cold February, sitting
In an old waggon, for he could not ride,
Drawn of two Fishes for the season fitting,
Which through the flood before did softly slide
And swim away; yet had he by his side
His plough and harness fit to till the ground,
And tools to prune the trees, before the pride
Of hasting Prime did make them burgeon^r round.
So passed the twelve Months forth, and their due places
found.

And after these there came the Day and Night,
Riding together both with equal pace;
The one on a palfrey black, the other white:
But Night had covered her uncomely face
With a black veil, and held in hand a mace,
On top whereof the moon and stars were pight,^e
And Sleep and Darkness round about did trace:^h
But Day did bear upon his sceptre's height
The goodly sun encompassed all with beames bright.

Then came the Hours, fair daughters of high Jove
And timely Night; the which were all endued
With wondrous beauty fit to kindle love;
But they were virgins all, and love eschewed
That might foreslack the charge to them foreshewed
By mighty Jove; who did them porters make
Of heaven's gate (whence all the gods issued)

^d To quail, to faint.
^r Bud.

^e Fixed.

^e Urn.
^h Move, walk.

Which they did daily watch, and nightly wake
By even turns, ne ever did their charge forsake.
And after all came Life; and lastly Death:
Death with most grim and grisly visage seen,
Yet is he nought but parting of the breath;
Ne ought to see, but like a shade to ween,
Unbodied, unsouled, unheard, unseen:
But Life was like a fair young lusty boy,
Such as they feign Dan Cupid to have been,
Full of delightful health and lively joy,
Decked all with flowers and wings of gold fit to employ.

When all have passed by, the Titaness again appeals to the mighty mother to say whether in all her creation "Change doth not reign and bear the greatest sway." Does not Time prey on all things? and is not Time himself continually moving? "But who is it," Jove now answers,

— "that Time himself doth move and still compel
To keep his course?"

Does not the influence which produces movement and change proceed alone from the gods? And so do not the gods rule all things, and in them Mutability herself? As for things, Mutability replies, with regard to which we do not perceive how they are moved and swayed, they, the gods, may indeed attribute any power to themselves they choose; but how shall any be persuaded where they can see nothing? But, even were it, as Jove pretends, that all things are moved and ordered by him and his companions, "what," says Mutability,

— "if I can prove, that even ye
Yourselves are likewise changed, and subject unto me?
"And first, concerning her that is the first,
Even you, fair Cynthia; whom so much ye make
Jove's dearest darling, she was bred and nursed
On Cynthus' hill, whence she her name did take;
Then is she mortal born, howso ye crake:¹

¹ Vaunt.

Besides, her face and countenance every day
 We changed see and sundry forms partake,
 Now horned, now round, now bright, now brown and
 grey :

So that *as changeful as the moon* men use to say.

“ Next Mercury ; who though he less appear
 To change his hue, and always seem as one ;
 Ye he his course doth alter every year,
 And is of late far out of order gone :
 So Venus eke, that goodly paragon,
 Though fair all night, yet is she dark all day :
 And Phœbus’ self, who lightsome is alone,
 Yet is he oft eclipsed by the way,
 And fills the darkened world with terror and dismay.

“ Now Mars, that valiant man, is changed most ;
 For he sometimes so far runs out of square,
 That he his way doth seem quite to have lost,
 And clean without his usual sphere to fare ;
 That even these star-gazers stonished are
 At sight thereof, and damn their lying books :
 So likewise grim Sir Saturn oft doth spare
 His stern aspect, and calm his crabbed looks :
 So many turning cranks these have, so many crooks.

Even Jove himself—where was he born ? Some say in
 Crete, some in Thebes, others in other places ; but that it
 was here in this world all are agreed. Then is he too born
 mortal, and subject to her like all the rest. Besides, do not
 the very wills and natures of the gods change ? And, for
 that power or force of theirs by which they pretend that
 all other things are moved, is it not continually checked
 and turned aside by their opposition among themselves ?

“ Besides, the sundry motions of your spheres,
 So sundry ways and fashions as clerks feign,
 Some in short space, and some in longer years ;
 What is the same but alteration plain ?
 Only the starry sky doth still remain :
 Yet do the stars and signs therein still move,
 And even itself is moved, as wizards sayn :^j
 But all that moveth doth mutation love :
 Therefore both you and them to me I subject prove.

^j Say.

" Then since within this wide great universe
Nothing doth firm and permanent appear,
But all things tossed and turned by transverse;
What then should let, but I aloft should rear
My trophy, and from all the triumph bear?
Now judge then, O thou greatest goddess true,
According as thyself dost see and hear,
And unto me adoom that is my due:
That is, the rule of all; all being ruled by you."

So having ended, silence long ensued;
Ne Nature to or fro spake for a space,
But with firm eyes affixed the ground still viewed.
Meanwhile all creatures, looking in her face,
Expecting the end of this so doubtful case,
Did hang in long suspense what would ensue,
To whether side should fall the sovereign place:
At length she, looking up with cheerful view,
The silence brake, and gave her doom in speeches few:

" I well consider all that ye have said;
And find that all things stedfastness do hate
And changed be; yet, being rightly weighed,
They are not changed from their first estate;
But by their change their being do dilate;
And, turning to themselves at length again,
Do work their own perfection so by fate:
Then over them Change doth not rule and reign;
But they reign over Change, and do their states maintain.

" Cease therefore, daughter, further to aspire,
And thee content thus to be ruled by me:
For thy decay thou seek'st by thy desire:
But time shall come that all shall changed be,
And from thenceforth none no more change shall see!"
So was the Titaness put down and whist,*
And Jove confirmed in his imperial see.
Then was that whole assembly quite dismiss,
And Nature's self did vanish, whither no man wist.

* Hushed.

Canto VIII.—Of this Canto we have only the two first stanzas :—

When I bethink me on that speech whilere
Of Mutability, and well it weigh;
Me seems, that though she all unworthy were
Of the heaven's rule; yet, very sooth to say,
In all things else she bears the greatest sway:
Which makes me loathe this state of life so tickle,
And love of things so vain to cast away;
Whose flowering pride, so fading and so fickle,
Short Time shall soon cut down with his consuming
sickle!

Then gin I think on that which Nature said,
Of that same time when no more change shall be,
But stedfast rest of all things, firmly stayed
Upon the pillars of Eternity,
That is contrair to Mutability:
For all that moveth doth in change delight:
But thenceforth all shall rest eternally
With him that is the God of Sabaoth hight:
O! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that Sabbath's
sight!

All will acknowledge that this is Spenser all over, in its faults as well as in its beauties,—that no other could have written it but he—and that he has rarely produced anything finer.

We have now finished a labour which, however it may have been performed, is not likely ever to be attempted again. The Fairy Queen, fragment as it is, is one of the longest poems in the world: the Iliad and the Odyssey, with their twenty-four Books a-piece, are not short poems; but the Fairy Queen, with its thirty-five thousand lines or thereby, is nearly as long as the Iliad and the Odyssey both, with the Æneid to boot. The close-packing, also, of the incidents and circumstances is as great in Spenser as it is in Homer, and the involution and complexity of the story much greater. In following the course of any of his tangled fictions, no particular

can be passed over, without danger of the suppressed fact rising in some subsequent page to claim its proper place as a link in the chain.

In our analysis our object has been to give all the story and all that is most worthy of note in the poetry. Our selections—which, however, have been made throughout without any reference to the space they might occupy, having been, indeed, for the most part originally marked with no view to the present work—may include about a third of the whole poem, and the interspersed prose abridgment of the rest may be equal in extent to nearly as much more. The poem, therefore, in our account or edition of it, is reduced to somewhat less than two-thirds of its proper dimensions.

Not much may seem to be gained in point of space by such a mode of presenting the poem—although it is to be observed that our compendium, without running much into criticism or commentary, includes enough of explanation to make the text everywhere intelligible. But we believe, nevertheless, that for the generality of readers, and especially for young readers, the *Fairy Queen* will be found more manageable as we have given it than in its entire form. The advantage of the plan lies in what it gets rid of. To one who is not accustomed to it, Spenser's abundance is often oppressive: it is like wading among unmown grass. The story, besides being somewhat shortened, is certainly clearer, and more easily followed, in our version of it than it is in its original shape; and all superfluities likely on any account to be found wearisome or offensive have been quietly omitted. The student of poetry will of course keep to the work as Spenser wrote it; and our compendium will assuredly withdraw no readers from the original, but may send some to it. Let it be regarded as like an engraved copy on a reduced scale of a great painting; or as only an introduction to the study of the *Fairy Queen*—a porch to that magnificent temple; still it has its use.

We cannot hope that every reader familiar with the poem will find that we have preserved all his favourite passages; but we do not think that much of what it

contains of poetry of the higher order will be found to have been withheld. We have sought to preserve every golden line, and even every more characteristic quaintness; excluding only what might be deemed either redundant or comparatively commonplace. But in the earlier part of the poem the splendour rolls itself more into masses, which naturally offer themselves for extract, so that something of what may be called its lateral diffusion must of necessity be passed over where the whole text is not given; in the latter Books it runs more into points and small patches of light and colour, which admit of being more easily cut out. Hence such omissions as there are of lines and couplets which some readers might wish to have seen retained will be found to be most frequent in the earlier Books.

Less is lost by such a mode of exhibition as we have adopted in the case of the *Fairy Queen* than would be sacrificed in that of most other great poems. Even in its original state it has no completeness, no wholeness. It is only a succession of parts; and perhaps it never could have been made anything more. Its extent alone makes it, even as it stands, difficult or impossible to be taken in at one view. In any way that one may take with it, it can only be looked at in portions. It is not a single structure, but rather a long street of poetry. If *St. Paul's* were extended all the way down *Ludgate Hill*, however rich in all the glories of architecture, it would cease to be an architectural unity, and, whether in the actual pile or as represented in a drawing, it could only be contemplated in detail. So it is with this world, this wilderness, of fairy fiction.

Yet a wilderness only in respect of its mazy vastness, its teeming abundance, its infinite variety. The spirit of the most delicate art is nevertheless at work everywhere. Take the poem even as broken down in our analysis of it: from what other poem could be collected such a store of the most precious treasures of poetry? so much of whatever is most brilliant and beautiful in its inventions? It is not a poem like the *Iliad*, fiery, passionate, dramatic as life itself; it is all more like to a dream than to waking

life. Its descriptions and pictures, it must be confessed, more resemble visions in the clouds than anything to be seen on the earth. And this, we apprehend, is what Coleridge must be understood to mean when he says that Spenser's descriptions are not, in the true sense of the word, picturesque; but then no more are Claude's landscapes picturesque. Both want a peculiar piquancy which is one of the characteristics and constituents of the picturesque as commonly limited. It is essentially a thing of earth rather than of heaven—tending always towards the human, almost towards the domestic—offering nestling-places for the affections—delighting, therefore, more in houses and fields than in mountains and forests, and more in mountains and forests than in sea and sky. Spenser's descriptions are not picturesque, in this sense, because his poetry has so little flesh and blood throughout. Yet he is surely one of the very greatest of painters in words; diffuse and florid, no doubt, rather than energetic and expressive; but of what affluence and prodigality of power and resources in his own style, of what inexhaustible ingenuity and invention, of what flowing freedom of movement, of how deep and exquisite a sense of beauty! He is, indeed, distinctively and pre-eminently the Poet of the Beautiful. Of the purely beautiful, as consisting simply in form and colour, his poetry is the richest storehouse in the literature of the world; and what it contains of this pure essential beauty is not more matchless for its quantity than for the quality of much of it. Nor let it be supposed that this is a narrow realm in which he reigns supreme. The region of form is of boundless extent, comprehending whatever gratifies the senses of sight and sound, or the imagination and fancy as excited through them.

But Spenser's poetry is full also of the spirit of moral beauty. It is not a passionate song, but yet it is both earnest and high-toned, and it is pervaded by a quiet tenderness that is always soothing, often touching. A heart of gentleness and nobleness ever lives and beats in it. With all its unworldliness, too, it breathes throughout a thoughtful wisdom, which looks deep even into

human things, and, oftenest sad and pitying, is yet also sometimes stern. Thus, although the music is in the air, and invisible spirits seem to make it, it wants not many a note betraying its mortal origin.

In all writing the thought and the language are inseparable, or rather are one and the same thing. The language or style is merely the thought expressed, that is to say, brought out and made audible or visible. The same thought cannot be expressed in two ways ; alter the expression and you alter the thought. Let this be kept in view, and it will be understood what verse really is in poetry. It is not, as many people believe, an arbitrary form or shape into which the expression is forced ; it is the form which it naturally and necessarily takes. Verse is in poetry part of the expression, and, as such, part of the thought. Writing may be poetical or imaginative which is not in verse or measured language ; but it is not poetry. In wanting the form, it wants the essence, of poetry, of which such form is merely the natural effluence, expression, exhibition, reflection. The passionate and sensuous thought which constitutes poetry, when it exists in a perfect state, flows in uttering itself into measured language by a law of nature ; and that is the only reason why poetry is written in verse. It could not be written otherwise. It writes itself so. That is its only adequate form of manifestation. A poet's verse is as much a part of his poetry as is his imagination, or his invention, or his passion.

Spenser's verse is the most abundantly musical in English poetry. Even Milton's, more scientific and elaborate, and also rising at times to more volume and grandeur of tone, has not so rich a natural sweetness and variety, or so deep a pathos. His poetry swims in music. He winds his way through stanza after stanza of his spacious song more like one actually singing than writing, borne along, it might seem, almost without effort or thought, reminding us of his own Lady of the Idle Lake in her magic gondelay, that

— away did slide
More swift than swallow shears the liquid sky,

Withouten oar or pilot it to guide,
Or winged canvass with the wind to fly;
Only she turned a pin, and by and by
It cut away upon the yielding wave;
Ne cared she her course for to apply,
For it was taught the way which she would have,
And both from rocks and flats itself could wisely save.

It must be confessed, indeed, that from rocks and flats Spenser does not always wisely save himself: he not unfrequently runs against both the one and the other; but it is wonderful to see how little he minds such an accident when it occurs. He gets always off in some way or other, and he takes apparently not the least trouble or forethought to avoid the same thing another time. On he floats, singing away as if nothing had happened, after the narrowest conceivable escape from being run aground or stove in. His treatment of words upon such occasions is like nothing that ever was seen, unless it might be Hercules breaking the back of the Nemean lion. He gives them any sense and any shape that the case may demand. Sometimes he merely alters a letter or two; sometimes he twists off the head or the tail of the unfortunate vocable altogether. In short, it is evident that he considers his prerogative in such matters to be unlimited. But this fearless, lordly, truly royal style in which he proceeds makes one only feel the more how easily, if he chose, he could avoid the necessity of having recourse to such outrages. After all, they do not occur so frequently as much to mar the beauty of his verse. The more brilliant passages of the poem are for the most part free from them. Perhaps they sometimes heighten the general effect, upon one of his own favourite principles, that "discord oft in music makes the sweeter lay." At the worst, they are little wilfulnesses for which none who love him at all will love him the less. It is to be remembered, too, that when he wrote, the language was still, to a great extent, in a state of uncertainty and fluctuation, and that therefore to take such liberties then was a very different thing from what it would be to do so now.

Distinct and dissimilar in many respects, opposed in some, as are the genius of Spenser and that of Homer, we have yet always felt that there is something in the poetry of the one that recalls that of the other. The fire, the passion, the dramatic life, the narrative rapidity of Homer, Spenser wants; the Homeric is of all poetry that in which there is most flesh and blood, the Spenserian that in which there is the least; Homer is both soul and body, Spenser is only soul, or soul with the body laid asleep as it is in dreams; the Homeric poetry is essentially and intensely of this world, that of Spenser as essentially and intensely not of this world; the one is full of the spirit of sunshine and the open air, the other of that of moonlight and torchlight. Yet, spite of these great differences, is there any other English poetry that is so like the Homeric as that of Spenser?—any other through which an English reader, properly warned in regard to the wide disagreement between them in many respects, could get so near to a just and lively conception of that of Homer? We should say there certainly is not. If the poetry of Spenser have no resemblance to the Homeric, then no English poetry whatever has any such resemblance. The great pervading element that Spenser has in common with Homer is what we may call his perfect sincerity, or at least air of sincerity. This encompasses both the one and the other like an atmosphere; and it gives to both a simplicity and directness, a force and cordiality, of style and manner, making their poetry more like a voice of nature than any fabrication of “slow-endavouring art.” Each entirely believes, or at least writes as if he entirely believed, the magic wonders that he sings. Hence their perfect fearlessness and glorious daring. How should they have any fear? How should the broad rolling river of their song go out of its way to avoid either straits or precipices, more than any other river? They flow on as God bids them, with no misgivings. This is a quality that cannot exist in the same degree in any late age of a country’s literature; nor, among ourselves, had even Chaucer, though earlier, so much of it as Spenser. He was too much of a satirist.

One of Spenser's inventions in the Fairy Queen is his magnificent Stanza, which may be said to be the last new form of verse that has fairly established itself in the language. It has commonly been supposed to have been formed by him upon the ottava rima of the Italians; but an ingenious correspondent has called our attention to the fact that it more nearly resembles a stanza of seven lines occasionally employed by Chaucer both in his Canterbury Tales and in some of his other poems. For the first six lines, indeed, Spenser's stanza of nine lines exactly agrees with Chaucer's of seven; in both, also, the concluding line rhymes with the sixth; Spenser has only extended the stanza by interposing between Chaucer's sixth and his last a seventh rhyming to the fifth, and an eighth rhyming to the sixth; or, in other words, he has repeated the rhymes of the fifth and the sixth in a seventh and an eighth. The resemblance, on the contrary, of the Spenserian stanza to the Italian ottava rima ceases with the first four lines. In the Italian stanza the fifth line, instead of rhyming to the fourth, as in Spenser and Chaucer, rhymes to the third; and the sixth, instead of introducing a new termination as in theirs, rhymes to the fourth. But, our correspondent further observes, the stanza which is most closely conformable to Spenser's is one of eight lines occasionally used by the Scottish poet Dunbar, as, for instance, in his poem of *The Merle and the Nightingale*, which, so far as it goes, exactly agrees with that of the Fairy Queen. Spenser only added a ninth line rhyming to the eighth. This perfect coincidence must, we conceive, be held to prove that it was really upon Dunbar's stanza that that of Spenser was founded. But that by which Spenser chiefly made it his own, and gave it altogether a new musical character, was his prolongation of the final line into an Alexandrine.

SECTION IV.

SPENSER'S REMAINING POETRY AND LIFE.

IN 1591, the year after that in which the first portion of the *Fairy Queen* was published, there was brought out at London, by the same publisher, William Ponsonby, the collection of Spenser's minor pieces to which we have already had repeated occasion to refer,* entitled 'Complaints; containing Sundry Small Poems of the World's Vanity; by Ed. Sp.' 4to. Of these pieces, the composition of most though not of all of which probably dates before the completion, in some cases it may be before the commencement, of the first part of the *Fairy Queen* as it actually stands, we shall now proceed to give an account.

1. *The Ruins of Time*.—This poem is dedicated, in a short prose address, "To the Right Noble and Beautiful Lady, the Lady Mary Countess of Pembroke," the sister of Sir Philip Sidney, and is in the main design a celebration of that distinguished personage and other members of his family. In his dedication Spenser describes Sidney as having been the hope of all learned men, and the patron of his young muses. This dedication, and also the poem to which it is prefixed, he wrote, it would appear, during his visit to England. Since his coming over, he states, some friends, having the right and power to command him, knowing with how strait bands of duty he was bound both to the deceased brave knight, and "also to that noble house, of which the chief hope then rested in him," had upbraided him that he had suffered their names to sleep in silence and for-

* See Vol. I. pp. 17, &c.

getfulness. To satisfy them, and to avoid the foul blot of unthankfulness, he had conceived the present poem.

It consists of 97 stanzas of seven lines each. Being one day, the poet begins by telling us, by the shore of the Thames near where Verulam formerly stood, he beheld on the other side of the river

A woman sitting sorrowfully wailing,
Rending her yellow locks like wiry gold,
About her shoulders carelessly down trailing,
And streams of tears from her fair eyes forth railing :¹
In her right hand a broken rod she held,
Which towards heaven she seemed on high to weld.

Calling to her, he asked her the cause of her distress, and what might be her name ?

"Name have I none," quoth she, "nor any being,
Bereft of both by Fate's unjust decreeing.

"I was that city, which the girland wore
Of Britain's pride, delivered unto me
By Roman victors, which it won of yore ;
Though nought at all but ruins now I be,
And lie in mine own ashes, as ye see :
Ver'lam I was : what boots it that I was,
Sith now I am but weeds and wasteful grass ?"

Her lamentation flows on for sixty stanzas more, and takes an extensive sweep over all history and the destinies of humanity. As men, she exclaims, creep crying out of the womb, so they go wailing back to the tomb :—

"Why then doth flesh, a bubble-glass of breath,
Hunt after honour and advancement vain,
And rear a trophy for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if his days for ever should remain ?
Sith all, that in this world is great or gay,
Doth as a vapour vanish and decay.

"Look back, who list, unto the former ages,
And call to count, what is of them become :

¹ Flowing.

Where be those learned wits and antique sages,
Which of all wisdom knew the perfect sum?
Where those great warriors, which did overcome
The world with conquest of their might and main,
And made one mere^m of the earth and of their reign?

"What now is of the Assyrian Lioness,
Of whom no footing now on earth appears?
What of the Persian Bear's outrageousness,
Whose memory is quite worn out with years?
Who of the Grecian Libbard now ought hears,
That overran the East with greedy power,
And left his whelps their kingdoms to devour?

"And where is that same great seven-headed beast,
That made all nations vassals of her pride,
To fall before her feet at her beheast,
And in the neck of all the world did ride?
Where doth she all that wondrous wealth now hide?
With her own weight down pressed now she lies,
And by her heaps her hugeness testifies."

As Rome was the empress of the universal earth, so was
I, she proceeds, princess of this small northern world:—

"To tell the beauty of my buildings fair,
Adorned with purest gold and precious stone;
To tell my riches, and endowments rare,
That by my foes are now all spent and gone;
To tell my forces, matchable to none;
Were but lost labour, that few would believe,
And, with rehearsing, would me more aggrieve.

"High towers, fair temples, goodly theatres,
Strong walls, rich porches, princely palaces,
Large streets, brave houses, sacred sepulchres,
Sure gates, sweet gardens, stately galleries,
Wrought with fair pillars and fine imageries;
All those, O pity! now are turned to dust,
And overgrown with black oblivion's rust.

"And where the crystal Thamiz wont to slide
In silver channel, down along the lee,

^m Bound, limit.

About whose flowery banks on either side
 A thousand nymphs, with mirthful jollity,
 Were wont to play, from all annoyance free;
 There now no river's course is to be seen,
 But moorish fens, and marshes ever green."

After a few more stanzas comes the often quoted tribute to the great prince of English antiquaries. No man, she proceeds, bewails me but in game,

" Save One, that mangre Fortune's injury,
 And Time's decay, and Envy's cruel tort,
 Hath writ my record in true-seeming sort.

" Camden! the nourice of antiquity,
 And lantern unto late succeeding age,
 To see the light of simple verity
 Buried in ruins, through the great outrage
 Of her own people led with warlike rage:
 Camden! though Time all monuments obscure,
 Yet thy just labours ever shall endure."

But even those highest placed are daily seen, as soon as life has left them, to be forgotten as if they had never been. This reflection ushers in the proper subject of the poem. First is commemorated the poet's great patron, the Earl of Leicester, whose death had taken place on the 4th of September, 1588, at Cornbury Lodge, in Oxfordshire, on his way to Kenilworth. The representative or tutelary genius of old Verulam is here made to express herself as if she had witnessed the event; and it has been suggested that he may have been taken ill at St. Alban's, and that this may have led to Spenser's supposing him to have actually died there. But poetry disregards such literalities. The wailing woman, or whatever she is to be called, proceeds:—

" It is not long, since these two eyes beheld
 A mighty prince of most renowned race,
 Whom England high in count of honour held,
 And greatest ones did sue to gain his grace;
 Of greatest ones he greatest in his place,
 Sate in the bosom of his sovereign,
 And *right and loyal* did his word maintain.

" I saw him die, I saw him die, as one
Of the mean people, and brought forth on bier;
I saw him die, and no man left to moan
His doleful fate, that late him loved dear;
Scarce any left to close his eyelids near;
Scarce any left upon his lips to lay
The sacred sod, or requiem to say.

" O trustless state of miserable men,
That build your bliss on hope of earthly thing,
And vainly think yourselves half happy then,
When painted faces with smooth flattering
Do fawn on you, and your wide praises sing:
And, when the courting masker louteth low,
Him true in heart and trusty to you trow!

" All is but feigned, and with ochre dyed,
That every shower will wash and wipe away;
All things do change that under heaven abide,
And after death all friendship doth decay.
Therefore, whatever man bear'st worldly sway,
Living, on God, and on thyself rely;
For when thou diest, all shall with thee die.

" He now is dead, and all his glory gone,
And all his greatness vapoured to nought,
That as a glass upon the water shone,
Which vanished quite, so soon as it was sought:
His name is worn already out of thought,
Ne any poet seeks him to revive;
Yet many poets honoured him alive.

" Ne doth his Colin, careless Colin Clout,
Care now his idle bagpipe up to raise,
Ne tell his sorrow to the listening rout
Of shepherd grooms, which wont his songs to praise:
Praise who so list, yet I will him dispraise,
Until he quit him of this guilty blame:
Wake, shepherd's boy, at length awake for shame."

A few lines are then dedicated to Leicester's elder brother, Ambrose Dudley, Earl of Warwick, who had died on the 20th of February, 1589. Apostrophising his widow, Anne, eldest daughter of Francis Russell, Earl

of Bedford, the poet, rather than the imaginary personage through whom he speaks, exclaims,

“Thy lord shall never die, the whiles this verse
Shall live, and surely it shall live for ever:
For ever it shall live, and shall rehearse
His worthy praise, and virtues dying never,
Though death his soul do from his body sever:
And thou thyself herein shalt also live:
Such grace the heavens do to my verses give.”

Then, after brief allusions to Lady Warwick's father, the late Earl of Bedford; to the present young Earl, who had succeeded to the peerage on the death of his grandfather in 1585; and to the sister of Warwick and Leicester, the Lady Mary Sidney, comes the celebration of her illustrious son:—

“Most gentle spirit breathed from above,
Out of the bosom of the Maker's bliss,
In whom all bounty and all virtuous love
Appeared in their native properties,
And did enrich that noble breast of his
With treasure passing all this worldes worth,
Worthy of heaven itself, which brought it forth.

“O noble spirit, live there ever blessed,
The world's late wonder, and the heavens' new joy;
Live ever there, and leave me here distressed
With mortal cares and cumbrous world's annoy!
But, where thou dost that happiness enjoy,
Bid me, O bid me quickly come to thee,
That happy there I may thee always see!

“Yet, whilst the Fates afford me vital breath,
I will it spend in speaking of thy praise,
And sing to thee, until that timely death
By heaven's doom do end my earthly days:
Thereto do thou my humble spirit raise,
And into me that sacred breath inspire,
Which thou there breathe'st perfect and entire.

“Then will I sing; but who can better sing
Than thine own sister, peerless lady bright,

Which to thee sings with deep heart's sorrowing,
Sorrowing tempered with dear delight,
That her to hear I feel my feeble sprite
Robbed of sense, and ravished with joy ;
O sad joy, made of mourning and annoy !

" Yet will I sing ; but who can better sing
Than thou thyself, thine own self's valiance,
That, whilst thou livedst, mad'st the forests ring,
And fields resound, and flocks to leap and dance,
And shepherds leave their lambs unto mischance,
To run thy shrill Arcadian pipe to hear :
O happy were those days, thrice happy were !

" But now more happy thou, and wretched we,
Which want the wonted sweetness of thy voice,
Whiles thou now in Elysian fields so free,
With Orpheus, and with Linus, and the choice
Of all that ever did in rhymes rejoice,
Conversest, and dost hear their heavenly lays,
And they hear thine, and thine do better praise.

" So there thou livest, singing evermore,
And here thou livest, being ever song
Of us, which living loved thee afore,
And now thee worship mongst that blessed throng
Of heavenly poets and heroes strong.
So thou both here and there immortal art,
And every where through excellent desert.

" But such as neither of themselves can sing,
Nor yet are sung of others for reward,
Die in obscure oblivion, as the thing
Which never was ; ne ever with regard
Their names shall of the later age be heard,
But shall in rusty darkness ever lie,
Unless they mentioned be with infamy.

" What booteth it to have been rich alive ?
What to be great ? what to be gracious ?
When after death no token doth survive
Of former being in this mortal house,
But sleeps in dust dead and inglorious,
Like beast, whose breath but in his nostrils is,
And hath no hope of happiness or bliss.

"How many great ones may remembered be,
Which in their days most famously did flourish;
Of whom no word we hear, nor sign now see,
But as things wiped out with a sponge do perish,
Because they living cared not to cherish
No gentle wits, through pride or covetize,
Which might their names for ever memorize!

"Provide therefore, ye princes, whilst ye live,
That of the Muses ye may friended be,
Which unto men eternity do give;
For they be daughters of dame Memory
And Jove, the father of Eternity,
And do those men in golden thrones repose,
Whose merits they to glorify do chose.

"The seven-fold iron gates of gristy hell,
And horrid house of sad Proserpina,
They able are with power of mighty spell
To break, and thence the souls to bring away
Out of dread darkness to eternal day,
And them immortal make which else would die
In foul forgetfulness, and nameless lie.

"So whilome raised they the puissant brood
Of golden-girt Alcmena, for great merit,
Out of the dust, to which the Oetæan wood
Had him consumed, and spent his vital spirit,
To highest heaven, where now he doth inherit
All happiness in Hebe's silver bower,
Chosen to be her dearest paramour.

"So raised they eke fair Leda's warlike twins,
And interchanged life unto them lent,
That, when the one dies the other then begins
To show in heaven his brightness orient;
And they, for pity of the sad wayment,^a
Which Orpheus for Eurydice did make,
Her back again to life sent for his sake.

"For deeds do die, however nobly done,
And thoughts of men do as themselves decay:
But wise words taught in numbers for to run,

^a Lament.

Recorded by the Muses, live for aye;
 Ne may with storming showers be washed away,
 Ne bitter-breathing winds with harmful blast,
 Nor age, nor envy, shall them ever wast.

" In vain do earthly princes, then, in vain,
 Seek with pyramides, to heaven aspired;
 Or huge colosses, built with costly pain;
 Or brazen pillars, never to be fired;
 Or shrines, made of the metal most desired;
 To make their memories for ever live:
 For how can mortal immortality give?

" Such one Mausolus made, the world's great wonder,
 But now no remnant doth thereof remain:
 Such one Marcellus, but was torn with thunder:
 Such one Lysippus, but is worn with rain:
 Such one King Edmond, but was rent for gain.
 All such vain monuments of earthly mass,
 Devoured of Time, in time to nought do pass.

" But Fame with golden wings aloft doth fly,
 Above the reach of ruinous decay,
 And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky,
 Admired of base-born men from far away:
 Then whoso will with virtuous deeds assay
 To mount to heaven, on Pegasus must ride,
 And with sweet poet's verse be glorified.

" For not to have been dipped in Lethe lake
 Could save the son of Thetis from to die;
 But that blind bard did him immortal make
 With verses dipped in dew of Castalie:
 Which made the Eastern conqueror to cry,
 O fortunate young-man! whose virtue found
 So brave a trump thy noble acts to sound."

After this noble burst follows a remarkable passage. Sir Francis Walsingham, who had recently died (6th April, 1590), having been noticed under the designation of " Good Melibae," it is added that since his decease learning lay unregarded and men of arms wandered unrewarded,—and then the strain goes on:—

" Those two be those two great calamities,
 That long ago did grieve the noble sprite

THE RUINS OF TIME.

Of Salomon with great indignities ;
Who whilome was alive the wisest wight.
But now his wisdom is disproved quite ;
For he, that now welds all things at his will,
Scorns the one and the other in his deeper skill.

“ O grief of griefs ! O gall of all good hearts !
To see that virtue should despised be
Of him, that first was raised for virtuous parts,
And now, broad spreading like an aged tree,
Lets none shoot up that nigh him planted be :
O let the man, of whom the Muse is scorned,
Nor alive nor dead be of the Muse adorned ! ”

These indignant and bitter lines have always been understood to be pointed at Burghley ; and indeed the reference seems too direct to admit of doubt. The tradition is that Burghley had stepped between the poet and the queen's bounty by exclaiming, when Elizabeth ordered him a hundred pounds as an expression of her admiration of some verses which he had presented, “ What, all this for a song ? ” and also that he for some time exerted his influence to prevent Spenser getting the pension of fifty pounds a year, which was at last conferred upon him in 1591. This story, which had not previously been traced beyond Fuller's *Worthies*, a work published after the Restoration, has lately been confirmed by a notice in a record almost of Spenser's own day ;* and it has no inherent improbability. At all events, it is quite evident that the poet considered himself to have been in some way or other unhandsomely and unjustly treated by Elizabeth's great minister at the time when the present piece was composed, which, it may be remarked, would be just the time to which the common anecdote must be understood to refer—the time immediately preceding the grant of his pension. Mr. Todd conceives that all the offence Burghley had given was probably the contempt

* See Mr. Collier's account, in his *History of Dramatic Poetry*, Vol. I. pp. 320, &c., of the very curious Diary of a Barrister, extending from January 1601 to April 1603, which he discovered among the Harleian MSS.

or slight regard he had shown for the Fairy Queen, the first three Books of which had in all likelihood been published shortly before the present poem was written.

Having ended her piteous plaint, the woman, with doleful shrieks, vanished away. The poet muses for some time, lost in terror and pity : at last a succession of strange sights, "like tragic pageants," passes before his eyes. The sixth and last of these, which seems to allude to Leicester and his brother, although the commentators neither explain nor notice the reference, is thus described :—

I saw two bears, as white as any milk,
Lying together in a mighty cave,
Of mild aspect, and hair as soft as silk,
That salvage nature seemed not to have,
Nor after greedy spoil of blood to crave :
Two fairer beasts might not elsewhere be found,
Although the compassed world were sought around.
But what can long abide above this ground
In state of bliss, or stedfast happiness ?
The cave, in which these bears lay sleeping sound,
Was but of earth, and with her weightiness
Upon them fell, and did unwares oppress ;
That, for great sorrow of their sudden fate,
Henceforth all world's felicity I hate.

He then proceeds :—

Much was I troubled in my heavy sprite,
At sight of these sad spectacles forepast,
That all my senses were bereaved quite,
And I in mind remained sore aghast,
Distracted twixt fear and pity ; when at last
I heard a voice, which loudly to me called,
That with the sudden shrill I was appalled.

Behold, said it, and by ensample see,
That all is vanity and grief of mind,
Ne other comfort in this world can be,
But hope of heaven, and heart to God inclined ;
For all the rest must needs be left behind :
With that it bade me to the other side
To cast mine eye, where other sights I spied.

Upon that famous river's further shore,
There stood a snowy swan of heavenly hue,
And gentle kind, as ever fowl afore ;
A fairer one in all the goodly crew
Of white Strymonian brood might no man view :
There he most sweetly sung the prophecy
Of his own death in doleful elegy.
At last, when all his mourning melody
He ended had, that both the shores resounded,
Feeling the fit that him forewarned to die,
With lofty flight above the earth he bounded,
And out of sight to highest heaven mounted,
Where now he is become an heavenly sign ;
There now the joy is his, here sorrow mine.

Whilst thus I looked, lo ! adown the lee
I saw an harp strung all with silver twine,
And made of gold and costly ivory,
Swimming, that whilome seemed to have been
The harp on which Dan Orpheus was seen
Wild beasts and forests after him to lead,
But was the harp of Philisides^o now dead.
At length out of the river it was reared,
And borne above the clouds to be divined,
Whilst all the way most heavenly noise was heard
Of the strings, stirred with the warbling wind,
That wrought both joy and sorrow in my mind :
So now in heaven a sign it doth appear,
The Harp well known beside the Northern Bear.

Soon after this I saw on the other side
A curious coffer made of hebon wood,
That in it did most precious treasure hide,
Exceeding all this baser worldes good :
Yet through the overflowing of the flood
It almost drowned was, and done to nought,
That sight thereof much grieved my pensive thought.
At length, when most in peril it was brought,
Two angels, down descending with swift flight,
Out of the swelling stream it lightly caught,
And twixt their blessed armes carried quite
Above the reach of any living sight :

^o Sir Philip Sidney.

So now it is transformed into that star,
In which all heavenly treasures locked are.

Looking aside I saw a stately bed,
Adorned all with costly cloth of gold,
That might for any prince's couch be read,
And decked with dainty flowers, as if it shold
Be for some bride, her joyous night to hold :
Therein a goodly virgin sleeping lay ;
A fairer wight saw never summer's day.
I heard a voice that called far away,
And her awaking bade her quickly dight,
For lo ! her bridegroom was in ready ray
To come to her, and seek her love's delight :
With that she started up with cheerful sight,
When suddenly both bed and all was gone,
And I in languor left there all alone.

Still as I gazed, I beheld where stood
A knight all armed, upon a winged steed,
The same that was bred of Medusa's blood,
On which Dan Perseus, born of heavenly seed,
The fair Andromeda from peril freed :
Full mortally this knight ywounded was,
That streams of blood forth flowed on the grass :
Yet was he decked (small joy to him, alas !)
With many garlands for his victories,
And with rich spoils, which late he did purchas
Through brave achievements from his enemies :
Fainting at last through long infirmities,
He smote his steed, that straight to heaven him bore,
And left me here his loss for to deplore.

Lastly I saw an ark of purest gold
Upon a brazen pillar standing high,
Which the ashes seemed of some great prince to hold,
Enclosed therein for endless memory
Of him, whom all the world did glorify :
Seemed the heavens with the earth did disagree,
Whether should of those ashes keeper be.
At last me seemed wing-footed Mercury,
From heaven descending to appease their strife,
The ark did bear with him above the sky,
And to those ashes gave a second life,
To live in heaven, where happiness is rife :

At which the earth did grieve exceedingly,
And I for dole was almost like to die.

The poem concludes with two stanzas by way of *L'Envoi*.

2. *The Tears of the Muses*.—This piece is dedicated to Lady Strange in a short prose address, which we have already had occasion to notice.* It is, we have no doubt, full of allusions to the personages and literary history of the time, all of which, however, with the exception of one which has been forced upon their attention, the modern editors of the poet's works have passed over in profound silence. We shall not be expected to attempt to supply that deficiency in such an undertaking as the present. But one remark we would make. We cannot believe the poem to have been one of Spenser's earlier productions—a work of the year 1580, or thereabout, as Mr. Todd would make it for reasons which he professes to assign, but in which it is difficult to discern any thing like a reason, unless it be one that such a supposition is required for the argument in support of which he resorts to it. Although it is inferior in poetical beauty to the *Ruins of Time*, its style and manner are still those of that poem and of the *Fairy Queen*, not of the *Shepherd's Calendar*. It was probably written about the same time with the *Ruins of Time*, that is to say, during his visit to England, in the year 1590.

It begins,

Rehearse to me, ye sacred Sisters Nine,
The golden brood of great Apollo's wit,
Those piteous plaints, and sorrowful sad tine,
Which late ye poured forth as ye did sit
Beside the silver springs of Helicon,
Making your music of heartbreaking moan.

The request having been enforced at due length, Clio (the Muse of History),—"elder sister of the crew,"—first speaks, or sings, in the following strain:—

* Vol. I. p. 9.

Hear thou great father of the gods on high,
That most art dreaded for thy thunder darts ;
And thou our sire, that reign'st in Castalie
And Mount Parnasse, the god of goodly arts :
Hear, and behold the miserable state
Of us thy daughters, doleful desolate.

Behold the foul reproach and open shame,
The which is day by day unto us wrought
By such as hate the honour of our name,
The foes of learning and each gentle thought ;
They, not contented us themselves to scorn,
Do seek to make us of the world forlorn.

Ne only they that dwell in lowly dust,
The sons of darkness and of ignorance ;
But they, whom thou, great Jove, by doom unjust
Didst to the type of honour erst advance ;
They now, puffed up with sdainful insolence,
Despise the brood of blessed sapience.

The sectaries of my celestial skill,
That wont to be the world's chief ornament,
And learned imps that wont to shoot up still,
And grow to height of kingdom's government,
They underkeep, and with their spreading arms
Do beat their buds, that perish through their harms.

It most behoves the honourable race
Of mighty peers true wisdom to sustain,
And with their noble countenance to grace
The learned foreheads, without gifts or gain :
Or rather learn'd themselves behoves to be ;
That is the girland of nobility.

But ah ! all otherwise they do esteem
Of the heavenly gift of wisdom's influence,
And to be learned it a base thing deem ;
Base-minded they that want intelligence ;
For God himself for wisdom most is praised,
And men to God thereby are nighest raised.

But they do only strive themselves to raise
Through pompous pride, and foolish vanity ;
In the eyes of people they put all their praise,
And only boast of arms and ancestry :

But virtuous deeds, which did those arms first give
To their grandsires, they care not to achieve.

So I, that do all noble feats profess
To register, and sound in trump of gold;
Through their bad doings, or base slothfulness,
Find nothing worthy to be writ, or told:
For better far it were to hide their names,
Than telling them to blazon out their blames.

So shall succeeding ages have no light
Of things forepast, nor monuments of time;
And all that in this world is worthy hight
Shall die in darkness, and lie hid in slime!
Therefore I mourn with deep heart's sorrowing,
Because I nothing noble have to sing.

With these words, we are told, Clio

——— rained such store of streaming tears,
That could have made a stony heart to weep,
And all her sisters rent their golden hairs.

Then the next in order takes up the song of sorrow—
Melpomene (the Muse of Tragedy). Thalia (the Muse
of Comedy) follows. Two things are clear; the first
(which is admitted on all hands), that in what she
is made to utter some particular writer is indicated
by the name, "our pleasant Willy;" the second, that
this writer must have been a comic dramatist. This
last consideration, which would not have escaped any one
reading the whole poem, in which what is put into the
mouth of each muse is distinctly appropriate to her par-
ticular character and the art or science over which she
specially presides, has scarcely been sufficiently attended
to even by the adherents of that interpretation of the
passage which it tends to support. Certainly, at least, it
is decisive against Mr. Todd's notion that "our pleasant
Willy" is Sir Philip Sidney, who could not by any pos-
sibility have been selected as the most distinguished
comic writer of the age. And no other name of sufficient
eminence has been suggested, except that which has be-
come the greatest of all names both in comedy and in
tragedy. It can scarcely, we think, be doubted that "our

pleasant Willy"—"the man whom Nature self had made to mock herself"—was William Shakspeare; and that some temporary cessation of that inimitable pen from which already "large streams of honey and sweet nectar" flowed, is what is alluded to when it is said first that he "is dead of late," and afterwards that his gentle spirit "doth rather choose to sit in idle cell."*

Thalia's lament is as follows:—

Where be the sweet delights of Learning's treasure
That wont with comic sock to beautify
The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
The listener's eyes and ears with melody;
In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
Is laid abed, and no where now to see;
And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
With hollow brows and grisly countenance,
Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, yclept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abysm,
Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate:
They in the minds of men now tyrannise,
And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with Folly have possess,
And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
But me have banished, with all the rest
That whilome wont to wait upon my train,
Fine Counterfeisance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight and Laughter, decked in seemly sort.

All these, and all that else the comic stage
With seasoned wit and goodly pleasance graced,
By which man's life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defaced;

* See the same view supported by many other cogent considerations, and by an exposition which throws much light upon the passage about to be quoted from Spenser's poem, in Mr. Knight's 'William Shakspeare, a Biography,' pp. 344-348.

VIRGIL'S GNAT.

And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame
Are now despised, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and truth to imitate,
With kindly counter under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah ! is dead of late :
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,
And scornful Folly with Contempt is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry
Without regard, or due decorum kept ;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,^p
And doth the learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw ;
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell,
Than so himself to Mockery to sell.

Then Euterpe (who presided over Music) ; Terpsichore (the Muse of Dancing) ; Erato (the Muse of Amorous Poetry) ; Calliope (the Muse of Eloquence) ; Urania (the Muse of Astronomic Science) ; Polyhymnia (the Muse of Harmony) ; successively come forward.

3. *Virgil's Gnat*.—This, which is described as “long since dedicated to the Most Noble and Excellent Lord, the Earl of Leicester, late deceased,” is a translation of the Latin poem called *Culex* attributed to Virgil. The story or scheme of the *Culex* is very simple. A shepherd has fallen asleep in the open air ; a serpent is on the point of dashing at him, when he is suddenly awakened by a gnat stinging him in the eyelid ; in his pain he crushes the gnat to death, but he is enabled also to beat off and destroy the serpent ; in the following night the gnat, appearing to him in a dream, reproaches him with the ungrateful return he had made to his deliverer ; and the

^p To write poetry.

poem ends by his erecting a tomb or monument to the little animal in expression of his sorrow and regard. Upon this slight frame the writer has worked a profusion of very florid embroidery—or rather, as some think, it has been made to serve as a ground for fanciful embellishments of all kinds by a succession of versifiers. Virgil had probably very little, if any thing, to do with it. The text has come down to us in the most corrupt state, and in many places is entirely unintelligible. As for Spenser's performance, it is not a close version of the Latin, but neither is it licentious paraphrastic; in the interpretation of such an original he has of necessity taken considerable liberties, and the correctness of many of his renderings may be disputed; but, viewed as an English poem, what he has produced is in the highest degree ingenious and admirable. It may take its place by the side of Shelley's translation of the Homeric Hymn to Mercury.

The Dedication to Leicester is as follows :—

Wronged, yet not daring to express my pain,
To you, great lord, the cause of my care,
In cloudy tears my case I thus complain
Unto yourself, that only privy are.

But if that any *Œdipus* unware
Shall chance, through power of some divining sprite,
To read the secret of this riddle rare,
And know the purport of my evil plight;
Let him rest pleased with his own insight,
Ne further seek to gloss upon the text:
For grief enough it is to grieved wight
To feel his fault, and not be further vexed.

But whatso by myself may not be shown,
May by this Gnat's complaint be easily known.

This is an enigma of which no satisfactory solution has been, or, perhaps, is likely to be, given. Upton conjectures that the wrong of which the poet means to complain may have been the Earl's displeasure "owing to some officious sedulity in Spenser, who much desired to see his patron married to the Queen of England." Mr. Todd, the editor of the standard edition of Spenser's

works, has, as usual, very little to say; but he observes that "possibly the Earl's displeasure might have been excited in consequence of Spenser's pleading in behalf of Archbishop Grindal, who is believed to have incurred the earl's enmity on account of his determination to prosecute an Italian physician, whom Leicester wished to protect, as a bigamist." The reader must be left to content himself with either, or neither, of these explanations, as he pleases. As for the date of the poem, all that can be said is, that it must be placed somewhere between 1580 and 1588; but, from the character of the style, we should be inclined to consider it as a later composition than *The Shepherd's Calendar* by some years.

The aspect and advance of the serpent are thus powerfully painted:—

He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandished tongue the empty air did gride,
And wrapped his scaly boughts with fell despite,
That all things seemed appalled at his sight.

Now, more and more having himself enrolled,
His glittering breast he lifteth up on high,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold;
His crest above, spotted with purple dye,
On every side did shine like scaly gold;
And his bright eyes, glancing full dreadfully,
Did seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with stern looks to threaten kindled ire.

Thus wise^a long time he did himself dispace
There round about, whenas at last he spied,
Lying along before him in that place,
That flock's grand captain and most trusty guide;
Eftsoons more fierce in visage, and in pace,
Throwing his fiery eyes on every side,
He cometh on, and all things in his way
Full sternly rends that might his passage stay.

Much he disdains, that any one should dare
To come unto his haunt; for which intent
He inly burns, and gins straight to prepare
The weapons which nature to him hath lent;

^a In this wise.

Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
 And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
 That all his tract with bloody drops is stained,
 And all his folds are now in length outstrained.

The address of the Gnat to the Shepherd in his dream forms the principal part of the poem, and is in fact a very detailed description of the infernal regions. Here is the graceful close of the poem, the account of the manner in which the Shepherd adorned with all sweet and beautiful things "the tomb of smoothest marble stone," which he erected to his preserver on a "little mount of green turfs edified," by the side of the same river where he had been saved and the Gnat had perished:—

And round about he taught sweet flowers to grow;
 The Rose ingrained in pure scarlet dye;
 The Lily fresh; and Violet below;
 The Marigold; and cheerful Rosemary;
 The Spartan Myrtle, whence sweet gum does flow;
 The purple Hyacinth; and fresh Costmary;
 And Saffron, sought for in Cilician soil;
 And Laurel, the ornament of Phœbus' toil:

Fresh Rhododaphne; and the Sabine flower,
 Matching the wealth of the ancient Frankincense;
 And pallid Ivy, building his own bower;
 And Box, yet mindful of his old offence;
 Red Amaranthus, luckless paramour;
 Oxeye still green; and bitter Patince;
 Ne wants there pale Narcissè, that, in a well
 Seeing his beauty, in love with it fell.

And whatsoever other flower of worth,
 And whatso other herb of lovely hue,
 The joyous Spring out of the ground brings forth,
 To clothe herself in colours fresh and new,
 He planted there; and reared a mount of earth,
 In whose high front was writ as doth ensue:

*To thee, small Gnat, in lieu of his life saved,
 The Shepherd hath thy death's record engraved.*

4. *Prosopopœia; or Mother Hubbard's Tale.*—This remarkable poem is dedicated, as has been already mentioned, to the Lady Compton and Monteague, who, as

well as Lady Strange, was a daughter of Sir John Spenser. To this lady Spenser professes to make a simple present of these his idle labours; "which," he says, "having long sithens composed in the raw conceit of my youth, I lately amongst other papers lighted upon, and was by others, which liked the same, moved to set them forth." "Simple," he adds, "is the device, and the composition mean, yet carrieth some delight, even the rather because of the simplicity and meanness thus personated." We are never bound to take a poet's statement *au pied de lettre*. The present poem may probably have been composed for the greater part not long after the publication of the Shepherd's Calendar; but there can be little doubt that several passages in it are insertions of much later date. And it may very possibly have undergone a general revision immediately before being sent to the press. It is throughout an admirable imitation of Chaucer in his quieter or more familiar manner; there is indeed nothing else nearly so truly Chaucerian in our later English poetry.

Lying ill of a malady produced by the heats of midsummer, the poet is visited by some friends, who, says he,

Began to comfort me in cheerful wise,
 And means of gladsome solace to devise.
 But seeing kindly sleep refuse to do
 His office, and my feeble eyes forego,
 They sought my troubled sense how to deceive
 With talk, that might unquiet fancies reave;
 And, sitting all in seats about me round,
 With pleasant tales (fit for that idle stound)^r
 They cast in course to waste the weary hours:
 Some told of ladies, and their paramours;
 Some of brave knights, and their renowned squires;
 Some of the fairies and their strange attires;
 And some of giants, hard to be believed;
 That the delight thereof me much relieved.
 Amongst the rest a good old woman was,
 Hight Mother Hubbard, who did far surpass

^r Time, season.

The rest in honest mirth, that seemed her well;
 She, when her turn was come her tale to tell,
 Told of a strange adventure, that betided
 Betwixt the Fox and the Ape by him misguided;
 The which for that my sense it greatly pleased,
 All were my spirit heavy and diseased,
 I'll write in terms, as she the same did say,
 So well as I her words remember may.
 No muse's aid me needs hereto to call;
 Base is the style, and matter mean withal.

Then follows the Tale. Once long ago a Fox and an Ape, disliking the condition in which they found themselves, determined to set out upon their travels in quest of better fortune. The scheme is proposed by the Fox, who also suggests how it should be gone about; he will disguise himself, he says, in some strange habit, like a pilgrim or a limiter (that is a friar licensed to beg within a certain district), a gypsey or a juggler, and so wander to the world's end:

Wide is the world, I wot, and every street
 Is full of fortunes, and adventures strange,
 Continually subject unto change.

The Ape readily agrees to bear him company; and they resolve to begin their journey by daybreak the next morning. When they meet again, however, the Ape, who had been thinking over the matter in the best way he could with his modicum of brain, has a question or two to put. Tell me, Sir Reynold, he says, whether you think it will be best for us to take up some particular trade or profession, or shall we vary our device according to circumstances? Do you intend that we shall be always on the move, or that we shall keep to some one place and service for a number of years?

"Now surely brother," said the Fox anon,
 "Ye have this matter motioned in season:
 For everything that is begun with reason
 Will come by ready means unto his end;
 But things miscounselled must needs miswend.
 Thus therefore I advise upon the case,
 That not to any certain trade or place,

Nor any man, we should ourselves apply ;
For why should he that is at liberty
Make himself bond ? Sith then we are free born,
Let us all servile base subjection scorn ;
And, as we be sons of the world so wide,
Let us our fathers' heritage divide,
And challenge to ourselves our portions due
Of all the patrimony, which a few
Now hold in huggermugger in their hand,
And all the rest do rob of good and land.
For now a few have all, and all have nought,
Yet all be brethren ylike dearly bought :
There is no right in this partition,
Ne was it so by institution
Ordained first, ne by the law of nature,
But that she gave like blessing to each creature
As well of worldly livelode as of life,
That there might be no difference nor strife,
Nor ought called mine or thine : thrice happy then
Was the condition of mortal men.
That was the golden age of Saturn old,
But this might better be the world of gold :
For without gold now nothing will be got.
Therefore, if please you, this shall be our plot :
We will not be of any occupation ;
Let such vile vassals born to base vocation
Drudge in the world, and for their living droil,*
Which have no wit to live withouten toil ;
But we will walk about the world at pleasure
Like two free men, and make our ease a treasure.
Free men some beggars call, but they be free ;
And they which call them so more beggars be ;
For they do swink[†] and sweat to feed the other,
Who live like lords of that which they do gather,
And yet do never thank them for the same,
But as their due by nature do it claim.
Such will we fashion both ourselves to be,
Lords of the world ; and so will wander free.
Whereso us listeth, uncontrolled of any ;
Hard is our hap, if we, amongst so many,
Light not on some that may our state amend ;
Seldom but some good cometh ere the end."

* Work sluggishly.

† Labour.

The Ape approves of the begging plan, after his customary pause of meditation, but still thinks some contrivance ought to be fallen upon to prevent the danger they would incur of being taken up for rogues and vagabonds.

"Right well, dear gossip, ye advised have,"
Said then the Fox, "but I this doubt will save:
For, ere we farther pass, I will devise
A passport for us both in fittest wise,
And by the names of soldiers us protect;
That now is thought a civil begging sect.
Be you the soldier; for you likest are
For manly semblance, and small skill in war:
I will but wait on you, and, as occasion
Falls out, myself fit for the same will fashion."

The passport ended, both they forward went;
The Ape clad soldierlike, fit for the intent,
In a blue jacket with a cross of red
And many slits, as if that he had shed
Much blood through many wounds therein received,
Which had the use of his right arm bereaved;
Upon his head an old Scotch cap he wore,
With a plume feather all to pieces tore:
His breeches were made after the new cut,
All Portuguese, loose like an empty gut;
And his hose broken high above the heeling,
And his shoes beaten out with travelling.
But neither sword nor dagger he did bear;
Seems that no foes revengement he did fear;
Instead of them a handsome bat he held,
On which he leaned, as one far in eld.
Shame light on him, that through so false illusion,
Doth turn the name of soldiers to abusion,
And that, which is the noblest mystery,
Brings to reproach and common infamy!

They travelled long without meeting with any adventures. At last they encountered a husbandman, or small farmer, who after some talk agreed to take the Ape into his service to keep his sheep, the Fox serving as shepherd's dog. In this employment the two confederates killed and devoured all the lambs as soon as they were dropped—"and when lambs failed the old sheep's lives

they reft ;" so that, when it came to the time that they had to give an account of the flock, they had nothing for it but to make off with themselves under cloud of night, after a last indiscriminate slaughter and filling themselves as full as they could hold. After this they continued their wandering begging life for a long while, cheating numbers of other persons, till at last they grew to be known by everybody, and it became indispensably necessary that they should take to some other way of living. The Fox now got him a gown and the Ape a cassock "sidelong hanging down," and they set up for clerks or priests. After many other adventures, not related, they met a professional brother belonging to the class of formal priests, who, upon their asking his alms for God's dear love, flew in a passion, and demanded what license or pass they had for following the vile trade of beggary. Upon this they showed him a copy of the Scriptures ;

Which when the priest beheld, he viewed it near,
As if therein some text he studying were,
But little else, God wot, could thereof skill :
For read he could not evidence, nor will,
Ne tell a written word, ne write a letter,
Ne make one title worse, ne make one better :
Of such deep learning little had he need,
Ne yet of Latin, ne of Greek, that breed
Doubts mongst divines, and difference of texts,
From whence arise diversity of sects,
And hateful heresies, of God abhorred :
But this good sir did follow the plain word,
Ne meddled with their controversies vain ;
All his care was, his service well to sayn,
And to read homilies upon holidays :
When that was done, he might attend his plays ;
An easy life, and fit High God to please.

A conversation, however, ensued between the parties, from which our two friends received much useful light upon the true way of proceeding in their new profession.

"Ah ! but," said the Ape, "the charge is wondrous great,
To feed men's souls, and hath an heavy threat."
"To feed men's souls," quoth he, "is not in man :
For they must feed themselves, do what we can.

We are but charged to lay the meat before :
Eat they that list, we need to do no more.
But God it is that feeds them with his grace,
The bread of life poured down from heavenly place.
Therefore said he, that with the budding rod
Did rule the Jews, *All shall be taught of God.*
That same hath Jesus Christ now to him raught,
By whom the flock is rightly fed and taught :
He is the shepherd, and the priest is he ;
We but his shepherd swains ordained to be.
Therefore herewith do not yourself dismay ;
Ne is the pain so great, but bear ye may :
For not so great, as it was wont of yore,
It's now-a-days, ne half so strait and sore.
They whilome used duly every day
Their service and their holy things to say,
At morn and even, besides their anthems sweet,
Their penny masses, and their complines ^a meet,
Their diriges, their trentals, and their shrifts,
Their memories, their singings, and their gifts.
Now all those needless works are laid away ;
Now once a week, upon the Sabbath day,
It is enough to do our small devotion,
And then to follow any merry motion.
Ne are we tied too fast, but when we list ;
Ne to wear garments base of woollen twist,
But with the finest silks us to array,
That before God we may appear more gay,
Resembling Aaron's glory in his place :
For far unfit it is, that person base
Should with vile clothes approach God's Majesty,
Whom no uncleanness may approachen nigh ;
Or that all men, which any master serve,
Good garments for their service should deserve,
But he that serves the Lord of Hosts Most High,
And that in highest place to approach him nigh,
And all the people's prayers to present
Before his throne, as on ambassage sent
Both to and fro, should not deserve to wear
A garment better than of wool or hair.
Beside, we may have lying by our sides
Our lovely lasses, or bright shining brides ;

^a Even-song.

We be not tied to wilful chastity,
But have the gospel of free liberty."
By that he ended had his ghostly sermon
The Fox was well induced to be a parson;
And of the priest eftsoons gan to inquire,
How to a benefice he might aspire.
"Marry, there," said the priest, "is art indeed:
Much good deep learning one thereont may read;
For that the groundwork is, and end of all,
How to obtain a beneficial.
First, therefore, when ye have in handsome wise
Yourself attired, as you can devise,
Then to some nobleman yourself apply,
Or other great one in the world's eye,
That hath a zealous disposition
To God, and so to his religion:
There must thou fashion eke a godly zeal,
Such as no carpers may contraire reveal:
For each thing feigned ought more wary be.
There thou must walk in sober gravity,
And seem as saintlike as Saint Radegund:
Fast much, pray oft, look lowly on the ground,
And unto every one do courtsey meek:
These looks (nought saying) do a benefice seek;
And be thou sure one not to lack ere long.
But if thou list unto the court to throng,
And there to hunt after the hoped prey,
Then must thou thee dispose another way:
For there thou needs must learn to laugh, to lie,
To face, to forge, to scoff, to company,
To crouch, to please, to be a beetle-stock
Of thy great master's will, to scorn or mock:
So mayst thou chance mock out a benefice,
Unless thou canst one conjure by device,
Or cast a figure for a bishopric;
And, if one could, it were but a school trick.
These be the ways, by which without reward
Livings in court be gotten, though full hard."

The Ape and Fox profited so well by the priest's wholesome counsel that they very soon procured a benefice betwixt them, Reynold being ordained priest, and the Ape being appointed his parish-clerk. "Then made they

revel rout and goodly glee." Their misdeeds, however, in no long time compelled them once more to take a hasty nocturnal leave. After long wandering in fields and forests, and getting very thin and weak upon spare or no diet, they one day met the Mule very gaily arrayed, and were by him advised to try their fortune at court.

"From royal court I lately came," said he,
"Where all the bravery that eye may see,
And all the happiness that heart desire,
Is to be found; he nothing can admire,
That hath not seen that heaven's portraiture:
But tidings there is none I you assure,
Save that which common is, and known to all,
That courtiers as the tide do rise and fall."
"But tell us," said the ape, "we do you pray,
Who now in court doth bear the greatest sway:
That, if such fortune do to us befall,
We may seek favour of the best of all."
"Marry," said he, "the highest now in grace
Be the wild beasts, that swiftest are in chase;
For in their speedy course and nimble flight,
The Lion now doth take the most delight;
But chiefly joys on foot them to behold,
Enchased with chain and circulet of gold:
So wild a beast so tame ytaught to be,
And buxom to his hands, is joy to see;
So well his golden circlet him beseemeth;
But his late chain his liege unmeet esteemeth;
For so brave beasts she loveth best to see
In the wild forest ranging fresh and free.
Therefore if fortune thee in court to live,
In case thou ever there wilt hope to thrive,
To some of these thou must thyself apply;
Else, as a thistle-down in the air doth fly,
So vainly shalt thou to and fro be tossed,
And lose thy labour and thy fruitless cost.
And yet full few which follow them I see
For virtue's bare regard advanced be,
But either for some gainful benefit,
Or that they may for their own turns be fit.
Nathless perhaps ye things may handle so,
That ye may better thrive than thousands moe."

"But," said the Ape, "how shall we first come in,
That after we may favour seek to win?"

"How else," said he, "but with a good bold face,
And with big-words, and with a stately pace,
That men may think of you in general
That to be in you, which is not at all:

For not by that which is, the world now deemeth,
(As it was wont) but by that same that seemeth.

Ne do I doubt but that ye well can fashion
Yourselves thereto, according to occasion:
So fare ye well, good courtiers may ye be!"
So, proudly neighing, from them parted he.

They shifted so well that the Ape soon got himself
lothed like a gentleman; and, the Fox accompanying
him as his groom, to the court they went;

Where the fond Ape, himself uprearing high
Upon his tiptoes, stalketh stately by,
As if he were some great magnifico,
And boldly doth amongst the boldest go;
And his man Reynold, with fine counterfeisance,^v
Supports his credit and his countenance.

Then gan the courtiers gaze on every side,
And stare on him, with big looks basen-wide,^w
Wondering what mister wight he was, and whence:

For he was clad in strange accoutrements,
Fashioned with quaint devices never seen
In court before, yet there all fashions been;
Yet he them in newfangleness did pass:

But his behaviour altogether was
Alla Turchesca, much the more admired;
And his looks lofty, as if he aspired
To dignity, and sdained the low degree;
That all which did such strangeness in him see
By secret means gan of his state inquire,
And privily his servant thereto hire:

Who, thoroughly armed against such coverture,
Reported unto all, that he was sure
A noble gentleman of high regard,
Which through the world had with long travel fared,
And seen the manners of all beasts on ground;
Now here arrived, to see if like he found.

^v Counterfeiting.

^w Extended with wonder.

Then follows the passage containing the famous panegyric on "the brave courtier," understood to be designed for Sir Philip Sidney:—

q. Haff.

Thus did the Ape at first him credit gain,
Which afterwards he wisely did maintain
With gallant show, and daily more augment
Through his fine feats and courtly compliment;
For he could play, and dance, and vault, and spring,
And all that else pertains to revelling,
Only through kindly aptness of his joints.
Besides he could do many other points,
The which in court him served to good stead:
For he mongst ladies could their fortunes read
Out of their hands, and merry leasings tell,
And juggle finely, that became him well;
But he so light was at legierdemain,
That what he touched came not to light again;
Yet would he laugh it out, and proudly look,
And tell them, that they greatly him mistook.
So would he scoff them out with mockery,
For he therein had great felicity;
And with sharp quips joyed others to deface,
Thinking that their disgracing did him grace:
So, whilst that other like vain wits he pleased,
And made to laugh, his heart was greatly eased.
But the right gentle mind would bite his lip,
To hear the javel^x so good men to nip:
For, though the vulgar yield an open ear,
And common courtiers love to jibe and fear
At everything, which they hear spoken ill,
And the best speeches with ill meaning spill;
Yet the brave courtier, in whose beauteous thought
Regard of honour harbours more than ought,
Doth loathe such base condition to backbite
Any's good name for envy or despite:
He stands on terms of honourable mind,
Ne will be carried with the common wind
Of courts' inconstant mutability,
Ne after every tattling fable fly;

^x Slanderer.

But hears, and sees, the follies of the rest,
And thereof gathers for himself the best :
He will not creep, nor crouch with feigned face,
But walks upright with comely stedfast pace,
And unto all doth yield due courtesy ;
But not with kissed hand below the knee,
As that same apish crew is wont to do :
For he disdains himself to embase thereto.
He hates foul leasings and vile flattery,
Two filthy blots in noble gentery ;
And lothful idleness he doth detest,
The canker-worm of every gentle breast ;
The which to banish with fair exercise
Of knightly feats, he daily doth devise :
Now managing the mouths of stubborn steeds,
Now practising the proof of warlike deeds,
Now his bright arms assaying, now his spear,
Now the nigh-aimed ring away to bear ;
At other times he casts to sue⁷ the chase
Of swift wild beasts, or run on foot a race
To enlarge his breath (large breath in arms most needful)
Or else by wrestling to wex strong and heedful,
Or his stiff arms to stretch with yewen bow,
And manly legs still passing to and fro,
Without a gowned beast him fast beside,
A vain ensample of the Persian pride ;
Who, after he had won the Assyrian foe,
Did ever after scorn on foot to go.
Thus when this courtly gentleman with toil
Himself hath wearied, he doth recoil
Unto his rest, and there with sweet delight
Of music's skill revives his toiled sprite ;
Or else with love's and ladies' gentle sports,
The joy of youth, himself he recomforts ;
Or lastly, when the body list to pause,
His mind unto the muses he withdraws ;
Sweet lady muses, ladies of delight,
Delights of life, and ornaments of light !
With whom he close confers with wise discourse,
Of nature's works, of heaven's continual course,

⁷ Pursue.

Of foreign lands, of people different,
 Of kingdoms' change, of divers government,
 Of dreadful battles of renowned knights;
 With which he kindleth his ambitious sprites
 To like desire and praise of noble fame,
 The only upshot whereto he doth aim:
 For all his mind on honour fixed is,
 To which he levels all his purposes,
 And in his prince's service spends his days,
 Not so much for to gain, or for to raise
 Himself to high degree, as for his grace,
 And in his liking to win worthy place,
 Through due deserts and comely carriage,
 In whatso please employ his personage,
 That may be matter meet to gain him praise;
 For he is fit to use in all assays,
 Whether for arms and warlike amenance,*
 Or else for wise and civil governance.
 For he is practised well in policy,
 And thereto doth his courting most apply:
 To learn the interdeal^a of princes strange,
 To mark the intent of councils, and the change
 Of states, and eke of private men somewhere,
 Supplanted by fine falsehood and fair guile:
 Of all the which he gathereth what is fit
 To enrich the storehouse of his powerful wit,
 Which, through wise speeches and grave conference,
 He daily ekes, and brings to excellence.

But those whom the Ape chose for his companions were
 persons of another sort—"young lusty gallants," to
 whom he might display

His witless pleasance, and ill-pleasing vain.
 A thousand ways he them could entertain,
 With all the thriftless games that may be found;
 With mumming and with masking all around,
 With dice, with cards, with balliards far unfit,
 With shuttlecocks, misseeming manly wit,
 With courtesans, and costly riotise,
 Whereof still somewhat to his share did rise:

* Carriage, conduct.

^a Negotiations.

Ne, them to pleasure, would he sometimes scorn
A pander's coat (so basely was he born).
Thereto he could fine loving verses frame,
And play the poet oft. But ah, for shame,
Let not sweet poet's praise, whose only pride
Is virtue to advance, and vice deride,
Be with the work of losel's wit defamed,
Ne let such verses poetry be named ;
Yet he the name on him would rashly take,
Maugre the sacred muses, and it make
A servant to the vile affection
Of such, as he depended most upon :
And with the sugry sweet thereof allure
Chaste ladies' ears to fantasies impure.
To such delights the noble wits he led
Which him relieved, and their vain humours fed
With fruitless follies and unsound delights.
But, if perhaps into their noble sprites
Desire of honour or brave thought of arms
Did ever creep, then with his wicked charms,
And strong conceits, he would it drive away,
Ne suffer it to house there half a day.
And whenso love of letters did inspire
Their gentle wits, and kindle wise desire,
That chiefly doth each noble mind adorn,
Then he would scoff at learning, and eke scorn
The sectaries thereof, as people base
And simple men, which never came in place
Of world's affairs, but, in dark corners mewed,
Muttered of matters as their books them shewed,
Ne other knowledge ever did attain,
But with their gowns their gravity maintain.
From them he would his impudent lewd speech
Against God's holy ministers oft reach,
And mock divines and their profession :
What else then did he by progression,
But mock high God himself, whom they profess ?
But what cared he for God, or godliness ?
All his care was himself how to advance,
And to uphold his courtly countenance
By all the cunning means he could devise ;
Were it by honest ways, or otherwise,
He made small choice : yet sure his honesty
Got him small gains, but shameless flattery,

And filthy brokage, and unseemly shifts,
And borrow base, and some good ladies' gifts.

But his best help in all his knavery was the able co-operation of Reynold, who, among many other rascally and profitable practices, used in various ways to deceive the poor suitors that haunted the court, and pillage them on all sorts of pretences.

So pitiful a thing is suitor's state!
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate
Hath brought to court, to sue for had ywist,^b
That few have found, and many one hath missed!
Full little knowest thou, that hast not tried,
What hell it is, in suing long to bide:
To lose good days, that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run;
To spend, to give, to want, to be undone.
Unhappy wight, born to disastrous end,
That doth his life in so long tendance spend!
Whoever leaves sweet home, where mean estate
In safe assurance, without strife or hate,
Finds all things needful for contentment meek;
And will to court for shadows vain to seek,
Or hope to gain, himself will a daw try:^c
That curse God send unto mine enemy!
For none but such, as this bold Ape unblest,
Can ever thrive in that unlucky quest;
Or such as hath a Reynold to his man,
That by his shifts his master furnish can.

! Here Spenser must be understood to speak from his own heart and in his own person: the tone of the passage, so

^b An old proverbial expression.

^c This is probably wrong.

earnest, so passionate, so fraught with scorn and bitterness, and also the vivid particularity of the detail, will not allow us to doubt that it describes wrongs and humiliations which he had himself undergone.

Spite of his art, however, the Fox was at last found out and banished; upon which the Ape, left to himself, soon found it necessary to follow him. Having met again, they long wandered about together, suffering much want and hardship, till, coming to a forest, they there saw the Lion sleeping in the shade, with his crown and sceptre lying beside him, and his hide doffed for the heat. The Ape would have run away; but the Fox declared that now if ever was the time for them to make their fortunes:—

“Now,” said he, “whiles the lion sleepeth sound,
May we his crown and mace take from the ground,
And eke his skin, the terror of the wood,
Wherewith we may ourselves, if we think good,
Make kings of beasts, and lords of forests all,
Subject unto that power imperial.”
“Ah! but,” said the Ape, “who is so bold a wretch,
That dare his hardy hand to those outstretch;
Whenas he knows his meed, if he be spied,
To be a thousand deaths, and shame beside?”
“Fond Ape!” said then the Fox, “into whose breast
Never crept thought of honour, nor brave gest,
Who will not venture life a king to be,
And rather rule and reign in sovereign see
Than dwell in dust inglorious and base,
Where none shall name the number of his place?
One joyous hour in blissful happiness,
I choose before a life of wretchedness.
Be therefore counselled herein by me,
And shake off this vile-hearted cowardry.
If he awake, yet is not death the next;
For we may colour it with some pretext
Of this, or that, that may excuse the crime:
Else we may fly; thou to a tree may'st climb,
And I creep under ground; both from his reach:
Therefore be ruled to do as I do teach.”
The Ape, that erst did nought but chill and quake,
Now gan some courage unto him to take,

And was content to attempt that enterprise,
Tickled with glory and rash covetise.
But first gan question, whither should assay
Those royal ornaments to steal away?
"Marry, that shall yourself," quoth he thereto,
"For ye be fine and nimble it to do;
Of all the beasts, which in the forest be,
Is not a fitter for this turn than ye:
Therefore, mine own dear brother, take good heart,
And ever think a kingdom is your part."
Loth was the Ape, though praised, to adven-
ter, Yet faintly gan into his work to enter,
Afraid of every leaf that stirred him by,
And every stick that underneath did lie:
Upon his tiptoes nicely he up went,
For making noise, and still his ear he lent
To every sound that under heaven blew;
Now went, now stopt, now crept, now backward drew,
That it good sport had been him to have eyed:
Yet at the last (so well he him applied),
Through his fine handeling, and cleanly play,
He all those royal signs had stolen away,
And with the Fox's help them borne aside
Into a secret corner unespied.

The two now fell to words with one another as to which of them should be king; but in the end the Fox, while asserting his superior merits as the contriver of the theft of which the other was only the manual executor, declared himself willing to let his friend have both crown and government, on condition only that he should be ruled and counselled in all affairs by him, and that he should take an oath to that effect. They then dressed themselves,—the Ape, however, inly quaking as he put on the royal crown and skin,—and, taking their way together into the forest, struck no little terror into the two first animals they encountered, which chanced to be the Sheep and the Ass. Other doughtier beasts took the Ape for the true Lion, and for a time, with Reynold's able assistance, the deception prospered beautifully.

The Ape, thus seized of the regal throne,
Eftsoons by counsel of the Fox alone

Gan to provide for all things in assurance,
That so his rule might lenger^d have endurance.
First to his gate he pointed^e a strong guard,
That none might enter but with issue hard :
Then, for the safeguard of his personage,
He did appoint a warlike equipage
Of foreign beasts, not in the forest bred,
But part by land and part by water fed ;
For tyranny is with strange aid supported.
Then unto him all monstrous beasts resorted
Bred of two kinds, as griffins, minotaurs,
Crocodiles, dragons, beavers, and centaurs :
With those himself he strengthened mightily
That fear he need no force of enemy.
Then gan he rule and tyrannize at will,
Like as the Fox did guide his graceless skill ;
And all wild beasts made vassals of his pleasures,
And with their spoils enlarged his private treasures.
No care of justice, nor no rule of reason,
No temperance, nor no regard of season,
Did thenceforth ever enter in his mind ;
But cruelty, the sign of currish kind ;
And sdainful pride, and wilful arrogance ;
Such follows those whom fortune doth advance.
But the false Fox most kindly^f played his part :
For whatsoever mother-wit or art
Could work, he put in proof: no practice sly,
No counterpoint of cunning policy,
No reach, no breach, that might him profit bring,
But he the same did to his purpose wring.
Nought suffered he the Ape to give or grant,
But through his hand alone must pass the fiant.^g
All offices, all leases by him leapt,
And of them all, whatso he liked, he kept.
Justice he sold injustice for to buy,
And for to purchase for his progeny.
Ill might it prosper, that ill gotten was ;
But, so he got it, little did he pass.
He fed his cubs with fat of all the soil,
And with the sweet of other's sweating toil ;

^d Longer.^e Appointed.^f According to his nature.^g Warrant.

He crammed them with crumbs of benefices,
And filled their mouths with meeds of malefices;
He clothed them with all colours^h save white,
And loaded them with lordships and with might,
So much as they were able well to bear,
That with the weight their backs nigh broken were:
He chaffered chairs in which churchmen were set,
And breach of laws to privy farm did let:
No statute so established might be,
Nor ordinance so needful, but that he
Would violate, though not with violence,
Yet under colour of the confidence
The which the Ape reposed in him alone,
And reckoned him the kingdom's corner stone.
And ever, when he ought would bring to pass,
His long experience the platform was:
And, when he ought not pleasing would put by,
The cloak was care of thrift, and husbandry,
For to increase the common treasure's store;
But his own treasure he increased more,
And lifted up his lofty towers thereby,
That they began to threat the neighbour sky;
The whiles the prince's palaces fell fast
To ruin (for what thing can ever last?)
And whilst the other peers, for poverty,
Were forced their ancient houses to let lie,
And their old castles to the ground to fall,
Which their forefathers famous over all
Had founded for the kingdom's ornament;
And for their memories' long monument.
But he no count made of nobility,
Nor the wild beasts whom arms did glorify,
The realm's chief strength and girland of the crown
All these through feigned crimes he thrust adown,
Or made them dwell in darkness of disgrace:
For none but whom he list might come in place.
Of men of arms he had but small regard,
But kept them low, and strained very hard.
For men of learning little he esteemed;
His wisdom he above their learning deemed.

^h The accent on the second syllable.

As for the rascal commons, least he cared ;
For not so common was his bounty shared :
Let God (said he), if please, care for the many,
I for myself must care before else any :
So did he good to none, to many ill,
So did he all the kingdom rob and pill.
Yet none durst speak, ne none durst of him plain ;
So great he was in grace, and rich through gain.

At last, however, the attention of heaven was drawn
to what was thus passing on the earth.

Now when high Jove, in whose almighty hand
The care of kings and power of empires stand,
Sitting one day within his turret high,
From whence he views with his black-lidded eye,
Whatso the heaven in his wide vault contains,
And all that in the deepest earth remains ;
And troubled kingdom of wild beasts beheld,
Whom not their kindly sovereign did weld,
But an usurping Ape, with guile suborned,
Had all subversed ; he disdainfully it scorned
In his great heart, and hardly did refrain,
But that with thunderbolts he had him slain,
And driven down to hell, his duest meed.

On farther consideration Jupiter called Mercury to him,
and commanded him to fly forthwith to the forest, and
to inquire into and redress all wrongs there done and
going.

The Son of Maia, soon as he received
That word, straight with his azure wings he cleaved
The liquid clouds, and lucid firmament ;
Ne staid, till that he came with steep descent
Unto the place where his prescript did show.
There stooping, like an arrow from a bow,
He soft arrived on the grassy plain,
And fairly paced forth with easy pain,
Till that unto the palace nigh he came.
Then gan he to himself new shape to frame ;
And that fair face, and that ambrosial hue,
Which wons to deck the gods' immortal crew,
And beautify the shiny firmament,
He doffed, unfit for that rude rabblement.

Having first asked some questions about the king and his government of the passers by, then

— on his head his dreadful hat he dight,
Which maketh him invisible in sight,
And mocketh the eyes of all the lookers on,
Making them think it but a vision.
Through power of that, he runs through enemies' swords;
Through power of that, he passeth through the hordes
Of ravenous wild beasts, and doth beguile
Their greedy mouths of the expected spoil;
Through power of that, his cunning thieveries
He wents to work, that none the same espies:
And, through the power of that, he putteth on
What shape he list in apparition,
That on his head he wore, and in his hand
He took Caduceus his snaky wand,
With which the damned ghosts he governeth,
And furies rules, and Tartar tempereth.
With that he causeth sleep to seize the eyes,
And fear the hearts, of all his enemies;
And, when him list, an universal night
Throughout the world he makes on every wight;
As when his sire with Alcumena lay.

Taking his way, thus dight, into the court, and gliding unseen and unhindered through lines of guards and into every most secret place, the god soon had abundant evidence of the lawlessness, disorder, and oppression that reigned.

Which when he did with lothful eyes behold,
He would no more endure, but came his way,
And cast to seek the Lion, where he may,
That he might work the avengement for this shame
On those two caitiffs which had bred him blame:
And, seeking all the forest busily,
At last he found, where sleeping he did lie.
The wicked weed, which there the Fox did lay,
From underneath his head he took away,
And then him waking forced up to rise.
The Lion looking up gan him advise,
As one late in a trance, what had of long
Become of him: for fantasy is strong.

"Arise," said Mercury, "thou sluggish beast,
That here liest senseless, like the corpse deceast,
The whilst thy kingdom from thy head is rent,
And thy throne royal with dishonour blent:
Arise, and do thyself redeem from shame,
And be avenged on those that breed thy blame."
Thereat enraged, soon he gan upstart,
Grinding his teeth, and grating his great heart:
And, rousing up himself, for his rough hide
He gan to reach; but no where it espied:
Therewith he gan full terribly to roar,
And chafed at that indignity right sore.
But when his crown and sceptre both he wanted,
Lord! how he fumed, and swelled, and raged, and panted;
And threatened death, and thousand deadly dolours;
To them that had purloined his princely honours.
With that in haste, disrobed as he was,
He toward his own palace forth did pass;
And all the way he roared as he went,
That all the forest with astonishment
Thereof did tremble, and the beasts therein
Fled fast away from that so dreadful din.
At last he came unto his mansion,
Where all the gates he found fast locked anon,
And many warders round about them stood:
With that he roared aloud, as he were wood,
That all the palace quaked at the stound,
As if it quite were riven from the ground,
And all within were dead and heartless left;
And the Ape himself, as one whose wits were reft,
Fled here and there, and every corner sought,
To hide himself from his own feared thought.
But the false Fox, when he the Lion heard,
Fled closely forth, straightway of death afraid,
And to the Lion came, full lowly creeping,
With feigned face, and watery eye half weeping,
To excuse his former treason and abusion,
And turning all unto the Ape's confusion:
Nathless¹ the royal beast forbore believing,
But bade him stay at ease till further preeving.²

¹ Nevertheless.² Proving.

Then when he saw no entrance to him granted,
 Roaring yet louder that all hearts it daunted,
 Upon those gates with force he fiercely flew,
 And, rending them in pieces, felly slew
 Those warders strange, and all that else he met.
 But the Ape still flying he no where might get:
 From room to room, from beam to beam he fled
 All breathless, and for fear now almost dead:
 Yet him at last the Lion spied, and caught,
 And forth with shame unto his judgment brought.
 Then all the beasts he caused assembled be,
 To hear their doom, and sad ensample see:
 The Fox, first author of that treachery,
 He did uncase, and then away let fly.
 But the Ape's long tail (which then he had) he quite
 Cut off, and both ears pared of their height;
 Since which, all apes but half their ears have left,
 And of their tails are utterly bereft.

"So," concludes the poem,

— "Mother Hubbard her discourse did end;
 Which pardon me if I amiss have penned;
 For weak was my remembrance it to hold,
 And bad her tongue that it so bluntly told."

5. *The Ruins of Rome, by Bellay*, is a series of thirty-three sonnets, translated from that French poet's work 'Le Premier Livre des Antiquitez de Rome,' &c. The translation is easy and flowing, but is of no remarkable poetic merit, any more than the original, the spirit of which is rather that of eloquence than of poetry.

6. *Muopotmos, or, The Fate of the Butterfly*, is, unlike the other pieces, dated 1590, and has therefore been supposed to have been previously published by itself in that year. If there was any such edition, however, no copy, we believe, is now known to exist. The date 1590, if it be not a typographical error, may possibly have been prefixed to indicate the real events of which there can scarcely, we think, be a doubt that the poem is a veiled representation, although the commentators give us no help towards solving the riddle, nor indeed any hint that there is a riddle to be solved. The short prose dedica-

tion to the Lady Carey, in which the poet refers to his claim of kindred, by her vouchsafed, or acknowledged, has been already noticed.* “Most brave and bountiful lady,” it gracefully commences, “for so excellent favours as I have received at your sweet hands, to offer these few leaves as in recompense should be as to offer flowers to the gods for their divine benefits.” The poem itself, which extends to fifty-five eight-line stanzas, is very spirited, and in some parts highly finished. It opens thus :

I sing of deadly dolorous debate,
 Stirred up through wrathful Nemesis’ despite,
 Betwixt two mighty ones of great estate,
 Drawn into arms, and proof of mortal fight,
 Through proud ambition and heart-swelling hate,
 Whilst neither could the other’s greater might
 And sdainful scorn endure ; that from small jar
 Their wraths at length broke into open war.

The root whereof and tragical effect,
 Vouchsafe, O thou the mournfullest Muse of nine,
 That wont’st the tragic stage for to direct,
 In funeral complaints and wailful tine,
 Reveal to me, and all the means detect,
 Through which sad Clarion did at last decline
 To lowest wretchedness. And is there then
 Such rancour in the hearts of mighty men ?

The narrative thus solemnly introduced can hardly be a mere story of a spider and a fly, although Clarion, the eldest son and heir of Muscarol, is immediately afterwards described as the fairest and hitherto the most fortunate and prosperous of all flies, as well as the most beautiful and dearest of all living things in his father’s sight. Muscarol is spoken of as a royal personage ; and Clarion is thus described :—

The fresh young fly, in whom the kindly fire
 Of lustful youth began to kindle fast,
 Did much disdain to subject his desire
 To loathsome sloth, or hours in ease to waste ;
 But joyed to range abroad in fresh attire,
 Through the wide compass of the airy coast ;

* Vol. I. p. 9.

And, with unwearied wings, each part to inquire
Of the wide rule of his renowned sire.

For he so swift and nimble was of flight,
That from this lower tract he dared to sty^k
Up to the clouds, and thence with pinions light
To mount aloft unto the crystal sky,
To view the workmanship of heaven's height:
Whence down descending he along would fly
Upon the streaming rivers, sport to find;
And oft would dare to tempt the troublous wind.

So on a summer's day, when season mild
With gentle calm the world had quieted,
And high in heaven Hyperion's fiery child
Ascending did his beams abroad dispread,
Whiles all the heavens on lower creatures smiled,
Young Clarion, with vauntful lustihead,
After his guise did cast abroad to fare;
And thereto gan his furnitures prepare.

His breast-plate first, that was of substance pure,
Before his noble heart he firmly bound,
That might his life from iron death assure,
And ward his gentle corpse from cruel wound:
For it by art was framed to endure
The bit of baleful steel and bitter stound,
No less than that which Vulcan made to shield
Achilles' life from fate of Trojan field.

And then about his shoulders broad he threw
An hairy hide of some wild beast, whom he
In salvage forest by adventure slew,
And reft the spoil his ornament to be;
Which, spreading all his back with dreadful view,
Made all that him so horrible did see
Think him Alcides with the lion's skin,
When the Næmean conquest he did win.

Upon his head a glistering burganet,
The which was wrought by wonderous device,
And curiously engraven, he did set:
The metal was of rare and passing price;
Not Bilbo steel, nor brass from Corinth fet,^l
Nor costly orichalch from strange Phœnice:

^k Press upwards.

^l Fetched.

But such as could both Phœbus' arrows ward,
And the hailing darts of heaven beating hard.

Therein two deadly weapons fixed he bore,
Strongly outlanced towards either side,
Like two sharp spears, his enemies to gore :
Like as a warlike brigandine, applied
To fight, lays forth her threatful pikes afore
The engines which in them sad death do hide :
So did this fly outstretch his fearful horns,
Yet so as him their terror more adorns.

Lastly his shiny wings as silver bright,
Painted with thousand colours passing far
All painter's skill, he did about him dight :
Not half so many sundry colours are
In Iris' bow ; ne heaven doth shine so bright,
Distinguished with many a twinkling star ;
Nor Juno's bird, in her eye-spotted train,
So many goodly colours doth contain.

Ne (may it be withouten peril spoken)
The archer god, the son of Cytheree,
That joys on wretched lovers to be wroken,^m
And heaped spoils of bleeding hearts to see,
Bears in his wings so many a changeful token.
Ah ! my liege lord,ⁿ forgive it unto me,
If ought against thine honour I have told ;
Yet sure those wings were fairer manifold.

Full many a lady fair, in court full oft
Beholding them, him secretly envied,
And wished that two such fans, so silken soft,
And golden fair, her love would her provide ;
Or that, when them the gorgeous fly had doft,
Some one, that would with grace be gratified,
From him would steal them privily away,
And bring to her so precious a prey.

The origin of these wings makes a sparkling little episode :—

Report is that dame Venus on a day
In spring, when flowers do clothe the fruitful ground,

^m Wreaked, avenged.

ⁿ Cupid.

Walking abroad with all her nymphs to play,
 Bade her fair damsels flocking her around
 To gather flowers, her forehead to array :
 Amongst the rest a gentle nymph was found,
 Hight Astery, excelling all the crew
 In courteous usage and unstained hue.

Who being nimbler-jointed than the rest,
 And more industrious, gathered more store
 Of the field's honour, than the others best;
 Which they in secret hearts envying sore
 Told Venus, when her as the worthiest
 She praised, that Cupid (as they heard before)
 Did lend her secret aid, in gathering
 Into her lap the children of the Spring.

The goddess, on this, remembering the woes that had
 arisen from the secret love of her son for Psyche, turned
 the nymph into a butterfly, and, in memory of her al-
 leged guilt, placed in her wings all the flowers with
 which she had so plenteously filled her lap. Since then
 all butterflies, at least of that species, have borne such
 many-coloured wings.

The narrative then goes on :—

Thus the fresh Clarion, being ready dight,
 Unto his journey did himself address,
 And with good speed began to take his flight,
 Over the fields, in his frank lustiness,
 And all the champaign o'er he soared light;
 And all the country wide he did possess,
 Feeding upon their pleasures bounteously,
 That none gainsaid, nor none did him envy.

The woods, the rivers, and the meadows green,
 With his air-cutting wings he measured wide,
 Ne did he leave the mountains bare unseen,
 Nor the rank grassy fens' delights untried.
 But none of these, however sweet they been,
 Mote please his fancy, nor him cause to abide :
 His choiceful sense with every change doth flit;
 No common things may please a wavering wit.

To the gay gardens his unstaid desire
 Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites :

There lavish Nature in her best attire,
 Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights;
 And Art, with her contending, doth aspire,
 To excel the natural with made delights:
 And all, that fair or pleasant may be found,
 In riotous excess doth there abound.

There he arriving, round about doth fly,
 From bed to bed, from one to other border;
 And takes survey, with curious busy eye,
 Of every flower and herb there set in order:
 Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly,
 Yet none of them he rudely doth disorder,
 Ne with his feet their silken leaves deface;
 But pastures on the pleasures of each place.

And evermore with most variety,
 And change of sweetness (for all change is sweet),
 He casts his glutton sense to satisfy,
 Now sucking of the sap of herb most meet,
 Or of the dew which yet on them does lie,
 Now in the same bathing his tender feet:
 And then he percheth on some branch thereby,
 To weather him, and his moist wings to dry.

What more felicity can fall to creature
 Than to enjoy delight with liberty,
 And to be lord of all the works of Nature,
 To reign in the air from the earth to highest sky,
 To feed on flowers and weeds of glorious feature,
 To take whatever thing doth please the eye?
 Who rests not pleased with such happiness,
 Well worthy he to taste of wretchedness.

But no earthly happiness is sure or of long continuance.
 It happened that in this same garden there had built his
 hateful mansion and taken up his abode the envious and
 wily Aragnol—

The foe of fair things, the author of confusion,
 The shame of nature, the bond-slave of spite.

He was the son of Arachne, "the most fine-fingered
 workwoman on ground," who was turned into a spider
 for presuming to challenge Minerva to a contest in
 needlework, and being of course vanquished by the god-

dess. Arachne chose for the display of her skill the story of Jupiter carrying off Europa through the sea ;— in the wondrous work the lady, borne away on the back of her divine lover transformed into a bull,

— seemed still back unto the land to look,
And her play-fellows' aid to call, and fear
The dashing of the waves, that up she took
Her dainty feet, and garments gathered near :
But, Lord ! how she in every member shook,
Whenas the land she saw no more appear,
But a wild wilderness of waters deep :
Then gan she greatly to lament and weep.

Before the bull she pictured winged Love,
With his young brother Sport, light fluttering
Upon the waves, as each had been a dove ;
The one his bow and shafts, the other spring^o
A burning tead^p about his head did move,
As in their sire's new love both triumphing :
And many nymphs about them flocking round,
And many Tritons with their horns did sound.

And, round about, her work she did empale
With a fair border wrought of sundry flowers,
Enwoven with an ivy-winding trail :
A goodly work, full fit for kingly bowers ;
Such as dame Pallas, such as Envy pale,
That all good things with venomous tooth devours,
Could not accuse. Then gan the goddess bright
Herself likewise unto her work to dight.

She made the story of the old debate,
Which she with Neptune did for Athens try :
Twelve gods do sit around in royal state,
And Jove in midst with awful majesty,
To judge the strife between them stirred late :
Each of the gods by his like visnomy
Eath^a to be known ; but Jove above them all,
By his great looks and power imperial.

Before them stands the God of Seas in place,
Claiming that sea-coast city as his right,

^o Springal, or youth.

^p Torch.

^a Easy.

And strikes the rocks with his three-forked mace ;
 Whenceforth issues a warlike steed in sight,
 The sign by which he challengeth the place ;
 That all the gods, which saw his wondrous might,
 Did surely deem the victory his due :
 But seldom seen,^r forejudgment proveth true.

Then to herself she gives her Aegide shield,
 And steel-head spear, and morion on her head,
 Such as she oft is seen in warlike field :
 Then set she forth, how with her weapon dread
 She smote the ground, the which straight forth did
 yield

A fruitful olive tree, with berries spread,
 That all the gods admired ; then all the story
 She compassed with a wreath of olives hoary.

Amongst these leaves she made a butterfly,
 With excellent device and wondrous sleight,
 Fluttering among the olives wantonly,
 That seemed to live, so like it was in sight :
 The velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
 The silken down with which his back is dight,
 His broad outstretched horns, his hairy thighs,
 His glorious colours and his glistening eyes.

Which when Arachne saw, as overlaid
 And mastered with workmanship so rare,
 She stood astonied long, ne nought gainsaid ;
 And with fast fixed eyes on her did stare,
 And by her silence, sign of one dismayed,
 The victory did yield her as her share ;
 Yet did she inly fret and felly burn,
 And all her blood to poisonous rancour turn.

Remembering the part that the butterfly had thus had in
 his mother's discomfiture, Aragnol, swollen with revenge-
 ful malice, set himself to destroy Clarion ;

And weaving straight a net with many a fold
 About the cave, in which he lurking dwelt,
 With fine small cords about it stretched wide,
 So finely spun that scarce they could be spied.

^r It is seldom seen that.

Not any damsel, which her vaunteth most
 In skilful knitting of soft silken twine;
 Nor any weaver, which his work doth boast
 In diaper, in damask, or in line;
 Nor any skilled in workmanship embost;
 Nor any skilled in loops of fingering fine;
 Might in their divers cunning ever dare
 With this so curious network to compare.

The careless Clarion was soon caught in this "cursed
 cobweb;" upon which the "grisly tyrant" rushing out
 of his den,

Under the left wing strook his weapon sly
 Into his heart;—

and so ends the tale.

7. *Visions of the World's Vanity*.—These are twelve
 Sonnets, which appear to be also addressed to Lady
 Carey, and may be suspected to have a reference to the
 same hidden subject with the *Muipotmos*. Their bur-
 then is the ruin that may be often brought even upon the
 greatest and strongest things by the least and weakest.
 The following are two of them:—

Looking far forth into the ocean wide,
 A goodly ship with banners bravely dight,
 And flag in her top-gallant, I espied
 Through the main sea making her merry flight;
 Fair blew the wind into her bosom right;
 And the heavens looked lovely all the while;
 That she did seem to dance, as in delight,
 And at her own felicity did smile.
 All suddenly there clove unto her keel
 A little fish, that men call Remora,
 Which stopped her course, and held her by the heel,
 That wind nor tide could move her thence away.
 Strange thing, me seemeth, that so small a thing
 Should able be so great an one to wring.
 A mighty lion, lord of all the wood,
 Having his hunger thoroughly satisfied
 With prey of beasts and spoil of living blood,
 Safe in his dreadless den him thought to hide:
 His sternness was his praise, his strength his pride,
 And all his glory in his cruel claws.
 I saw a wasp, that fiercely him defied,

And bade him battle even to his jaws :
 Sore he him stung, that it the blood forth draws,
 And his proud heart is filled with fretting ire :
 In vain he threats his teeth, his tail, his paws,
 And from his bloody eyes doth sparkle fire :
 That dead himself he wisheth for despite.
 So weakest may annoy the most of might !'

The remainder of the collection published by Ponsonby is made up of fifteen Sonnets entitled 'The Visions of Bellay,' and seven entitled 'The Visions of Petrarch, formerly translated.' The six first of the latter are, with the exception of a few words, exactly the same with those printed in Vander Noodt's *Theatre of Wordlings* in 1569 :* of the former, eleven are translations into rhyme of sonnets of Bellay's, of which there are blank verse translations in Vander Noodt's book ; the other four are rhyme translations of sonnets by Bellay different from the rest of the fifteen which are given in blank verse by Vander Noodt. Several of these sonnets are very fine. Here is one of those translated from Bellay :—

I saw a spring out of a rock forth rail,^a
 As clear as crystal gainst the sunny beams,
 The bottom yellow, like the golden grail,
 That bright Pactolus washeth with his streams ;
 It seemed that art and nature had assembled
 All pleasure there, for which man's heart could long
 And there a noise alluring sleep soft trembled,
 Of many accords more sweet than mermaid's song :
 The seats and benches shone as ivory,
 And hundred nymphs sate side by side about ;
 When from nigh hills, with hideous outcry,
 A troupe of Satyrs in the place did rout,
 Which with their villain feet the stream did ray,^a
 Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs away.†

* See Vol. I. p. 17.

^a Flow.

^t Gravel.

^u Discolour, disturb.

† The blank verse translation of this sonnet in Vander Noodt's book is as follows :—

I saw a fresh spring rise out of a rock,
 Clear as crystal against the sunny beams,
 The bottom yellow like the shining sand,

The following is the Sixth of the 'Visions of Petrarch':—

At last so fair a lady did I spy,
That thinking yet* on her I burn and quake;
On herbs and flowers she walked pensively,
Mild, but yet love she proudly did forsake:
White seemed her robes, yet woven so they were
As snow and gold together had been wrought:
Above the waist a dark cloud shrouded her,
A stinging serpent by the heel her caught;
Wherewith she languished as the gathered flower;
And, well assured, she mounted up to joy.
Alas, on earth† so nothing doth endure,
But bitter grief and sorrowful annoy: ‡
Which make this life wretched and miserable,
Tossed with storms of fortune variable.§

What is called the Seventh of these Visions of Petrarch seems to be original, and to be addressed to Lady Carey by the poet in his own name. It is as follows:—

* In Vander Noodt, *in thinking*.

† In Vander Noodt, *in earth*.

‡ In Vander Noodt, *that doth our hearts annoy*.

§ These two last lines are not in Vander Noodt; and all the other sonnets there, except the first and third, are likewise without the thirteenth and fourteenth lines.

That golden Pactole drives upon the plain.
It seemed that art and nature strived to join
There in one place all pleasures of the eye.
There was to hear a noise alluring sleep,
Of many accords, more sweet than mermaids' songs.
The seats and benches shone as ivory;
An hundred nymphs sat side by side about:
When from nigh hills a naked rout of Fauns
With hideous cry assembled on the place,
Which with their feet unclean the water fouled,
Threw down the seats, and drove the nymphs to flight.

It is very evident that the version in rhyme is grounded upon these lines, which in several instances are only altered in the *termination*.

When I behold this tickle trustless state
 Of vain world's glory, flitting to and fro,
 And mortal men tossed by troublous fate
 In restless seas of wretchedness and woe;
 I wish I might this weary life forego,
 And shortly turn unto my happy rest,
 Where my free spirit might not any moe
 Be vexed with sights, that do her peace molest.
 And ye, fair lady, in whose bounteous breast
 All heavenly grace and virtue shrined is,
 When ye these rhymes do read, and view the rest,
 Loathe this base world, and think of heaven's bliss:
 And, though ye be the fairest of God's creatures,
 Yet think, that death shall spoil your goodly features.

The biography of Spenser is to a great extent a series of assumptions, or of assertions repeated by one writer after another, but resting originally upon little or no evidence. Thus, although, as we have mentioned,* it is commonly stated that he returned from Ireland with Lord Grey in August, 1582, for anything that is positively known he may never have been in England in the ten years between 1580 and 1590. It appears at any rate that he retained the office, to which he was appointed in 1581,† of clerk in the Irish Court of Chancery till the 22nd of June, 1588, when he resigned it upon being appointed clerk to the Council of Munster. The manner, too, in which he is mentioned in a book entitled 'A Discourse of Civil Life,' &c., by Ludowick Bryskett, 4to., Lon. 1606, would rather lead to the inference that he had remained in Ireland after he ceased to be secretary to Lord Grey. This Discourse, though not printed till 1606, is addressed to Lord Grey, who died in 1593, and the very first sentence shows that it must have been written some time after 1582:—"When it pleased you, my good Lord, upon the decease of Maister John Chaloner, Her Majesty's Secretary of this State [of Ireland], *which you then governed as Lord Deputy*

* Vol. I. p. 98.

† Vol. I. p. 97.

of this realm, to make choice of me to supply that place, and to recommend me by your honourable letters to that effect, I received a very sufficient testimony of your good opinion and favourable inclination towards me." After observing that, whether through his own unworthiness or the labour and practice of others, Grey's recommendation in his behalf did not take effect, Bryskett proceeds to describe a party which had some time ago assembled at his cottage near Dublin, consisting of Dr. Long, Primate of Armagh; Sir Robert Dillon, Knight; Mr. Dormer, the Queen's Solicitor; Captain Christopher Carleil; Captain Thomas Norreis; Captain Warham St. Leger; Captain Nicholas Dawtrey; Mr. Edmund Spenser, whom he describes as "late your lordship's secretary;" and Mr. Smith, apothecary. Dr. Long became Archbishop of Armagh in 1584, and died in 1589; so that the meeting must have taken place between these two years. Further, as the archbishop appears to be spoken of by Bryskett as still alive when he wrote, the Discourse was probably written not later than 1589; and in that case the meeting could hardly have happened later than 1587 or 1588. The Discourse is an account of the conversation of Bryskett's assembled guests; in the course of which Spenser is made to speak of "having already undertaken a work, under the title of the Fairy Queen, to represent all the moral virtues," &c. This work he says he had "already well entered into;" and it is afterwards mentioned that some parcels of it had been seen by some of the company. There is nothing in the account to lead us to suppose that Spenser had by this time taken up his residence at Kilcolman, or become possessed of that property; it would seem most probable that he was resident in Dublin or the vicinity. If he had really been in England, he may, indeed, have been at this time passing through Dublin on his way to take possession of his property of Kilcolman immediately after obtaining the grant; there is a sonnet addressed by him to Gabriel Harvey (to which attention was first directed by George Chalmers), dated Dublin, 18th July, 1586; and the meeting

of friends at which he was present in Bryskett's cottage may have taken place at that time.

According to Mr. Hardiman,* it may be here noticed, the date of the grant to Spenser by the crown of the manor of Kilcolman is the 26th of October, 1591, not the 27th of June, 1586, as commonly stated.† Mr. Hardiman quotes as his authority the original *fiat* in the Rolls Office, Dublin. But we cannot reconcile some apparently well-supported facts with the supposition that Spenser had not taken up his abode at Kilcolman before 1591.

After the publication of the *Fairy Queen* in 1590,‡ the biographers tell us, Spenser returned to Ireland. This appears to be an inference from the expression of Ponsonby, the bookseller or printer, in the advertisement prefixed to the collection of Spenser's minor pieces which he published in 1591, that of other small poems of the same author some had "been diversly embezzled and purloined from him since his departure over sea." It is assumed that Ponsonby means to say that Spenser's lost poems had been stolen from him since his return to Ireland in that or the preceding year, or in other words within the few last months. But it is in the highest degree improbable that such should have been the fact—that the poems after having been preserved safe for years should have been lost just before they were wanted for publication; and it is evident from the rest of the passage that such is not its meaning. Ponsonby is manifestly speaking of something of much older date. "I have endeavoured," he says, "to get into my hands such small poems of the same author's as I heard were dispersed abroad in sundry hands, and not easy to be come by by himself, some of them having been diversly embezzled and purloined," &c. The purloining of a number of manuscripts in various ways may very well have happened in the course of ten or even of five years—that is to say, whether we suppose Spenser's "departure over

* *Irish Minstrelsy*, I. 319, &c.

† See Vol. I. p. 99.

‡ See Vol. I. p. 99.

sea" to have taken place in 1580 or in 1586 (and the expression would rather imply that there had been only one such departure, or that he had been in Ireland ever since he went over with Lord Grey in 1580); but it is not at all likely that it could have happened in the course of a few months. Besides, it appears that in February, 1591, Spenser received from Queen Elizabeth a pension of fifty pounds a year; and the patent seems to have been understood as conferring upon him the post of Poet Laureate. It is surely more probable that he was still in England when this royal bounty was bestowed upon him than that he had previously gone back again to Ireland, and that it was then sent thither after him. Whether he may have been in this country, then, or no when Ponsonby's collection was published, we see no reason for doubting that it was prepared under his sanction, and that the materials were supplied by himself. It seems more probable that he remained in England throughout the year 1590, and at least till the spring of 1591. There is no appearance of his visit having been a hurried one. We know that he wrote his *Ruins of Time* while here. Perhaps it was during this visit that he resided for some time near Alton in Hampshire, as Aubrey, the antiquary of the latter part of the next century, says he was told that he did by Mr. Samuel Woodford, a poet who wrote a paraphrase of the *Psalms*, and lived himself in those parts. "In this delicate sweet air," it is added, "he [Spenser] enjoyed his muse, and writ good part of his verses."*

His biographers, who send him home to Ireland in 1590, bring him back again to London by the end of the following year, on the evidence of the poem which falls next to be noticed, entitled 'Daphnida, an Elegy upon the Death of the noble and virtuous Douglas Howard, daughter and heir of Henry Lord Howard, Viscount Byndon, and wife of Arthur Gorges, Esquire;' the Dedication of which to Helena, Marquesse (or Mar-

* Letters written by eminent Persons, &c., and Lives by John Aubrey; 2 vols. 8vo. 1813; II. 541.

chioness) of Northampton is dated "London, this first of January, 1591." According to the common manner of dating in that age, this would mean what we should now call 1st January, 1592. If Spenser was really in London in January, 1592, we should be inclined to believe that he had been in this country all the year 1591—that, instead of having crossed the sea again so soon, for no object that is known or that has been attempted to be assigned, he had, being here, after so long an absence from his native country and all his old connexions, protracted his stay over the two years. But we suspect that in this instance the date, January, 1591, is used in the modern meaning. The Marchioness of Northampton to whom the *Daphnaida* is dedicated was Helena, daughter of Wolfgangus Swavenburgh, a Swede, surviving and third wife of the only person who ever was Marquis of Northampton, William Parr, the brother of Henry VIII.'s last queen, Catherine Parr. The Marquis had by this time been dead for twenty years; and the Marchioness, who survived till 1635, had remarried Sir Thomas Gorges of Longford, uncle of the deceased lady the subject of the elegy. The husband of the latter, Mr. (afterwards Sir) Arthur Gorges, "has hitherto," Mr. Todd observes, "been recorded as a man of genius without a proof of the assertion;" and he gives a short quotation from an unfinished poem of his, entitled 'The Olympian Catastrophe.' Sir Arthur Gorges is also, however, the author of the English translation of Bacon's tract, *De Sapientia Veterum* (The Wisdom of the Ancients), published in 1619, in which all the poetical quotations are rendered into verse, frequently with considerable spirit. Spenser in this Dedication calls him "a lover of learning and virtue," and speaks of the particular good will which he bears unto him. The elegy itself is very beautiful. It begins,

Whatever man be he whose heavy mind,
 With grief of mournful great mishap oppressed,
 Fit matter for his care's increase would find,
 Let read the rueful plaint herein expressed,
 Of one, I ween, the woefullest man alive,

Even sad Alcyon, whose empierced breast
Sharp sorrow did in thousand pieces rive.

But whoso else in pleasure findeth sense,
Or in this wretched life doth take delight,
Let him be banished far away from hence :
Ne let the Sacred Sisters here be hight,*
Though they of sorrow heavily can sing ;
For even their heavy song would breed delight ;
But here no tunes, save sobs and groans, shall ring.

Instead of them, and their sweet harmony,
Let those Three Fatal Sisters, whose sad hands
Do weave the direful threads of destiny,
And in their wrath break off the vital bands,
Approach hereto ; and let the dreadful Queen
Of Darkness deep come from the Stygian strands,
And grisly ghosts, to hear this doleful teen.†

Walking forth in the gloom of an evening in early
winter, the poet proceeds to tell us,

— when the weary sun,
After his day's long labour drew to rest,
And sweaty steeds, now having overrun
The compassed sky, gan water in the west,

he began to muse on the misery in which men live—
“and I,” he adds, “of many most, most miserable man”
—a thought, he intimates, which never gives him rest,
conceived “through meditation of this world's vainness
and life's wretchedness.” In this mood he perceived
coming towards him “a sorry wight” clad all in black,
with a Jacob staff devoutly crossed in his hand, “like to
some pilgrim come from far away.”

His careless locks uncombed and unshorn,
Hung long adown, and beard all overgrown,
That well he seemed to be some wight forlorn :
Down to the earth his heavy eyes were thrown,
As loathing light ; and ever as he went
He sighed soft, and inly deep did groan,
As if his heart in pieces would have rent.

* Called.

† Loss.

As he approaches, the poet thinks he resembles Alcyon, whom he knew ;—

Alcyon he, the jolly shepherd swain
That wont full merrily to pipe and dance,
And fill with pleasance every wood and plain.

Yet half in doubt, because of his disguise,
I softly said, Alcyon ! Therewithal
He looked aside as in disdainful wise,
Yet stayed not, till I again did call :
Then, turning back, he said, with hollow sound,
“ Who is it that doth name me, woeful thrall,
The wretched’st man that treads this day on ground ? ”

The poet begs him to tell his grief to one, “ whom,” he says,

————— “ like woefulness, impressed deep,
Hath made fit mate thy wretched case to hear.”

Among other considerations he urges the desirableness of freeing himself in the opinion of the world from the guilt of having died by his own hand.

“ Who life does loathe, and longs to be unbound
From the strong shackles of frail flesh,” quoth he,
“ Nought cares at all what they, that live on ground,
Deem the occasion of his death to be ;
Rather desires to be forgotten quite,
Than question made of his calamity ;
For heart’s deep sorrow hates both life and light.”

He consents nevertheless at last to relate the story of his calamity. “ Whilome,” he begins, “ I used (as thou right well dost know),”

“ My little flock on western downs to keep,
Not far from where Sabrina’s stream doth flow ”—

that is, near the Severn.

“ It there befell, as I the fields did range
Fearless and free, a fair young lioness,
White as the native rose before the change
Which Venus’ blood did in her leaves impress,
I spied playing on the grassy plain

Her youthful sports and kindly wantonness,
That did all other beasts in beauty stain.

"So well I wrought with mildness and with pain,
That I her caught disporting on the green,
And brought away fast bound with silver chain.

"And afterwards I handled her so fair,
That, though by kind she stout and salvage were,
For being born an ancient lion's heir,
And of the race that all wild beasts do fear,
Yet I her framed and won so to my bent,
That she became so meek and mild of cheer,
As the least lamb in all my flock that went :

"For she in field wherever I did wend,
Would wend with me, and wait by me all day."

He long enjoyed this happiness; but at last "a cruel satyr, with his murderous dart," greedy of mischief, ranging all about, by a fatal wound reft from him his "sweet companion."

"Out of the world thus was she reft away,
Out of the world, unworthy such a spoil,
And borne to heaven, for heaven a fitter prey;
Much fitter than the lion, which with toil
Alcides slew, and fixed in firmament;
Her now I seek throughout this earthly soil,
And seeking miss, and missing do lament."

The poet does not understand what he means by this riddle of a "loved lioness;" but he explains by telling him that Daphne, whom he knew, is dead. Then, after a pause of weeping and wailing, he breaks forth afresh;—

"What man henceforth that breatheth vital air
Will honour heaven, or heavenly powers adore,
Which so unjustly doth their judgments share
Mongst earthly wights, as to afflict so sore
The innocent, as those which do transgress,
And do not spare the best or fairest, more
Than worst or foulest, but do both oppress ?

.

" In pureness, and in all celestial grace
That men admire in goodly womankind,
She did excel, and seemed of angels' race,
Living on earth like angel new divined,^a
Adorned with wisdom and with chastity,
And all the dowries of a noble mind,
Which did her beauty much more beautify.

" Ne let Eliza, royal shepherdess,
The praises of my parted love envy,
For she hath praises in all plenteousness
Poured upon her, like showers of Castaly,⁻
By her own shepherd, Colin, her own shepherd,
That her with heavenly hymns doth deify,
Of rustic muse full hardly to be bettered.

" She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade :
Mine, ah ! not mine ; amiss I mine did say :
Not mine, but His, which mine awhile her made ;
Mine to be His, with Him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away !

" She fell away in her first age's spring,
Whilst yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind,
And whilst her branch fair blossoms forth did bring ;
She fell away against all course of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong ;
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind.
Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make my undersong.

" Yet ere that life her lodging did forsake,
She, all resolved, and ready to remove,
Calling to me (aye me !) this wise bespake ;
' Alcyon ! ah, my first and latest love !
Ah ! why does my Alcyon weep and mourn,
And grieve my ghost, that ill mote him behove,
As if to me had chanced some evil turn !

" " I go, and long desired have to go ;
I go with gladness to my wished rest,

^a Made divine, deified.

Whereas^a no world's sad care nor wasting woe
 May come, their happy quiet to molest;
 But saints and angels in celestial thrones
 Eternally Him praise that hath them blest;
 There shall I be amongst those blessed ones.

“ ‘ Yet, ere I go, a pledge I leave with thee
 Of the late love the which betwixt us passed,
 My young Ambrosia ; in lieu of me,
 Love her ; so shall our love for ever last.
 Thus, dear ! adieu, whom I expect ere long.’
 So, having said, away she softly passed.
 Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make mine undersong.”

What misery, he goes on, is his as often as he recalls
 those piercing words :—

“ And when those pallid cheeks and ashy hue,
 In which sad Death his portraiture had writ,
 And when those hollow eyes and deadly view,
 On which the cloud of ghastly night did sit,
 I match with that sweet smile and cheerful brow,
 Which all the world subdued unto it,
 How happy was I then, and wretched now !

“ How happy was I when I saw her lead
 The shepherds’ daughters dancing in a round !
 How trimly would she trace and softly tread
 The tender grass, with rosy girland crowned !
 And when she list advance her heavenly voice,
 Both nymphs and muses nigh she made astound,
 And flocks and shepherds caused to rejoice.

“ But now, ye shepherd lasses ! who shall lead
 Your wandering troops, or sing your virelays ?
 Or who shall dight your bowers, sith she is dead
 That was the lady of your holidays ?
 Let now your bliss be turned into bale,
 And into plaints convert your joyous plays,
 And with the same fill every hill and dale.

“ Let birds be silent on the naked spray,
 And shady woods resound with dreadful yells ;
 Let streaming floods their hasty courses stay,

^a Where.

And parching drouth dry up the crystal wells ;
 Let the earth be barren, and bring forth no flowers,
 And the air be filled with noise of doleful knells,
 And wandering spirits walk untimely hours.

“ And Nature, nurse of every living thing,
 Let rest herself from her long weariness,
 And cease henceforth things kindly forth to bring,
 But hideous monsters full of ugliness ;
 For she it is that hath me done this wrong,
 No nurse, but stepdame, cruel, merciless.
 Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make my undersong.”

In a Fourth Fit he exclaims that cruel death ever takes away the good and righteous “ to plague the unrighteous which alive remain.” But “ I,” he adds,

—— “ will walk this wandering pilgrimage,
 Throughout the world from one to other end,
 And in affliction waste my better age :
 My bread shall be the anguish of my mind,
 My drink the tears which from mine eyes do rain,
 My bed the ground that hardest I may find ;
 So will I wilfully increase my pain.”

The Fifth Fit is as follows :—

“ Henceforth I hate whatever Nature made,
 And in her workmanship no pleasure find,
 For they be all but vain, and quickly fade ;
 So soon as on them blows the northern wind,
 They tarry not, but flit and fall away,
 Leaving behind them nought but grief of mind,
 And mocking such as think they long will stay.

“ I hate the heaven, because it doth withhold
 Me from my love, and eke my love from me ;
 I hate the earth, because it is the mould
 Of fleshly slime and frail mortality ;
 I hate the fire, because to nought it flies ;
 I hate the air, because sighs of it be ;
 I hate the sea, because it tears supplies.

“ I hate the day, because it lendeth light
 To see all things, and not my love to see ;
 I hate the darkness and the dreary night,

Because they breed sad balefulness in me;
 I hate all times, because all times do fly
 So fast away, and may not stayed be,
 But as a speedy post that passeth by.

"I hate to speak, my voice is spent with crying;
 I hate to hear, loud plaints have dulled mine ears;
 I hate to taste, for food withholds my dying;
 I hate to see, mine eyes are dimmed with tears;
 I hate to smell, no sweet on earth is left;
 I hate to feel, my flesh is numbed with fears:
 So all my senses from me are bereft.

"I hate all men, and shun all womankind;
 The one, because as I they wretched are;
 The other, for because I do not find
 My love with them, that wont to be their star:
 And life I hate, because it will not last;
 And death I hate, because it life doth mar;
 And all I hate that is to come or past.

"So all the world, and all in it I hate,
 Because it changeth ever to and fro,
 And never standeth in one certain state,
 But, still unstedfast, round about doth go
 Like a mill-wheel in midst of misery,
 Driven with streams of wretchedness and woe,
 That dying lives, and living still does die."

In the Sixth Fit he returns to the thought, Why does he not die? He must stay; his Daphne in departing bade him live. Yet, while he remains in this wretched vale, "my weary feet," he continues, "shall ever wandering be;

"Ne will I rest my feet for feebleness,
 Ne will I rest my limbs for frailty,
 Ne will I rest mine eyes for heaviness.

"But, as the mother of the gods, that sought
 For fair Eurydice, her daughter dear,
 Throughout the world, with woeful heavy thought;
 So will I travel whilst I tarry here,
 Ne will I lodge, ne will I ever lin,^b

^b Cease, give over.

Ne, when as drooping Titan draweth near
To loose his team, will I take up my inn.

"Ne sleep (the harbinger of weary wights)
Shall ever lodge upon mine eyelids more ;
Ne shall with rest refresh my fainting sprites,
Nor failing force to former strength restore :
But I will wake and sorrow all the night
With Philumene,^c my fortune to deplore ;
With Philumene, the partner of my plight.

"And ever as I see the star to fall,
And underground to go to give them light
Which dwell in darkness, I to mind will call
How my fair star (that shined on me so bright)
Fell suddenly and faded under ground ;
Since whose departure, day is turned to night,
And night without a Venus' star is found.

"But soon as day doth shew his dewy face,
And calls forth men unto their toilsome trade,
I will withdraw me to some darksome place,
Or some drear cave, or solitary shade ;
There will I sigh, and sorrow all day long,
And the huge burden of my cares unlade.
Weep, shepherd ! weep, to make my undersong."

And the following is the Seventh and last Fit, with the conclusion of the poem :—

"Henceforth mine eyes shall never more behold
Fair thing on earth, ne feed on false delight
Of ought that framed is of mortal mould,
Sith that my fairest flower is faded quite ;
For all I see is vain and transitory,
Ne will be held in any stedfast plight,
But in a moment lose their grace and glory.

"And ye, fond men ! on fortune's wheel that ride,
Or in ought under heaven repose assurance,
Be it riches, beauty, or honour's pride,
Be sure that they shall have no long endurance,
But ere ye be aware will flit away ;
For nought of them is yours, but the only usance
Of a small time, which none ascertain may.

^c Philomel, the Nightingale.

" And ye, true lovers! whom disastrous chance
 Hath far exiled from your lady's grace,
 To mourn in sorrow and sad sufferance,
 When ye do hear me in that desert place
 Lamenting loud my Daphne's elegy,
 Help me to wail my miserable case;
 And when life parts vouchsafe to close mine eye.

" And ye, more happy lovers! which enjoy
 The presence of your dearest loves' delight,
 When ye do hear my sorrowful annoy,
 Yet pity me in your empassioned sprite,
 And think that such mishap, as chanced to me,
 May happen unto the most happiest wight;
 For all men's states alike unstedfast be.

" And ye, poor pilgrims, that with restless toil
 Weary yourselves in wandering desert ways,
 Till that you come where ye your vows assoil;
 When passing by ye read these woeful lays
 On my grave written, rue my Daphne's wrong,
 And mourn for me that languish out my days.
 Cease, Shepherd! cease, and end thy under-song."

Thus when he ended had his heavy plaint,
 The heaviest plaint that ever I heard sound,
 His cheeks waxed pale, and sprites began to faint,
 As if again he would have fallen to ground;
 Which when I saw, I, stepping to him light,
 Amoved him out of his stony swoon,^d
 And gan him to recomfort as I might.

But he no way recomforted would be,
 Nor suffer solace to approach him nigh,
 But, casting up a disdainful eye at me
 That in his trance I would not let him lie,
 Did rend his hair and beat his blubbered face,
 As one disposed wilfully to die,
 That I sore grieved to see his wretched case.

Tho,^e when the pang was somewhat overpast,
 And the outrageous passion nigh appeased,
 I him desired, sith day was overcast,

^d Swoon.

^e Then.

And dark night fast approached, to be pleased
To turn aside unto my cabinet,
And stay with me till he were better eased
Of that strong stound which him so sore beset.

But by no means I could him win thereto,
Ne longer him entreat with me to stay,
But without taking leave he forth did go
With staggering pace and dismal look's dismay,
As if that Death he in the face had seen,
Or hellish hags had met upon the way ;
But what of him became I cannot ween.

Whether he returned to Ireland in 1591 or in 1592, Spenser appears to have resided at Kilcolman for the following three or four years. Our next accounts of him are derived from certain curious documents which Mr. Hardiman has published. It appears that in 1593 Maurice Lord Roche, Viscount Fermoy, petitioned the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, stating, that "where [whereas] one Edmond Spenser, gentleman, hath lately exhibited suit against your suppliant for three ploughlands, parcels of Shanballymore (your suppliant's inheritance), before the Vice-president and Council of Munster, which land hath been heretofore decreed for your suppliant against the said Spenser and others under whom he conveyed ; and, nevertheless, for that the said Spenser, being Clerk of the Council in the said province, and did assign his office unto one Nicholas Curteys, among other agreements, with covenant that during his life he should be free in the said office for his causes, by occasion of which immunity he doth multiply suits against your suppliant in the said province, upon pretended title of others." At the same time, it appears, Lord Roche presented another petition against Joan Ny Callaghan, whom he therein states to be his opponent "by supportation and maintainance of Edmond Spenser, gentleman, a heavy adversary unto your suppliant." Moreover in a third petition he complained "that Edmond Spenser, of Kilcolman, gentleman, hath entered

into three ploughlands, parcel of Ballingerath, and dis-
seised your suppliant thereof, and continueth by coun-
tenance and greatness the possession thereof, and maketh
great waste of the wood of the said land, and converteth
a great deal of corn growing thereupon to his proper use,
to the damage of the complainant of two hundred pounds
sterling." "Whereunto," adds the record in the Rolls
Office, "the said Edmond Spenser appearing in person
had several days prefixed unto him peremptorily to an-
swer, which he neglected to do." Therefore, it is
finally stated, "after a day of grace given," on the 12th
of February, 1594, Lord Roche was decreed his posses-
sion. All this does not look as if the poet had been in-
different to his rights of property, real or imaginary;
nor should we have inferred that he would be from any-
thing that is known of him—whether from his history or
from his writings, from his prose or from his verse. It is
probable, also, that he was improvident, or a bad ma-
nager of money; Camden, in mentioning his death in
his *History of the Reign of Elizabeth*, says that,
through a fate common to the fraternity of poets, he was
always poor; and this, rather than rapacity, may be sup-
posed to have urged whatever of hardness there was in
his proceedings. It is said, however, that he has not
left a favourable impression upon the popular mind in
Ireland. "His name," Mr. Hardiman observes, quot-
ing as his authority *Trotter's Walks in Ireland*, "is still
remembered in the vicinity of Kilcolman; but the people
entertain no sentiments of respect or affection for his
memory."

It would appear from what Lord Roche states, that
in or before the year 1593 Spenser had disposed of
his office of Clerk of the Council of Munster, to which
it may be remembered that he was appointed in June,
1588. Mr. Todd must therefore be wrong in supposing
that he still held this office in the year 1596, because a
note in an old and probably coeval handwriting on a
manuscript of his 'View of Ireland' in the Library of
Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, states that that
treatise "was written by Edward [Edmund] Spenser,

Clerk of the Council of the Province of Munster in Ireland, in anno 1596." The meaning must be only that the treatise was written in that year. The office in question, which appears to have passed immediately from Spenser to Nicholas Curteys, was afterwards held by Spenser's friend Bryskett; and by him it was surrendered 31st March, 1600, in order that the Queen might give it, with the custody of the signet of the province, to Richard Boyle, afterwards the first, or Great, Earl of Cork.

Continuing, as we have hitherto done, to follow the order of their publication, the next of Spenser's poems that we have to notice is his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, which, accompanied by several other pieces, was published by Ponsonby in a quarto volume at London in 1595.

Colin Clout's Come Home Again is dedicated to Sir Walter Raleigh in a short address, dated, in the printed copy, "From my house at Kilcolman, December the 27th, 1591." It has, however, been generally supposed that 1591 must be a misprint for either 1594 or 1595. Mr. Todd remarks, 1. That the poem contains a lamentation on the death of Ferdinando Earl of Derby, under the name of Amyntas, which did not happen till April, 1594; 2. That there are allusions in it to Daniel's 'Complaint of Rosamond,' published in 1592, and also to the same poet's tragedy of 'Cleopatra,' published in 1594; 3. That it refers apparently to the circumstance of Raleigh's disgrace at court in consequence of his amour with the daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, which did not take place till the summer of 1592. It might be added that the undoubted publication of the poem in 1595 seems to make it further improbable that the Dedication should have been penned in 1591, even if the poem itself had been written so long before. But perhaps these reasons are not so conclusive as they at first sight appear. The allusion to the death of the Earl of Derby, admitting him to be meant by Amyntas, may possibly have been an after insertion. So may the passage in which Daniel is spoken of, unless we may

suppose that his 'Delia' and 'Rosamond' might have been seen by Spenser before they were published. The passage about Raleigh, again, seems to refer not to his imprisonment in the Tower in 1592, but to his retreat from court for some other reason in 1589; no expression is used carrying with it any allusion either to a prison or a lady. And then, for the Dedication, let us look to its terms: the poet requests Raleigh to accept the poem "in part of payment of the infinite debt, in which," says he, "I acknowledge myself bounden unto you for your singular favours, and sundry good turns, showed to me *at my late being in England.*" What recent visit to England is here meant, if the Dedication is to be taken as having been written in either 1595 or 1594? There is no trace of Spenser having been in England in either of these years, or even in 1593, or after January, 1592, even if we should hold that to be the date of the Dedication of the *Daphnida*. But, independently of its ambiguity, it is just as probable that the date of that Dedication may be misprinted as that there may be an error in the date of the present Dedication. It is certainly scarcely possible that he could have been at Kilcolman on the 27th of December in the one year and at London on the 1st of January in the year following. At all events, the subject of the present poem is undoubtedly his visit to England in the close of the year 1589. He observes to Raleigh in his Dedication that the pastoral, as he calls it, agrees "with the truth in circumstance and matter." Colin Clout is his designation for himself, long ago adopted in the *Shepherd's Calendar*; and the title, *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, would seem to express, still more strongly than the language of the Dedication, that it had been written very soon after his return to Ireland. One reason which he gives for sending the poem to Raleigh is, that, as he expresses himself, "you may see that I am not always idle, though not greatly well occupied;" and he concludes by beseeching Raleigh to protect it with his good countenance against the malice of evil mouths, which," he adds, "are always wide open to carp at and misconstrue my simple meaning."

Colin Clout's Come Home Again is a poem of great beauty; and it is, besides, in the highest degree interesting both from its bearing upon the personal history of Spenser himself, and from its numerous references to his contemporaries. Spenser introduces himself as "the Shepherd's Boy (best known by that name) that after Tityrus [or Chaucer] first sung his lay." As he sate one day "charming (or modulating) his oaten pipe unto his peers," the other shepherd swains sitting round him, one of them, Hobinol (that is his old friend Harvey) breaks out into a lamentation of how great a loss all the nation of the shepherds has suffered from his absence; and asks him to relate the events of his late voyage. This, he answers, is the very thing he desires to do; for, he proceeds, alluding to Elizabeth, whom he calls Cynthia,

— "since I saw that angel's blessed eye,
Her world's bright sun, her heaven's fairest light,
My mind, full of my thoughts' satiety,
Doth feed on sweet contentment of that sight:
Since that same day in nought I take delight,
Ne feeling have in any earthly pleasure,
But in remembrance of that glory bright,
My life's sole bliss, my heart's eternal treasure."

And then he commences as follows with Raleigh's visit to him at Kilcolman:—

"One day," quoth he, "I sate (as was my trade)^f
Under the foot of Mole, that mountain hoar,
Keeping my sheep amongst the coolly shade
Of the green alders by the Mulla's shore;
There a strange shepherd chanced to find me out,
Whether allured with my pipe's delight,
Whose pleasing sound yshrilled far about,
Or thither led by chance, I know not right:
Whom when I asked from what place he came,
And how he hight, himself he did ycleepes^s
The Shepherd of the Ocean by name,
And said he came far from the main-sea deep.

^f Custom.

^s Call.

He, sitting me beside in that same shade,
 Provoked me to play some pleasant fit;
 And, when he heard the music which I made,
 He found himself full greatly pleased at it:
 Yet, emuling my pipe, he took in hond
 My pipe, before that emuled of many,
 And played thereon: (for well that skill he conned;)
 Himself as skilful in that art as any.
 He piped, I sung; and, when he sung, I piped:
 By change of turns, each making other merry;
 Neither envying other, nor envied,
 So piped we, until we both were weary."

The subject of his song to the Shepherd of the Ocean was, he afterwards informs them, the love of his river Bregog for its neighbouring stream the Mulla, the same fable that is alluded to in the first of the two Cantos of Mutability. The Bregog is, or was, a stream flowing from the Mountains of Mole, or Ballyhowra Hills, about a mile to the east of Kilcolman Castle; the name in Irish signifies *false* or *sly*, and the stream had lost itself below ground in part of its course; whence the poet invents his story of its finding its way by stealth to its beloved Mulla, the daughter of old Mole; yet not with so much secrecy

————— "but it was descried,
 And told her father by a shepherd's boy,
 Who, wondrous wroth, for that so foul despite,
 In great revenge did roll down from his hill
 Huge mighty stones, the which encumber might
 His passage, and his water-courses spill.
 So of a river, which he was of old,
 He none was made, but scattered all to nought:
 And, lost among those rocks into him rolled,
 Did lose his name: so dear his love he bought."

Raleigh's song, on the other hand, he says,

————— "was all a lamentable lay
 Of great unkindness and of usage hard,
 Of Cynthia the Lady of the Sea,
 Which from her presence faultless him debarred.

And ever and anon, with singulfs rife,^b
 He cried out, to make his undersong ;
 Ah ! my love's queen. and goddess of my life,
 Who shall me pity, when thou dost me wrong ?"

Then he goes on :—

" When thus our pipes we both had wearied well,"
 Quoth he, " and each an end of singing made,
 He gan to cast great liking to my lore,
 And great disliking to my luckless lot,
 That banished had myself, like wight forlore,
 Into that waste, where I was quite forgot.
 The which to leave, thenceforth he counselled me.
 Unmeet for man, in whom was aught regardful,
 And wend with him, his Cynthia to see ;
 Whose grace was great, and bounty most rewardful.
 Besides her peerless skill in making¹ well,
 And all the ornaments of wondrous wit,
 Such as all womankind did far excel ;
 Such as the world admired, and praised it :
 So what with hope of good, and hate of ill,
 He me persuaded forth with him to fare.
 Nought took I with me, but mine oaten quill :
 Small needments else need shepherd to prepare.
 So to the sea we came ; the sea, that is
 A world of waters heaped up on high,
 Rolling like mountains in wild wilderness,
 Horrible, hideous, roaring with hoarse cry."

This is evidently, and indeed is admitted on all hands to be, an account of his visit to England in company with Raleigh in 1589 ; * how then can Raleigh's lamentable lay of Cynthia's unkindness, which he is represented as singing previous to their setting out, have had any thing to do with Elizabeth's imprisonment of him for his amour with her maid of honour in 1592 ?

He continues the description of his voyage as follows :—

^b Sobs.

¹ Poetry.

* See Vol. I. p. 99.

Who life doth loathe, and longs death to behold,
 Before he die, already dead with fear,
 And yet would live with heart half stony cold,
 Let him to sea, and he shall see it there.
 And yet, as ghastly dreadful as it seems,
 Bold men, presuming life for gain to sell,
 Dare tempt that gulf, and in those wandering streams
 Seek ways unknown, ways leading down to hell.
 For, as we stood there waiting on the strand,
 Behold, an huge great vessel to us came,
 Dancing upon the water's back to land,
 As if it scorned the danger of the same;
 Yet was it but a wooden frame and frail,
 Glued together with some subtile matter;
 Yet had it arms and wings, and head and tail,
 And life to move itself upon the water.
 Strange thing! how bold and swift the monster was,
 That neither cared for wind, nor hail, nor rain,
 Nor swelling waves, but thorough them did pass
 So proudly, that she made them roar again.
 The same aboard us gently did receive,
 And without harm us far away did bear,
 So far that land, our mother, us did leave,
 And nought but sea and heaven to us appear.
 Then heartless quite, and full of inward fear,
 That shepherd I besought to me to tell,
 Under what sky, or in what world we were,
 In which I saw no living people dwell.
 Who, me recomforting all that he might,
 Told me that that same was the regiment,¹
 Of a great shepherdess, that Cynthia hight,
 His liege, his lady, and his life's regent.—
 "If then," quoth I, "a shepherdess she be,
 Where be the flocks and herds which she doth keep?
 And where may I the hills and pastures see,
 On which she useth for to feed her sheep?"
 "These be the hills," quoth he, "the surges high,
 On which fair Cynthia her herds doth feed:
 Her herds be thousand fishes with their fry,
 Which in the bosom of the billows breed.
 Of them the shepherd which hath charge in chief,

¹ Government, dominion.

Is Triton, blowing loud his wreathed horn ;
 At sound whereof, they all for their relief
 Wend to and fro at evening and at morn.
 And Proteus eke with him does drive his herd
 Of stinking seals and porcpiscas together,
 With hoary head and dewy dropping beard,
 Compelling them which way he list, and whither.
 And I, among the rest, of many least,
 Have in the ocean charge to me assigned ;
 Where I will live or die at her beheast,
 And serve and honour her with faithful mind.
 Besides, an hundred nymphs all heavenly born, ¹
 And of immortal race, do still attend
 To wash fair Cynthia's sheep, when they be shorn,
 And fold them up, when they have made an end."

Triton here is evidently the Lord High Admiral, Lord Howard of Effingham ; and Proteus must be some other high naval officer ; but the editors give us no help as to these matters.

Afterwards we have this description of England :—

" Both heaven and heavenly graces do much more,"
 Quoth he, " abound in that same land than this.
 For there all happy peace and plenteous store
 Conspire in one to make contented bliss :
 No wailing there nor wretchedness is heard,
 No bloody issues nor no leprosies,
 No grisly famine, nor no raging sward,^k
 No nightly bodrags,¹ nor no hue and cries ;
 The shepherds there abroad may safely lie,
 On hills and downs, withouten dread or danger :
 No ravenous wolves the good man's hope destroy,
 Nor outlaws fell affray the forest ranger.
 There learned arts do flourish in great honour,
 And poets' wits are had in peerless price :
 Religion hath lay power, to rest upon her,^m
 Advancing virtue and suppressing vice.
 For end, all good, all grace there freely grows,
 Had people grace it gratefully to use :

^k Sword.

¹ Border incursions. It should probably be *bodrags*.

^m That is, upon lay power.

For God his gifts there plenteously bestows,
But graceless men them greatly do abuse."

Elizabeth herself is thus splendidly described :—

" I would her liken to a crown of lilies,
Upon a virgin bride's adorned head,
With roses dight and goolds^a and daffadillies;
Or like the circlet of a turtle true,
In which all colours of the rainbow be;
Or like fair Phœbe's girland shining new,
In which all pure perfection one may see.
But vain it is to think, by paragon
Of earthly things, to judge of things divine :
Her power, her mercy, and her wisdom, none
Can deem, but who the Godhead can define.
Why then do I, base shepherd, bold and blind,
Presume the things so sacred to profane?
More fit it is to adore, with humble mind,
The image of the heavens in shape humane."

Then follows a remarkable passage, in which many of the contemporary English poets are introduced :—

" The Shepherd of the Ocean," quoth he,
" Unto that goddess' grace me first enhanced,
And to mine oaten pipe inclined her ear,
That she thenceforth therein gan take delight;
And it desired at timely hours to hear,
All were my notes but rude and roughly dight;
For not by measure of her own great mind,
And wondrous worth, she mott^o my simple song,
But joyed that country shepherd ought could find
Worth harkening to, amongst the learned throng."

" Why?" said Alexis then, " what needeth she
That is so great a shepherdess herself,
And hath so many shepherds in her fee,
To hear thee sing, a simple silly elf?
Or be the shepherds which do serve her lazy,
That they list not their merry pipes apply?
Or be their pipes untunable and crazy,
That they cannot her honour worthily?"
" Ah! nay," said Colin, " neither so, nor so :

^a Marygolds.

^o Meted, measured.

For better shepherds be not under sky,
Nor better able, when they list to blow
Their pipes aloud, her name to glorify.
There is good Harpalus, now wexen aged
In faithful service of fair Cynthia :
And there is Corydon, though meanly waged,
Yet ablest wit of most I know this day.
And there is sad Alcyon bent to mourn,
Though fit to frame an everlasting ditty,
Whose gentle sprite for Daphne's death doth turn
Sweet lays of love to endless plaints of pity.
Ah ! pensive boy, pursue that brave conceit
In thy sweet Eglantine of Meriflure ;
Lift up thy notes unto their wonted height,
That may thy muse and mates to mirth allure.
There eke is Palin worthy of great praise,
All be he envy at my rustic quill :
And there is pleasing Alcon, could he raise
His tunes from lays to matter of more skill.
And there is old Palemon free from spite,
Whose careful pipe may make the hearer rue :
Yet he himself may rued be more right,
That sung so long until quite hoarse he grew.
And there is Alabaster thoroughly taught
In all this skill, though knowen yet to few ;
Yet, were he known to Cynthia as he ought,
His Eliseis would be read anew.
Who lives that can match that heroic song,
Which he hath of that mighty princess made ?
O dreaded Dread, do not thyself that wrong,
To let thy fame lie so in hidden shade :
But call it forth, O call him forth to thee,
To end thy glory which he hath begun :
That, when he finished hath as it should be,
No braver poem can be under sun.
Nor Po nor Tiber's swans so much renowned,
Nor all the brood of Greece so highly praised,
Can match that muse when it with bays is crowned,
And to the pitch of her perfection raised.
And there is a new shepherd late up sprung,
The which doth all afore him far surpass ;
Appearing well in that well tuned song,
Which late he sung unto a scornful lass.
Yet doth his trembling Muse but lowly fly,

As daring not too rashly mount on height,
 And doth her tender plumes as yet but try
 In love's soft lays and looser thoughts' delight.
 Then rouse thy feathers quickly, Daniel,
 And to what course thou please thyself advance:
 But most, me seems, thy accent will excel
 In tragic plaints and passionate mischance.
 And there that Shepherd of the Ocean is,
 That spends his wit in love's consuming smart:
 Full sweetly tempered is that muse of his,
 That can empierce a prince's mighty heart.
 There also is (ah no, he is not now!)
 But since I said he is, he quite is gone,
 Amyntas quite is gone, and lies full low,
 Having his Amaryllis left to moan.
 Help, O ye shepherds, help ye all in this,
 Help Amaryllis this her loss to mourn:
 Her loss is yours, your loss Amyntas is,
 Amyntas, flower of shepherds' pride forlorn:
 He whilst he lived was the noblest swain,
 That ever piped in an oaten quill:
 Both did he other, which could pipe, maintain,
 And eke could pipe himself with passing skill.
 And there, though last not least, is Aetion;
 A gentler shepherd may no where be found:
 Whose muse, full of high thought's invention,
 Doth like himself heroically sound.
 All these, and many others mo remain,
 Now, after Astrophel is dead and gone:
 But, while as Astrophel did live and reign,
 Amongst all these was none his paragon.
 All these do flourish in their sundry kind,
 And do their Cynthia immortal make:
 Yet found I liking in her royal mind,
 Not for my skill, but for that shepherd's sake."

Here Harpalus is supposed to be Barnaby Googe, the author, among other productions, of a collection of "Eclogues, Epitaphs, and Sonnets," published in 1563, or, as has been suggested by Mr. Collier, perhaps Lord Buckhurst; Corydon, Abraham Fraunce, author of "The Lamentation of Corydon for the Love of Alexis" (from the Latin), 1588; Alcyon, undoubtedly Sir Arthur

Gorges, introduced under the same appellation in the Daphnaida, Eglantine of Meriflure being, apparently, the title of some unpublished poem of his; Palin, Thomas Chaloner, mentioned by Puttenham as among those most eminent for eclogue and pastoral poesy, or, as Malone thinks, George Peele, the dramatist; Alcon, Thomas Watson, author of a Collection of Sonnets, published in 1591, or, according to Malone, Thomas Lodge, the dramatist; Palemon, certainly Thomas Churchyard, a very voluminous poet, as has been conclusively shown by Mr. Collier,* and not Arthur Golding as suggested by Malone; and Amyntas, as already stated, the Earl of Derby. The Shepherd of the Ocean, of course, is Raleigh; and Astrophel is Sir Philip Sidney; and Alabaster and Daniel are real names. The most interesting of the notices is that of Aetion, which Mr. Todd conceives to be intended for Drayton, but by which it is now generally supposed that Shakespeare is most probably meant, as Malone contends. Drayton had published nothing in an heroic strain even in 1595; and, if he had, still it would be difficult to assign any meaning to the assertion that his muse did *like himself* heroically sound. On the other hand Shakespeare's name seems to be pointedly alluded to.

A shepherdess named Lucida now observes to Colin that he has said nothing of any of the nymphs in Cynthia's retinue; it would seem as if he had found favour with none of them.

"Ah far be it," quoth Colin Clout, "fro me,
That I of gentle maids should ill deserve;
For that myself I do profess to be
Vassal to one, whom all my days I serve;
The beam of beauty sparkled from above,
The flower of virtue and pure charity,
The blossom of sweet joy and perfect love,
The pearl of peerless grace and modesty:
To her my thoughts I daily dedicate,
To her my heart I nightly martyrize:

* See his History of the Stage, II. 431.

To her my love I lowly do prostrate,
 To her my life I wholly sacrifice:
 My thought, my heart, my love, my life is she,
 And I hers ever only, ever one:
 One ever I all vowed hers to be,
 One ever I, and other's never none."

This was surely written before Rosalind had been forgotten in a new passion; yet by the time of the death of the Earl of Derby in April 1594 Spenser was certainly far advanced in his courtship of, if not on the point of marriage with, another love. Here are the most striking parts of the tribute to the court ladies:—

"They all," quoth he, "me graced goodly well,
 That all I praise; but in the highest place,
 Urania, sister unto Astrophel,
 In whose brave mind, as in a golden coffer,
 All heavenly gifts and riches locked are;
 More rich than pearls of Ind, or gold of Opher,
 And in her sex more wonderful and rare.
 Ne less praise-worthy I Theana read,
 Whose goodly beams, though they be over-dight
 With mourning stole of careful widowhead,
 Yet through that darksome vale do glister bright;
 She is the well of bounty and brave mind,
 Excelling most in glory and great light;
 She is the ornament of womankind,
 And court's chief girland with all virtues dight.

Ne less praise-worthy is her sister dear,
 Fair Marian, the Muses' only darling:
 Whose beauty shineth as the morning clear,
 With silver dew upon the roses pearling.
 Ne less praise-worthy is Mansilia,
 Best known by bearing up great Cynthia's train:
 That same is she to whom Daphnaida
 Upon her niece's death I did complain:
 She is the pattern of true womanhead,
 And only mirror of femininity:
 Worthy next after Cynthia to tread,
 As she is next her in nobility.

Ne less praiseworthy Stella do I read,
 Though nought my praises of her needed are,
 Whom verse of noblest shepherd lately dead
 Hath praised and raised above each other star.
 Ne less praiseworthy are the sisters three,
 The honour of the noble family
 Of which I meanest boast myself to be,
 And most that unto them I am so nigh;
 Phyllis, Charyllis, and sweet Amaryllis.
 Phyllis, the fair, is eldest of the three:
 The next to her is bountiful Charyllis:
 But the youngest is the highest in degree.
 Phyllis, the flower of rare perfection,
 Fair spreading forth her leaves with fresh delight,
 That, with their beauty's amorous reflexion,
 Bereave of sense each rash beholder's sight.
 But sweet Charyllis is the paragon
 Of peerless price, and ornament of praise,
 Admired by all, yet envied of none,
 Through the mild temperance of her goodly rays.
 Thrice happy do I hold thee, noble swain,
 The which art of so rich a spoil possessed,
 And, it embracing dear without disdain,
 Hast sole possession in so chaste a breast;
 Of all the shepherds' daughters which there be,
 And yet there be the fairest under sky,
 Or that elsewhere I ever yet did see,
 A fairer nymph yet never saw mine eye:
 She is the pride and primrose of the rest,
 Made by the Maker self to be admired;
 And like a goodly beacon high addressed,
 That is with sparks of heavenly beauty fired,
 But Amaryllis, whether fortunate
 Or else unfortunate may I aread,
 That freed is from Cupid's yoke by fate,
 Since which she doth new bands' adventure dread,—
 Shepherd, whatever thou hast heard to be
 In this or that praised diversly apart,
 In her thou mayst them all assembled see,
 And sealed up in the treasure of her heart.

Here Urania is the Countess of Pembroke; Theana,
 Anne Countess of Warwick, already culogised in *The*

Ruins of Time; Marian, her sister, Margaret Countess of Cumberland; Marsilia, the Marchioness of Northampton, to whom the *Daphnida* is dedicated; Stella, the object of Sir Philip Sidney's first affection, the Lady Penelope Devereux, now the widow of Lord Rich; and Phyllis, Charyllis, and Amaryllis, the three daughters of Sir John Spenser, Lady Carey, Lady Compton, and Lady Derby, of whom an account has already been given.* Besides these there are mentioned two Irish ladies, Galathea and Nessra; and two others, Flavia and Candida, also undiscovered.

A portion, at least, of the further enthusiastic celebration of Elizabeth must also be given:—

“ Every gift, and every goodly meed,
Which she on me bestowed, demands a day;
And every day, in which she did a deed,
Demands a year it duly to display.
Her words were like a stream of honey fleeting,
The which doth softly trickle from the hive:
Able to melt the hearer's heart unweeting,
And eke to make the dead again alive.
Her deeds were like great clusters of ripe grapes,
Which load the bunches of the fruitful vine;
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the same with store of timely wine.
Her looks were like beams of the morning sun,
Forth looking through the windows of the east,
When first the fleecy cattle have begun
Upon the pearled grass to make their feast.
Her thoughts are like the fume of frankincense,
Which from a golden censor forth doth rise,
And throwing forth sweet odours mounts fro thence
In rolling globes up to the vaulted skies.

“ Her great excellence
Lifts me above the measure of my might,
That, being filled with furious insolence,
I feel myself like one yrap't in sprite.

* See Vol. I. pp. 9, 10.

Yet will I think of her, yet will I speak,
 So long as life my limbs doth hold together;
 And, whenas death these vital bands shall break,
 Her name recorded I will leave for ever.

And, long while after I am dead and rotten,
 Amongst the shepherds' daughters dancing round,
 My lays made of her shall not be forgotten,
 But sung by them with flowery girlands crowned."

He is then asked why he ever left that happy land, and came back to the barren soil where he now is, there to dwell with cold, and care, and penury. His answer seems to imply that all had not gone quite smooth with him at court:—

"Sooth to say, it is no sort of life,
 For shepherd fit to lead in that same place,
 Where each one seeks with malice, and with strife,
 To thrust down other into foul disgrace,
 Himself to raise: and he doth soonest rise
 That best can handle his deceitful wit
 In subtile shifts, and finest sleights' devise,
 Either by slandering his well-deemed name,
 Through leasings lewd, and feigned forgery;
 Or else by breeding him some blot of blame,
 By creeping close into his secrecy;
 To which him needs a guileful hollow heart,
 Masked with fair dissembling courtesy,
 A filed tongue, furnished with terms of art,
 No art of school, but courtiers' schoolery.
 For arts of school have there small countenance,
 Counted but toys to busy idle brains.

For each man's worth is measured by his weed,
 As harts by horns, or asses by their ears:
 Yet asses been not all whose ears exceed,
 Nor yet all harts that horns the highest bears.
 For highest looks have not the highest mind,
 Nor haughty words most full of highest thoughts;
 But are like bladders blown up with wind,
 That being pricked do vanish into noughts.
 Even such is all their vaunted vanity,

Nought else but smoke, that fumeth soon away;
 Such is their glory that in simple eye
 Seem greatest, when their garments are most gay.
 So they themselves for praise of fools do sell,
 And all their wealth for painting on a wall;
 With price whereof they buy a golden bell,
 And purchase highest rooms in bower and hall:
 Whiles single Truth and simple Honesty
 Do wander up and down despised of all;
 Their plain attire such glorious gallantry
 Disdains so much, that none them in doth call."

Hobinol, or Harvey, here interposes, observing that he well remembers when he himself went to court "to wait on Lobbin," there were many worthy persons there. Lobbin is probably the Earl of Leicester; and it has been supposed that the Dido lamented in the eleventh eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* was an illegitimate daughter of his.*

After this comes a great passage on the Love that flourishes at court as contrasted with that of simple shepherds:—

"And is Love then," said Corylas, "once known
 In court, and his sweet lore professed there?
 I weened sure he was our god alone,
 And only wonned in fields and forests here:"
 "Not so," quoth he, "Love most aboundeth there.
 For all the walls and windows there are writ
 All full of love, and love, and love my dear,
 And all their talk and study is of it.
 Ne any there doth brave or valiant seem,
 Unless that some gay mistress' badge he bears:
 Ne any one himself doth aught esteem,
 Unless he swim in love up to the ears.
 But they of Love, and of his sacred lere,
 (As it should be) all otherwise devise,
 Than we poor shepherds are accustomed here,
 And him do sue and serve all otherwise.
 For with lewd speeches, and licentious deeds,
 His mighty mysteries they do profane.

* See Vol. I. pp. 83-88.

But we poor shepherds, whether rightly so,
 Or through our rudeness into error led,
 Do make religion how we rashly go
 To serve that god, that is so greatly dread;
 For him the greatest of the gods we deem,
 Born without sire or couples of one kind;
 For Venus self doth solely couples seem,
 Both male and female through commixture joined:
 So pure and spotless Cupid forth she brought,
 And in the gardens of Adonis nurst:
 Where growing he his own perfection wrought,
 And shortly was of all the gods the first.
 Then got he bow and shafts of gold and lead,
 In which so fell and puissant he grew,
 That Jove himself his power began to dread,
 And, taking up to heaven, him godded new.
 From thence he shoots his arrows everywhere
 Into the world, at random as he will.

So we him worship, so we him adore
 With humble hearts to heaven uplifted high."

" Shepherd, it seems that some celestial rage
 Of Love," quoth Cuddy, " is breathed into thy breast.

Well may it seem, by this thy deep insight,
 That of that god the priest thou shouldst be:
 So well thou wot'st the mystery of his might,
 As if his godhead thou didst present see."

On this launching out afresh in exaltation of the
 mighty deity, he exclaims:—

" Long before the world he was ybore,
 And bred above in Venus' bosom dear:
 For by his power the world was made of yore,
 And all that therein wondrous doth appear.

The lion chose his mate, the turtle dove
 Her dear, the dolphin his own dolphinet;
 But man, that had the spark of reason's might
 More than the rest to rule his passion,
 Chose for his love the fairest in his sight,

Like as himself was fairest by creation :
 For beauty is the bait which with delight
 Doth man allure for to enlarge his kind ;
 Beauty, the burning lamp of heaven's light,
 Darting her beams into each feeble mind :
 Against whose power nor god nor man can find
 Defence, ne ward the danger of the wound ;
 But, being hurt, seek to be medicined
 Of her that first did stir that mortal stound.
 Then do they cry and call to Love apace,
 With prayers loud importuning the sky,
 Whence he them hears : and, when he list shew grace,
 Does grant them grace that otherwise would die.
 So Love is lord of all the world by right,
 And rules their creatures by his powerful saw :
 All being made the vassals of his might,
 Through secret sense which thereto doth them draw."

The conclusion of the poem is of singular interest in reference to Spenser's personal history. It is our last notice of Rosalind. When he has ended his laudation of Cupid, a shepherdess called Melissa observes that all true lovers are greatly bound to him, but, most of all, all women are his debtors. Then ill has he been requited, rejoins Hobinol, for having so long loved one of them so fondly.

" Indeed," said Lucid, " I have often heard
 Fair Rosalind of divers foully blamed
 For being to that swain too cruel hard ;
 That her bright glory else hath much defamed.
 But who can tell what cause had that fair maid
 To use him so that used her so well ;
 Or who with blame can justly her upbraid,
 For loving not ? for who can love compel ?
 And, sooth to say, it is foolhardy thing,
 Rashly to witen^p creatures so divine ;
 For demigods they be, and first did spring
 From heaven, though graft in frailness feminine."

^p Blame.

"Ah! shepherds," then said Colin, "ye ne weet
 How great a guilt upon your heads ye draw,
 To make so bold a doom, with words unmeet,
 Of things celestial which ye never saw.
 For she is not like as the other crew
 Of shepherds' daughters which amongst you be,
 But of divine regard and heavenly hue,
 Excelling all that ever ye did see.
 Not then to her that scorned thing so base,
 But to myself the blame that looked so high :
 So high her thoughts as she herself have place,
 And loathe each lowly thing with lofty eye.
 Yet so much grace let her vouchsafe to grant
 To simple swain, sith her I may not love :
 Yet that I may her honour paravant,^a
 And praise her worth, though far my wit above.
 Such grace shall be some guerdon for the grief,
 And long affliction which I have endured :
 Such grace sometimes shall give me some relief,
 And ease of pain which cannot be recured.
 And ye, my fellow shepherds, which do see
 And hear the languors of my too long dying,
 Unto the world for ever witness be,
 That hers I die, nought to the world denying
 This simple trophy of her great conquest."—
 So, having ended, he from ground did rise ;
 And after him uprose eke all the rest :
 All loth to part, but that the glooming skies
 Warned them to draw their bleating flocks to rest.

Rosalind, then, it may be presumed, was still living when this fine poem was written ; and the language in which she is here spoken of is that of a heart which had rather ceased to hope than ceased to love. At the same time, the love too, as will happen in that case, is less violent than it had been.

The other pieces published along with *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, were several poems to the memory of Sir Philip Sidney, of which, however, only the first, entitled *Astrophel, a Pastoral Elegy*, is by Spenser. It is a short effusion of about 200 lines, "dedicated to the

^a Publicly.

most beautiful and virtuous lady, the Countess of Essex," that is to say, to Sidney's widow, Frances Walsingham, who two or three years after losing her first husband, the subject of the present elegy, had remarried privately with Elizabeth's celebrated favourite. The lady, however, whom the poem celebrates, is Sidney's first love, made famous in his own verses under the same name, Stella, by which she is designated both here and in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*; the beautiful Lady Penelope Devereux, sister of his widow's present husband. The following are extracts:—

A gentle shepherd born in Arcady,
Of gentlest race that ever shepherd bore,
About the grassy banks of Hæmony
Did keep his sheep, his little stock and store.
Full carefully he kept them day and night,
In fairest fields; and Astrophel he hight.

In one thing only failing of the best,
That he was not so happy as the rest;

He grew up fast in goodness and in grace,
And doubly fair wox both in mind and face.

Which daily more and more he did augment,
With gentle usage and demeanour mild:
That all men's hearts with secret ravishment
He stole away, and weetingly beguiled.
Ne spite itself, that all good things doth spill,
Found aught in him, that she could say was ill.

His sports were fair, his joyance innocent,
Sweet without sour, and honey without gall;
And he himself seemed made for merriment,
Merrily masking both in bower and hall.
There was no pleasure nor delightful play,
When Astrophel so ever was away.

For he could pipe, and dance, and carol sweet,
Amongst the shepherds in their shearing feast;
As summer's lark that with her song doth greet
The dawning day forthcoming from the east.

And lays of love he also could compose :
 Thrice happy she, whom he to praise did chose.

And many a nymph both of the wood and brook,
 Soon as his oaten pipe began to shrill,
 Both crystal wells and shady groves forsook,
 To hear the charms of his enchanting skill ;
 And brought him presents, flowers if it were prime,
 Or mellow fruit if it were harvest-time.

But he for none of them did care a whit ;
 Yet woodgods for them often sighed sore.

Stella the fair, the fairest star in sky,

Her he did love, her he alone did honour,
 His thoughts, his rhymes, his songs were all upon her.

Ne her with idle words alone he wowed,
 And verses vain (yet verses are not vain),
 But with brave deeds to her sole service vowed.

In wrestling nimble, and in renning swift,
 In shooting steady, and in swimming strong :
 Well made to strike, to throw, to leap, to lift,
 And all the sports that shepherds are among.
 In every one he vanquished every one,
 He vanquished all, and vanquished was of none.

No beast so savage but he could it kill ;
 No chase so hard, but he therein had skill.

It fortune'd as he that perilous game
 In foreign soil pursued far away ;
 Into a forest wide and waste he came,
 Where store he heard to be of salvage prey.
 So wide a forest and so waste as this,
 Nor famous Arden, nor foul Arlow, is.

So as he raged amongst that beastly rout,
A cruel beast of most accursed brood
Upon him turned (despair makes cowards stout),
And, with fell tooth accustomed to blood,
Launched his thigh with so mischievous might,
That it both bone and muscles rived quite.

Ah! wretched boy, the shape of drearhead,
And sad ensample of man's sudden end:
Full little faileth but thou shalt be dead,
Unpitied, unplaind, of foe or friend!
Whilst none is nigh, thine eyelids up to close,
And kiss thy lips like faded leaves of rose.

A sort of shepherds suing of the chace,
As they the forest ranged on a day,
By fate or fortune came unto the place,
Where as the luckless boy yet bleeding lay.

They stopped his wound, (too late to stop it was!)
And in their arms then softly did him rear:
Tho (as he willed) unto his loved lass,
His dearest love, him dolefully did bear.

She, when she saw her love in such a plight,

Her yellow locks that shone so bright and long,
As sunny beams in fairest summer's day,
She fiercely tore, and with outrageous wrong
From her red cheeks the roses rent away.

His pallid face, impictured with death,
She bathed oft with tears, and dried oft:
And with sweet kisses sucked the wasting breath
Out of his lips like lilies pale and soft.
And oft she called to him, who answered nought,
But only by his looks did tell his thought.

At last, when pain his vital powers had spent,
His wasted life her weary lodge forewent.

Which when she saw, she stayed not a whit,
 But after him did make untimely haste :
 Forthwith her ghost out of her corpse did flit,
 And followed her make like turtle chaste ;
 To prove that death their hearts cannot divide,
 Which living were in love so firmly tied.

The gods, which all things see, this same beheld,
 And, pitying this pair of lovers true,
 Transformed them there lying on the field
 Into one flower that is both red and blue ;
 It first grows red, and then to blue doth fade,
 Like Astrophel, which thereinto was made.

And in the midst thereof a star appears,
 As fairly formed as any star in skies ;
 Resembling Stella in her freshest years,
 Forth darting beams of beauty from her eyes :
 And all the day it standeth full of dew,
 Which is the tears that from her eyes did flow.

That herb of some Starlight is called by name,
 Of others Penthia, though not so well ;
 But thou, wherever thou dost find the same,
 From this day forth do call it Astrophel :
 And whensoever thou it up dost take,
 Do pluck it softly for that shepherd's sake.

Stella, for all that is here said, was still extant, and lived for many years after this ; she had both married and buried one husband in Sidney's life-time, Robert second Lord Rich, whose widow she now was ; and she afterwards became the wife of Charles Blount, Lord Mountjoy, whom James I. upon his coming to the throne created Earl of Devonshire.

The other pieces appear to be by Sidney's sister, the Countess of Pembroke, here called Clorinda ; by Spenser's friend Bryskett, supposed to be Thestylis, which name also occurs in *Colin Clout's Come Home Again* ; by a writer of the name of Matthew Roydon ; and by two unknown writers. The several poems may be supposed to have been collected by Spenser. What with its high poetry, and the personal interest attaching to

much of what it contained, a more exciting volume than this would be at its first appearance can hardly be conceived.

The same year brought forth another volume in 12mo., also printed for Ponsonby, entitled '*Amoretti* and *Epithalamion*, written not long since by Edmund Spenser.' The *Amoretti* are a series of eighty-eight Sonnets, detailing the history of a new affection and courtship: and the *Epithalamion* is a marriage song on its successful termination. The volume was probably published early in 1595; for it is entered in the Stationers' Registers on the 19th of November in the preceding year. It is possible, indeed, although not perhaps probable, that it may have been brought out before the volume containing *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*. It is dedicated by Ponsonby "to the Right Worshipful Robert Needham, Knight," in a short address, in which he distinctly states that it is published in Spenser's absence, and seems to state that the manuscript came over in the same ship in which Needham had recently been conveyed from Ireland. He speaks of the author's "gentle muse" having been "for his former perfection long wished for in England." That Spenser was at this time absent from England further appears from a Sonnet to the author by G. W. Senior (perhaps George Whetstone) prefixed to the volume, in which, after affirming that,

— "while this muse in foreign land doth stray,
Invention sleeps, and pens are cast aside,"

he adds,

"Then, hie thee home, that art our perfect guide,
And with thy wit illustrate England's fame,
Daunting thereby our neighbours' ancient pride,
That do, for poesy, challenge chiefest name;"

alluding, we suppose, to the Scottish poets.

Spenser's Sonnets, though only the relaxations of his muse on a private theme, are for the most part at least ingenious and graceful compositions, and are far from meriting the disparaging terms in which they are spoken

of by Drummond of Hawthornden, who, as quoted by Ritson in his *Bibliographia Poetica*, says, "I am not of their opinion who think them his; for they are so childish, that it were not well to give them so honourable a father." Drummond forgot that a sonnet was not to Spenser what it was to himself, a performance that tasked his poetical powers to their most elaborate exercise. But, if he was not satisfied with the external evidence for the authenticity of these Sonnets, what would he have had? Drummond's incredulity, however, is exceeded in absurdity by the theory of his countryman the late George Chalmers, who, in his 'Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakspeare Papers,' contends that these *Amoretti* of Spenser's are addressed to Queen Elizabeth, and that their two great objects were, "an apology for not proceeding with the Fairy Queen, and an attempt to clear himself from the cloud under which he wandered in darkness and dismay." This is not so much like the conceit of a person of little judgment (which Chalmers was) as of one deprived of his judgment altogether. Spenser's Sonnets need no Oedipus. There is not a line in them that is not readily intelligible, and perfectly natural, if we take them in what we suppose Chalmers himself would not have denied to be their professed or obvious sense.

If, however, they had been more attentively read in this sense, the portion of the poet's life of which they are the history would have been somewhat better understood than it has been by his biographers, and in particular one prevailing misconception would have been corrected. It has been supposed that the new mistress who is the subject of these Sonnets was a person so humbly born that Spenser, in making her his wife, may be said to have stepped quite out of his own rank in life and made what is called a low marriage. Thus, Mr. Todd speaks of "the lowliness of her origin;"* and in a formal pedigree which Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax gives in his communication to the *Gentleman's Magazine* as furnished to him by

* Works of Spenser, Vol. I. p. cxii.

Sir William Betham, Bart., Ulster King of Arms, and which is stated by Sir William to have been compiled by him "from the Records of Ireland," she is described as "daughter of —, a peasant of obscure family." We do not know what the "Records of Ireland" may say upon the subject; but at least we do not believe that there is any other evidence to this effect. The common account seems to rest entirely upon the description of her in the Tenth Canto of the Sixth Book of the *Fairy Queen*, where, being represented as dancing with the three Graces, and worthy to be herself a fourth, she is declared to be nevertheless "but a country lass." But "a country lass" surely does not necessarily mean a peasant girl. It would be, in the circumstances, a very natural and appropriate designation for any provincial beauty belonging to the middle ranks. Cibber in his 'Lives of the Poets' calls Spenser's mistress "a merchant's daughter;" and there is every appearance that such she was. It is impossible, at any rate, to read the Sonnets from beginning to end, and to retain the notion that she was of the humble station commonly supposed. They do not contain an expression from which any such inference can be drawn. Every thing that is said of her implies that she belonged to the same class with her lover, and that, although not of elevated rank or distinguished birth, her habits and accomplishments were those of a gentlewoman. In one place she is spoken of as living near the sea; the marriage appears to have been solemnized in Cork; and she was probably the daughter of a merchant residing in that city or the vicinity. This would give a peculiar propriety and significance to the appeal in the *Epithalamion*, "Tell me, ye merchants' daughters," &c.

Here is the First Sonnet:—

Happy, ye leaves! whenas those lily hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might,
Shall handle you, and hold in love's soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victor's sight.
And happy lines! on which, with starry light,

Those lamping eyes will deign sometimes to look,
 And read the sorrows of my dying sprite,
 Written with tears in heart's close-bleeding book.
 And happy rhymes! bathed in the sacred brook
 Of Helicon, whence she derived is;
 When ye behold that angel's blessed look,
 My soul's long-lacked food, my heaven's bliss;
 Leaves, lines, and rhymes, seek her to please alone,
 Whom if ye please I care for other none!

But this, although it stands at the head of the series, may perhaps have been written at a later date than many that follow it, and merely by way of introduction or preface to the rest after they were collected. There is nothing in it to prevent our supposing it to have been indited by the poet at the end instead of at the beginning or in the middle of his courtship. At all events his suit was by no means at once successful; the lady had to be long and perseveringly wooed before she was won; and the first forty or fifty sonnets record hardly any thing but her pride and obduracy. The chronological progress of the affair is very clear. As the Sonnets and Epithalamion were finished and probably in England before the end of 1594, the marriage, which it is intimated took place on St. Barnabas day, may be assigned to the 11th of June in that year. Upon this supposition everything is consistent. The courtship, as we trace its history in the Sonnets, ran through the preceding year and a half and a little more; and the commencement of this new affection may be therefore fixed in the latter part of the year 1592, some reasonable time after the poet had, in his *Colin Clout's Come Home Again*, which we assume to have been written for the greater part in the close of the year 1591, discharged his heart of its last languid fervours for Rosalind.

The Fourth Sonnet announces the looking forth of a new year out of Janus' gate, that is to say, the return of a first of January. The Fifth is as follows:

• Shining.

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
 In finding fault with her too portly pride :
 The thing which I do most in her admire,
 Is of the world unworthy most envied :^a
 For in those lofty looks is close implied
 Scorn of base things, and disdain of foul dishonour ;
 Threatening rash eyes which gaze on her so wide,
 That loosely they ne dare to look upon her.
 Such pride is praise ; such portliness is honour ;
 That boldened innocence bears in her eyes ;
 And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
 Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
 Was never in this world ought worthy tried,
 Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

Most commonly, however, he takes a different view of this part of the lady's character, and of her bearing towards him. As for instance in the Tenth Sonnet :—

Unrighteous Lord of Love, what law is this,
 That me thou makest thus tormented be,
 The whiles she lordeth in licentious bliss
 Of her free will, scorning both thee and me ?
 See how the tyranness doth joy to see
 The huge massacres which her eyes do make ;
 And humbled hearts brings captive unto thee,
 That thou of them may'st mighty vengeance take,
 But her proud heart do thou a little shake,
 And that high look, with which she doth control
 All this world's pride, bow to a baser make,
 And all her faults in thy black book enrol :
 That I may laugh at her in equal sort,
 As she doth laugh at me, and makes my pain her sport.

In the Fourteenth he speaks of having received a repulse which had for the time made him abandon his suit. In the Nineteenth we find the middle of April arrived, when

The merry cuckow, messenger of spring,
 His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded ;

^a Disliked.

and the Twenty-second brings us to Easter. In the Twenty-seventh he reminds her that, beautiful as she is, all her beauty will in time be forgotten, save only what of it shall be kept in the recollection of men by this verse of his, "that never shall expire." In the Twenty-eighth he speaks of her giving him great hope that she will relent by her wearing that day a laurel-leaf, being the badge which he himself bears; alluding perhaps to the appointment he is understood to have held of Poet Laureate. In the Twenty-ninth it is mentioned that this laurel or bay had been presented to her by him. In the Thirty-third he addresses himself to Lodwick—that is, to his friend Lodowick Bryskett—and apologises for not finishing his *Fairy Queen*, on the plea that to do so in his present situation he would require two wits or minds, the one which is all he has got being wholly occupied and "tossed with troublous fit of a proud love." In the Thirty-fourth he compares his mistress to a star that was wont to direct him with her bright ray, and that is now overcast with clouds. This would seem to indicate that his suit had once known a brighter time, however brief, than has shone upon it since the commencement of his sonnet-writing. The following, which is the Thirty-seventh, is not very like the description of the daughter of an obscure peasant:—

What guile is this, that those her golden tresses
 She doth attire under a net of gold;
 And with sly skill so cunningly them dresses,
 That which is gold, or hair, may scarce be told?
 Is it that men's frail eyes, which gaze too bold,
 She may entangle in that golden snare;
 And, being caught, may craftily unfold
 Their weaker hearts, which are not well aware?
 Take heed, therefore, mine eyes, how ye do stare
 Henceforth too rashly on that guileful net,
 In which, if ever ye entrapped are,
 Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
 Fondness it were for any, being free,
 To covet fetters, though they golden be!

In the Thirty-ninth he records how he had been glad-

dened and revived by her having lately smiled on him in a time of sadness ; and the same subject is pursued in the Fortieth, which is as follows :—

Mark when she smiles with amiable cheer,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it ;
When on each eyelid sweetly do appear
An hundred graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
Unto the fair sunshine in summer's day,
That, when a dreadful storm away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray ;
At sight whereof, each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled,
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drooping head.
So my storm-beaten heart likewise is cheered
With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

It may be observed that we have here nearly the same expression—"An hundred graces on her eyelid sate," &c., which E. K. in his gloss on the Sixth Eclogue of the *Shepherd's Calendar* quotes as occurring in one of Spenser's now lost *Pageants*.*

In the Forty-third Sonnet he complains indignantly of her having tied his tongue with proud restraint, or prohibited him from speaking to her ; and he makes mention of "her deep wit, that true heart's thoughts can spell." In the Forty-sixth we find him noting that whenever in visiting her he has staid his prefixed time she forces him to go away. In the Fiftieth he speaks of having been ill. From the Fifty-second it may be gathered that they were probably not so placed as to meet every day ; having returned home from seeing her, he describes himself as doomed "long-while alone in languor to remain." This is the Fifty-fourth :—

Of this world's theatre in which we stay,
My love, like the spectator, idly sits ;
Beholding me, that all the pageants play,

* See Vol. I., p. 28.

Disguising diversely my troubled wits.
 Sometimes I joy when glad occasion fits,
 And mask in mirth like to a comedy :
 Soon after, when my joy to sorrow flits,
 I wail, and make my woes a tragedy.
 Yet she, beholding me with constant eye,
 Delights not in my mirth, nor rues my smart :
 But, when I laugh, she mocks ; and, when I cry,
 She laughs, and hardens evermore her heart.
 What then can move her ? if not mirth nor moan,
 She is no woman, but a senseless stone.

The Sixtieth Sonnet is the one from which the year of Spenser's birth has been deduced. The astronomers, he observes, assign to each of the planets a certain cycle. Thus Mars completes his sphere in sixty of our years. Then he goes on :—

So, since the winged god his planet clear
 Began in me to move, one year is spent :
 The which doth longer unto me appear
 Than all those forty which my life out-went.
 Then by that count, which lovers' books invent,
 The sphere of Cupid forty years contains :
 Which I have wasted in long languishment.

One part of the meaning of this, at any rate, is clear enough ; his suit has now gone on for about a year. And the previous portion of his life, he seems to state, had extended over forty years ; so that he was now forty-one. This was in the end of the year 1593 ; so that he would appear to have been born in 1552.

The Sixty-second Sonnet brings us to another new year, which is described as having begun his course "with show of morning mild." And from about this time, too, the fair lady begins to mitigate her severity, and the prospects of her lover to brighten. The following are the Sixty-fourth, Sixty-fifth, and Sixty-sixth Sonnets :—

Coming to kiss her lips (such grace I found)
 Me seemed, I smelt a garden of sweet flowers,
 That dainty odours from them threw around,
 For damsels fit to deck their lovers' bowers.

Her lips did smell like unto gillyflowers;
 Her ruddy cheeks, like unto roses red;
 Her snowy brows, like budded bellamoures;^{*}
 Her lovely eyes, like pinks but newly spread;
 Her goodly bosom, like a strawberry bed;
 Her neck, like to a bunch of columbines;
 Her breast, like lilies, ere their leaves be shed;
 Her nipples, like young blossomed jessamines:
 Such fragrant flowers do give most odorous smell;
 But her sweet odour did them all excel.

The doubt which ye misdeem, fair love, is vain,
 That fondly fear to lose your liberty;
 When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
 And make him bond that bondage erst did fly.
 Sweet be the bands the which true love doth tie
 Without constraint, or dread of any ill:
 The gentle bird feels no captivity
 Within her cage; but sings, and feeds her fill.
 There pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
 The league twixt them, that loyal love hath bound:
 But simple truth, and mutual good-will,
 Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound:
 There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
 And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower.

To all those happy blessings, which ye have
 With plenteous hand by heaven upon you thrown;
 This one disparagement they to you gave,
 That ye your love lent to so mean a one.
 Ye, whose high worth's surpassing paragon
 Could not on earth have found one fit for mate,
 Ne but in heaven matchable to none,
 Why did ye stoop unto so lowly state?
 But ye thereby much greater glory get,
 Than had ye sorted with a prince's peer:^{*}
 For, now your light doth more itself dilate,
 And, in my darkness, greater doth appear.
 Yet, since your light hath once enlumined me,
 With my reflex yours shall increased be.

These last lines surely have anything rather than the

^{*} What flower or plant this is the glossaries do not explain.

appearance of having been addressed to a peasant girl, or to any one greatly inferior in condition to the writer. We add the Sixty-seventh :—

Like as a huntsman after weary chase,
 Seeing the game from him escaped away,
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,
 With panting hounds beguiled of their prey :
 So, after long pursuit and vain assay,
 When I all weary had the chase forsook,
 The gentle deer returned the self-same way,
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook :
 There she, beholding me with milder look,
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide ;
 Till I in hand her yet half-trembling took,
 And with her own good will her firmly tied.
 Strange thing, me seemed, to see a beast so wild
 So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.

The Sixty-eighth is written on Good-Friday. And here are the Sixty-ninth, Seventieth, and Seventy-first :—

The famous warriors of the antique world
 Used trophies to erect in stately wise ;
 In which they would the records have enrolled
 Of their great deeds and valorous emprise.
 What trophy then shall I most fit devise,
 In which I may record the memory
 Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
 Adorned with honour, love, and chastity !
 Even this verse, vowed to eternity,
 Shall be thereof immortal monument ;
 And tell her praise to all posterity,
 That may admire such world's rare wonderment ;
 The happy purchase of my glorious spoil,
 Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
 In whose coat-armour richly are displayed
 All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
 In goodly colours gloriously arrayed ;
 Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
 Yet in her winter's bower not well awake ;
 Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,

Unless she do him by the forelock take;
 Bid her therefore herself soon ready make,
 To wait on Love amongst his lovely crew;
 Where every one, that misseth then her make,
 Shall be by him amerced with penance due.
 Make haste, therefore, sweet love, whilst it is prime;
 For none can call again the passed time.

I joy to see how, in your drawn work,
 Yourself unto the bee ye do compare;
 And me unto the spider, that doth lurk
 In close await, to catch her unaware:
 Right so yourself were caught in cunning snare
 Of a dear foe, and thrall'd to his love;
 In whose strait bands ye now captived are
 So firmly, that ye never may remove.
 But, as your work is woven all about
 With woodbine flowers and fragrant eglantine;
 So sweet your prison you in time shall prove,
 With many dear delights bedecked fine.
 And all thenceforth eternal peace shall see
 Between the spider and the gentle bee.

Here again we have plainly a lady, with her elegant accomplishments and her leisure, not "a country lass" in the sense in which the biographers understand the expression.

In the Seventy-fourth Sonnet, Spenser records the circumstance that his mother, his queen, and his love bore all the same name, Elizabeth. In the Seventy-eighth he mourns her temporary absence. In the Eightieth he intimates that he has now finished the Six Books of his *Fairy Queen*: this would be in the spring of 1594. The following are the Eighty-first and Eighty-second; the last we shall quote:—

Fair is my love, when her fair golden hairs
 With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
 Fair, when the rose in her red cheeks appears;
 Or in her eyes the fire of love does spark.
 Fair, when her breast, like a rich laden bark,
 With precious merchandise she forth doth lay;
 Fair, when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark

Her goodly light, with smiles she drives away.
 But fairest she, whenso she doth display
 The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
 Through which her words so wise do make their way
 To bear the message of her gentle sprite.
 The rest be works of nature's wonderment:
 But this the work of heart's astonishment.
 Joy of my life! full oft for loving you
 I bless my lot, that was so lucky placed:
 But then the more your own mishap I rue,
 That are so much by so mean love embased.
 For, had the equal heavens so much you graced
 In this as in the rest, ye mote invent^u
 Some heavenly wit, whose verse could have enchased
 Your glorious name in golden monument.
 But since ye deigned so goodly to relent
 To me your thrall, in whom is little worth;
 That little, that I am, shall all be spent
 In setting your immortal praises forth:
 Whose lofty argument, uplifting me,
 Shall lift you up unto an high degree.

From the Eighty-fifth Sonnet we gather that some venomous tongue, carrying "false forged lies" to the lady's ear, had stirred up her anger against the poet, and made dispeace between them. The Eighty-sixth, Eighty-seventh, and Eighty-eighth express the unhappiness of the lover in his temporary absence from his mistress.

We shall give the greater part of the *Epithalamion*, which is probably the noblest marriage song ever sung:—

Ye learned sisters, which have oftentimes
 Been to me aiding, others to adorn,
 Whom ye thought worthy of your graceful rhymes,
 That even the greatest did not greatly scorn
 To hear their names sung in your simple lays,
 But joyed in their praise;
 And when ye list your own mishaps to mourn,
 Which death, or love, or fortune's wreck did raise,
 Your string could soon to sadder tenor turn,

^u Find.

And teach the woods and waters to lament
Your doleful dreariment :
Now lay those sorrowful complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with girlands crowned,
Help me mine own love's praises to resound ;
Ne let the same of any be envied :
So Orpheus did for his own bride !
So I unto my self alone will sing ;
The woods shall to me answer, and my echo ring.

Early, before the world's light-giving lamp
His golden beam upon the hills doth spread,
Having dispersed the night's uncheerful damp,
Do ye awake ; and, with fresh lustihead,
Go to the bower of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove ;
Bid her awake ; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his mask to move,
With his bright tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to wait on him,
In their fresh garments trim.
Bid her awake therefore, and soon her dight,
For lo ! the wished day is come at last,
That shall, for all the pains and sorrows past,
Pay to her usury of long delight :
And, whilst she doth her dight,
Do ye to her of joy and solace sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Bring with you all the nymphs that you can hear
Both of the rivers and the forests green,
And of the sea that neighbours to her near :
All with gay girlands goodly well beseen.
And let them also with them bring in hand
Another gay girland,
For my fair love, of lilies and of roses,
Bound truelove wise, with a blue silk riband.
And let them make great store of bridal posies,
And let them eke bring store of other flowers,
To deck the bridal bowers.
And let the ground wheras her foot shall tread,
For fear the stones her tender foot should wrong,
Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along,
And diapered like the discoloured mead.

Which done, do at her chamber door await,
 For she will waken straight;
 The whiles do ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your echo ring.

.

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
 The rosy Morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb;
 And Phæbus gins to show his glorious head.
 Hark! how the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
 And carol of Love's praise.
 The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
 The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays:
 The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this day's merriment.
 Ah! my dear love, why do ye sleep thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 To await the coming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
 The dewy leaves among!
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
 And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome clouds, now show their goodly beams
 More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
 Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
 Help quickly her to dight:
 But first come ye fair Hours, which were begot
 In Jove's sweet paradise of day and night;
 Which do the seasons of the year allot,
 And all, that ever in this world is fair,
 Do make and still repair:
 And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian queen,
 The which do still adorn her beauty's pride,
 Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
 And, as ye her array, still throw between
 Some graces to be seen;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

.

O fairest Phœbus ! father of the muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse ;
 But let this day, let this one day, be mine ;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
 And, being crowned with a girland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.
 Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before ;
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace and virtue's store ?
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncruddled,
 Her paps like lilies budded,
 Her snowy neck like to a marble tower ;
 And all her body like a palace fair,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stair,
 To honour's seat and chastity's sweet bower.

Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with girlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view;
Of her ye virgins learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain
Like crimson dyed in grain:
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, Hallelujah sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Now all is done : bring home the bride again ;
 Bring home the triumph of our victory :
 Bring home with you the glory of her gain,
 With joyance bring her and with jollity.
 Never had man more joyful day than this,
 Whom heaven would heap with bliss ;
 Make feast therefore now all this livelong day ;
 This day for ever to me holy is.
 Pour out the wine without restraint or stay,
 Pour not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Pour out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the posts and walls with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withal.
 Crown ye God Bacchus with a coronal,
 And Hymen also crown with wreaths of vine ;
 And let the Graces dance unto the rest,
 For they can do it best :
 The whiles the maidens do their carol sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

.

Ah ! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lend me leave to come unto my love ?
 How slowly do the hours their numbers spend ?
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
 Haste thee, O fairest planet, to thy home,
 Within the western foam :
 Thy tired steeds long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloom,
 And the bright evening-star with golden crest
 Appear out of the east.
 Fair child of beauty ! glorious lamp of love !
 That all the host of heaven in ranks dost lead,
 And guidest lovers through the night's sad dread,
 How cheerfully thou lookest from above,
 And seem'st to laugh atween thy twinkling light,
 As joying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for joy do sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring !

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights forepast ;
 Enough it is that all the day was yours :
 Now day is done, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the bride into the bridal bowers.

The night is come, now soon her disarray,
 And in her bed her lay;
 Lay her in lilies and in violets,
 And silken curtains over her display,
 And odoured sheets, and arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my fair love does lie,
 In proud humility!
 Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
 In Tempe, lying on the flowery grass,
 Twixt sleep and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brook.
 Now it is night, ye damsels may be gone,
 And leave my love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing:
 The woods no more shall answer, nor your echo ring.

.

The poem concludes with the following L'Envoy:—

Song, made in lieu of many ornaments
 With which my love should duly have been decked,
 Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
 Ye would not stay your due time to expect,
 But promised both to recompense;
 Be unto her a goodly ornament,
 And for short time an endless monument!

Spenser came over again to England in 1596, bringing with him the three latter Books of his *Fairy Queen*, which, as has been already stated, were published along with a re-impression of the former three in the course of that year. In the same year appeared also in one quarto volume his *Prothalamion*, or Spousal Verse on the marriages of the Ladies Elizabeth and Katherine Somerset, daughters of the Earl of Worcester, accompanied by the *Daphnaida*; and in another his *Four Hymns*, in honour of Love, of Beauty, of Heavenly Love, and of Heavenly Beauty. The Dedication of these Hymns to the Countesses of Cumberland and Warwick is dated "Greenwich, this first of September, 1596." He had, he says, composed the two first in the greener times of his youth; "and," he adds, "finding that the same too much pleased those of like age and

disposition, which, being too vehemently carried with that kind of affection, do rather suck out poison to their strong passion than honey to their honest delight, I was moved by the one of you two most excellent ladies to call in the same;" but this he was unable to do, "by reason that many copies thereof were formerly scattered abroad;" wherefore, "at least to amend, and, by way of retraction, to reform them," he had now composed the two others, which he beseeches the two ladies to accept, in lieu of the great graces and honourable favours which they daily show unto him, until such time as he may, by better means, yield them some more notable testimony of his thankful mind and dutiful devotion.* But he lived to write, or at least to publish, nothing more. The additional Cantos of the *Fairy Queen* first appeared in the next (the first folio) edition of the poem, which was published in 1609. Four short poems, making seventy or eighty lines in all, were, we believe, first given in the first edition of his collected Works, published in folio, in 1611. His prose treatise, entitled 'A View of the State of Ireland, written dialogue-wise between Eudoxus and Irenaeus,' which appears to have been composed, or at least finished, during this visit to England in 1596, was first published by Sir James Ware, at Dublin, in 1633. Mr. Todd has reprinted in his edition of the poet's works (8 vols., 8vo. Lond. 1805) four Sonnets recovered from old publications; the first, that addressed to Gabriel Harvey, dated from Dublin, the 18th of July, 1586; the second prefixed to an English translation of an Italian treatise published in 1595; the third prefixed to a work published in 1596; and the fourth to one published in 1599. A prose translation by Spenser of a Greek dialogue entitled 'Axiochus,' on the shortness and uncertainty of life, is said to have been printed in Scotland in 1592; but no copy is now known

* The Hymn of Heavenly Beauty, which is a very splendid composition, will be found entire in the third volume of 'Sketches of the History of Learning and Literature in England' (Weekly Volume, No. xxxvi.).

to exist. A poem entitled 'Britain's Ida,' which was published as his in 1628, is undoubtedly spurious.

Spenser is supposed to have returned to Ireland some time in 1597. The last authentic notice of him that has been discovered is a letter from the Queen to the Irish government, dated the 30th of September, 1598, recommending him to be sheriff of Cork. But in the next month the breaking out of Tyrone's rebellion drove him with all his family from Kilcolman. Ben Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that, after having plundered him of his goods, the rebels burned his house and a little child new born, but that he and his wife escaped. He came over to London, and died at an inn in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th of January, 1599.

His body was interred in Westminster Abbey, and it is said to have been by his own desire that his grave was made next to that of Chaucer. The funeral, Camden tells us, was at the charge of the Earl of Essex; and he adds, that the pall was held up by poets, and that mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into the grave. A friend has called our attention to an unnoticed passage in Browne's 'Britannia's Pastorals,' at the end of the first Song of the second Book, from which it appears that Queen Elizabeth had ordered a monument to the great poet's memory, but that the order had been intercepted by somebody's avarice. Having described the universal amazement and sorrow occasioned by Spenser's death, Browne proceeds:—

Mighty Nereus' queen,
 In memory of what was heard and seen,
 Employed a factor, fitted well with store
 Of richest gems, refined Indian ore,
 To raise, in honour of his worthy name,
 A Pyramis, whose head, like winged Fame,
 Should pierce the clouds, yea seem the stars to kiss,
 And Mausolus' great tomb might shroud in his.
 Her will had been performance, had not fate,
 That never knew how to commiserate,
 Suborned curst avarice to lie in wait
 For that rich prey: (gold is a taking bait).

Who, closely lurking like a subtle snake
Under the covert of a thorny brake,
Seized on the factor by fair Thetis sent,
And robbed our Colin of his monument.

Then follows a bitter imprecation, and a promise that, if he live a few years more, he (Browne) will write a satire that shall

— jerk to death this infamy of men.

Spenser's actual monument in Westminster Abbey was erected, more than thirty years after his death, at a cost of forty pounds, by the famous Anne, Countess of Dorset by her first husband, and of Pembroke and Montgomery by her second, and Baroness de Clifford in her own right. The monument was restored, and the inscription rectified as to dates, in 1778, at the expense of his college at Cambridge.

Spenser is described by Aubrey, on the information of Mr. Beeston, as having been a little man, who wore short hair, a little band, and little cuffs. There are two pictures of him at Pembroke Hall; another in the possession of the Earl of Kinnoul at Dupplin Castle; another in Lord Chesterfield's collection.

APPENDIX.

THE illustration of Spenser's personal history is only incidentally one of the objects of the present work, and chiefly in so far as any light is thrown upon his life by his poetry, or upon his poetry by his life; but we will here arrange more distinctly and comprehensively than has yet been done the known facts respecting his descendants and family connexions; with the addition of some that have not till now been laid before the public.

The first investigation which this subject received was from Dr. Birch, in his *Life of Spenser*, prefixed to the edition of *The Fairy Queen*, published in 3 vols. 4to., in 1751. Some important additional particulars were added by George Chalmers in his 'Supplemental Apology for the Believers in the Shakespeare Papers,' 1799. All Birch's and Chalmers's statements are incorporated, along with some further information, in Mr. Todd's *Life of the Poet*, prefixed to his edition of his *Works* in 8 vols. 8vo., 1805. Other facts have since been communicated by Mr. T. Crofton Croker, in his 'Researches in the South of Ireland,' 4to., 1824; by Mr. J. Hardiman, in his 'Irish Minstrelsy,' 2 vols. 8vo., 1831: by the Rev. J. Mitford, in the *Life*, prefixed to the edition of 'Spenser's Poetical Works,' in 5 vols. 8vo., 1839; and by Mr. F. C. Spenser, of Halifax, in a paper printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for August, 1842.

The entire number of the descendants of Edmund Spenser, mentioned in these various accounts, amounts to above twenty; but at least six or seven of them must be considered as very doubtful. We will enumerate them in their order:

1. SYLVANUS SPENSER is admitted on all hands to have been the eldest son of Edmund Spenser and his wife, of whom we know only that her name was Elizabeth. It appears from a curious document, of which Mr. Hardiman has given an abstract from the original in the Rolls Office, Dublin, that before the year 1603 the poet's widow had

contracted a second marriage with one Roger Seckerston. The document in which this fact is stated is a petition from Sylvanus Spenser to the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, representing that the evidences of his late father's lands of Kileman, and others, to which he was heir, were unjustly withheld from him by his mother and her new husband, a praying remedy. Sylvanus Spenser married Ellen, eldest daughter of David Nangle, or Nagle, of Moneanymy, a son of Ellen Roche, daughter of William Roche, of Ballyhow. Both these estates are in the county of Cork: Moneanymy or Monanymy, lying a little way south from Kilcolman. Both the Nagles and the Roches were Roman Catholic families; and this connexion, as will be seen, had an important influence upon the fate of the Spensers. The mother of Edmund Burke, we may notice in passing, who was a Miss Nagle, and a Catholic lady, is said to have been the great-niece of this wife of Sylvanus Spenser; and perhaps the great orator derived his Christian name in this way from the great poet. Sylvanus Spenser, who was probably born in 1595, died before 1638; and left according to the common account two sons, Edmund and William, but according to the pedigree drawn up by Sir William Betham, and published in Mr. F. C. Spenser's paper, also a third son, Nathaniel.

2. LAWRENCE SPENSER, of Bandon Bridge, in the county of Cork, second son of the poet, is mentioned only by W. Betham, according to whom he died before 1654, and is not known to have left any descendants, or to have been married.

3. PEREGRINE SPENSER, youngest son of the poet, married; his eldest brother Sylvanus having, "in order," it is stated, "to prefer him in marriage," made over to him a part of the estate which he inherited from his father, namely, the lands of Rinny, or Renny, near Kilcolman. According to Mr. Hardiman he died in 1641; but Mr. T. refers to a MS. in the Library of Trinity College, Dublin, in which he is described on the 4th of May, 1642, as Protestant, resident about the barony of Fermoy, and impoverished by the troubles as to be unable to pay his debts." He left a son, Hugolin.

4. CATHERINE SPENSER, eldest daughter of the poet, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who places her between Sylvanus and Lawrence, and marries her to William W. man, of Bandon Bridge, but assigns her no descendants.

5. EDMUND SPENSER, eldest son of Sylvanus, had his estates erected into the manor of Kilcolman by royal letters patent confirmatory, on the 18th of February, 1638 (to remedy defective titles). He undoubtedly died unmarried, or at least without leaving any descendants, although the pedigree drawn up by Sir W. Betham, probably by an error in the way in which it is printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, assigns to him the children of his brother William.

6. WILLIAM SPENSER, second son of Sylvanus, became his elder brother's heir. Mr. Hardiman has printed from the Irish Privy Council Book preserved in Dublin Castle, the following interesting letter from Cromwell, dated Whitehall, 27th March, 1657:—"To our right trusty and right well-beloved our Council in Ireland: A petition hath been exhibited unto us by William Spenser, setting forth, that, being but seven years old at the beginning of the rebellion in Ireland [1641], he repaired with his mother (his father being then dead) to the city of Cork, and during the rebellion continued in the English quarters. That he never bore arms or acted against the Commonwealth of England. That his grandfather Edmund Spenser, and his father, were both Protestants, from whom an estate of lands in the barony of Fermoy, in the county of Cork, descended on him, which during the rebellion yielded him little or nothing towards his relief. That the said estate hath been lately given out to the soldiers in satisfaction of their arrears, only upon the account of his professing the Popish religion, which, since his coming to years of discretion, he hath, as he professes, utterly renounced. That his grandfather was that Spenser who, by his writings touching the reduction of the Irish to civility, brought on him the odium of that nation; and for those works, and his other good services, Queen Elizabeth conferred on him the estate which the said William Spenser now claims. We have also been informed that the gentleman is of civil conversation, and that the extremity his wants have brought him to have not prevailed over him to put him upon indirect or evil practices for a livelihood. And, if upon inquiry you shall find his case to be such, we judge it just and reasonable, and do therefore desire and authorize you, that he be forthwith restored to his estate, and that reprisal lands be given to the soldiers elsewhere; in the doing whereof our satisfaction will be greater by the continuation of that estate to the issue of his grandfather, for whose eminent deserts and services to the commonwealth

that estate was first given him. We rest your loving friend, OLIVER P."—The estate of Kilcolman was, in fact, restored to William Spenser; but, as far as we can make out, not till after the Restoration. And he had afterwards a royal grant, dated 31st July, 1678, of other lands in the counties of Galway and Roscommon, to the extent of nearly two thousand acres. Ballinasloe, at a later date so famous for its fair, was one of the properties he obtained in Roscommon. At the Revolution he joined King William, and is stated in a representation of his claims, which appears to have been drawn up about 1700 or 1701, to have rendered important public services by acting as a guide to the Earl of Athlone, in his military operations after the battle of the Boyne. For the part he took, it is affirmed, "he had 300 head of black cattle and 1500 sheep taken from him; his family was stript, his house plundered, and his only son had above twenty wounds given him by the Irish army." In consideration, it is added, of these services and sufferings, his Majesty in 1697 granted him the forfeited estate of his cousin Hugolin, who had taken the opposite side, being the same lands of Renny, near Kilcolman, which had been made over to Hugolin's father Peregrine, by his elder brother Sylvanus, the father of this William. The interference, however of the Board of Trustees, appointed by Parliament in 1700 to determine the validity of these grants by the crown of Irish forfeited estates, prevented his deriving any benefit from the royal bounty, till he came over to England to urge his suit, when he obtained a confirmation of the grant through the influence of Congreve, the poet, who took an interest in him and introduced him to Montague (afterwards Earl of Halifax), then at the head of the Treasury. Dr. Birch describes him as a man somewhat advanced in years. According to Mr. Hardiman's account the grant in 1697 of Hugolin's forfeited estate, which extended to 332 acres, was to the son of this William. They were probably both included. On the 24th of November in the same year the father and son mortgaged all their estates in Cork, Galway, and Roscommon, for the sum of 2100*l.*; and on the 21st of February, 1716, they sold the lands of Ballinasloe to Frederic French, ancestor of their present possessor, the Earl of Clancarty. William Spenser, the date of whose death is not stated, left, by his wife Barbara, one son, Nathaniel, and one daughter, Susannah.

7. REV. NATHANIEL SPENSER, of Ballycanon, in the

county of Waterford, clerk, third son of Sylvanus Spenser, is mentioned only by Sir W. Betham, who states that he died intestate in 1669; having married Margaret, daughter of ——— Dean, Esq., by whom, however, he appears to have had no issue.

8. HUGOLIN SPENSER, son of Peregrine, the poet's youngest son, is supposed to have forfeited the lands of Renny, that would otherwise have descended to him from his father, by engaging in the rebellion of 1641 with his Catholic relations, the Nagles and Roches. He appears to have been a Catholic himself: the property, however, was restored to him after the Restoration by the Act of Settlement of 1663. But he forfeited it a second time, as we have seen, by siding with King James at the Revolution, and it then came into the possession of his cousin William. He himself was outlawed, and it does not appear to be known what became of him.

9. NATHANIEL SPENSER (2), styled of Renny (that small property being apparently all that now remained in the family), the only son of William, made his will 14th October, 1718, wherein he mentions three sons—Edmund, Nathaniel, and John, and a daughter Barbara. His wife's Christian name was Rosamond. He died in or about 1734; "and soon after this," says Mr. Hardiman, "the rest of the property passed away from the poet's name and family. The latter has long since become extinct."

10. SUSANNAH, or SUSAN, SPENSER, daughter of William. Of her nothing is known, except that she is mentioned in her brother's will.

11. EDMUND SPENSER (2), of Renny, eldest son of Nathaniel (2), married Ann, daughter of John Freeman, of Ballinquin, in the county of Cork, Esq.

12. NATHANIEL SPENSER (3), second son of Nathaniel (2).

13. JOHN SPENSER, third son of Nathaniel (2).

14. BARBARA SPENSER, daughter of Nathaniel (2).

15. EDMUND SPENSER (3), called of Mallow, stated by Mr. Todd, from the information of Mr. Joseph Cooper Walker, to have been when he wrote (in 1805) yet remembered in Dublin as a lineal descendant of the poet. This is, no doubt, the same person who is mentioned by a writer in the 'Anthologia Hibernica,' in 1793, as having been resident a few years before at Mallow, and as having been "in possession of an original portrait of the poet, which he valued

so highly as to refuse 500*l.* which had been offered for it, with many curious records and papers concerning his venerable ancestor." We have no account, however, of the links of his ancestral descent. It is possible that he may be the same person already mentioned as Edmund Spenser (2).

16. MRS. BURNE, daughter of this Edmund Spenser of Mallow, married to Mr. Burne, who when Todd wrote filled, or had lately filled, some office in the English Custom-house. She, too, was said to have an original picture of the poet; but an inquiry after it was not attended with success.

17. MRS. SHERLOCK, of Cork, mentioned by Mr. Crofton Croker, on his own recollection, as residing in that city not more than six or seven years before he wrote (1824), who used frequently to boast of her descent from Spenser, "and," adds Mr. Croker, "I have been told possessed his picture, which she had more than once refused to dispose of, though by no means in affluent circumstances."

18. JOHN SPENSER (2), of Youghal. Mr. Mitford has printed at the end of his *Life of Spenser* a letter, dated from 7, Grove Terrace, York, 22nd July, 1839, and signed Robert Rouiere Pearce, in which it is asserted that the person who came over in the reign of King William to claim Spenser's estate (it should be the estate of Hugolin Spenser) was John Spenser, Esq., of Youghal; that this person not only raised a troop of horse at his own expense for King William, at the head of which he fell mortally wounded at the battle of the Boyne, but "lent his Protestant sovereign a considerable sum of money," "which," adds the writer, "as far as I know, has never been repaid;" that the fact of his death in the manner stated is recorded on a tablet in St. Mary's Collegiate Church, Youghal; and that a copy of his will still exists in the hands of the writer's mother, his descendant. It is quite certain that the claimant who came over to England after the Revolution was William Spenser, of Kilcolman; nor have we any evidence that this John Spenser of Youghal, if such a person existed, was any descendant of the poet. No known account or pedigree of the family contains such a name. Still Mr. Pearce may have some evidence in proof of his assertion which he has not produced.

19. MRS. DAY, asserted by Mr. R. R. Pearce to have been the daughter and heir of John Spenser (2), of Youghal.

20. THOMAS DAY, son of this Mrs. Day.

21. JOHN DAY, son of Thomas.

22. MRS. PEARCE, only daughter and surviving child of John Day.

23. ROBERT ROUIERE PEARCE, son of Mrs. Pearce.

To this list of names it may be added that Dr. Birch, writing in 1751, states that some of the descendants of Spenser were then remaining in the county of Cork. And, in a communication dated the 6th of June in the present year (1845), Mr. F. C. Spenser of Halifax informs us, that he has been for some time in correspondence with a direct female descendant of the poet in Ireland, through whose medium he is in possession of very important matter connected with his family.

In a subsequent communication Mr. Spenser states a few particulars respecting his own and the poet's Lancashire ancestors, in addition to those given in his paper published in the Gentleman's Magazine. The first of the Lancashire Spensers is Adam le Spenser of Hurstwood, who begins the pedigree about 1327, the first year of the reign of Edward III. But the same name, Adam del Spenser, is found in Cumberland (near Carlisle) in the reign of Edward II.; whence Mr. Spenser infers that the family had probably come to Lancashire from that quarter. With regard to the immediate ancestors of the poet, and of himself, Mr. Spenser says, "I have ascertained the very bench in the church of Burnley occupied by the family, and, I think, also their grave within the church. Although they are called *Yeomen* in the Church Register, I find them associated with the Townleys of Townley, and all the first gentry of the neighbourhood, in the parish business. The armorial bearings of the family are the same as Lord Spencer's and the Duke of Marlborough's, with the exception of three fleurs-de-lis on the bend, in place of three escallop shells, the former probably referring to services in the French wars of our Edwards." The property called *Spensers*, it seems, was disposed of by John Spenser, son of Edmund Spenser, in 1690.

The only person related to Spenser, before he had children of his own, of whom even the Christian name has hitherto been known, is his mother, and of her we know nothing more than that. The name of his father has not been discovered; nor has any of his biographers stated whether he had either sister or brother. It is certain, nevertheless, that, whatever may have been the fate of his own descendants, many of those of his father still exist, derived from a sister,

named Sarah, who probably accompanied the poet when he first went over to Ireland in 1580, and at any rate afterwards resided with him when he settled at Kilcolman. A full and very clear account of the descendants of Sarah Spenser and her husband will be found in the following extract of a communication with which we have been favoured by their representative, John Moore Travers, Esq., of Clifton, near Cork :—

“ The family of Travers were settled in the reign of Edward I. at Natesby, in Lancashire; which estate they held, in direct succession from father to son, till the reign of Philip and Mary; when it descended to Brian Travers; who sold it (or rather mortgaged it) to George Strickland; who sold it to a person of the name of Leyburne. This Brian Travers afterwards settled at Pill, in the neighbourhood of Bristol; having inherited the estate of Pill in right of his wife. He had a son named John Travers, who came to Ireland when Lord Grey de Wilton came over as Lord Lieutenant: and he was the first of the family of Travers that settled in Ireland. This John Travers married Sarah Spenser, the sister of Edmund Spenser, the poet; who granted to him as a marriage portion with his sister the Townlands of Ardenbane and Knocknacple, in Roche's country, in the county of Cork; which was part of 3028 acres of land, part of the forfeited estate of the Earl of Desmond, granted by Queen Elizabeth to the said Edmund Spenser; in which grant Kilcolman Castle and Lake were comprised. There seems to have been some doubt as to the power of Edmund Spenser to convey away this land to Travers; and therefore he passed his bond to Travers for a sum of money, by way of guarantee of the title. These lands appear to have been held by the second son of John Travers; but they have not continued in his family. I know not in what way, or by whom, they were parted with; nor whether either the grant or the bond be in existence. But neither of them is in the possession of any of the family.

“ The above-named John Travers and Sarah Spenser, his wife, had two sons, viz., Robert Travers, the eldest, afterwards Sir Robert Travers, who married Elizabeth, the daughter of the Primate Boyle (ancestor of the Earls of Cork and Orrery and the Earls of Shannon), and was Judge Advocate in Ireland and Vicar-General of Cork. Sir Robert inherited and purchased several estates in the county of Cork, particularly in the baronies of Ibane and Barryroc, and his

principal seat, called Ballinamona, near Courtmacsherry, was situated in these baronies, the estates in which have ever since continued in his family, and are now in my possession, as the lineal descendant of Sir Robert. Sir Robert was killed at the battle of Knockaness, in the county of Cork, in the rebellion of 1641.

"The second son of John Travers and Sarah Spenser was Zachary Travers. I do not know whom he married; however he left two sons, viz., Walter, who was the second Provost of Trinity College, Dublin (having succeeded Adam Loftus, who was the first Provost); and John, who, having the command of a troop of dragoons, under Lord Broghill, was killed in an ambuscade, in the rebellion of Ireland, January, 1642. He left no issue; nor did the Provost, Walter, leave any. The estates of Zachary, which had descended to Walter, he devised to John Travers, the second son of Sir Robert Travers, who was his first cousin; and these estates, which were considerable, thus descended to John Travers of Garrycloyne, now residing at Birchhill, in the county of Cork.

"Sir Robert Travers left two sons, Richard and John; and two daughters—Margaret, who married Sir Richard Alworth, the ancestor of the present Lord Doneraile; and Elizabeth, who married Sir John Meade, the ancestor of the present Earl of Clanwilliam. Richard Travers, the eldest son of Sir Robert, who was my great-great-grandfather, married Ellen Stawell. The children of Sir Robert being very young when he was killed, many valuable documents and records of the family were lost, and the title-deeds only were preserved. Richard Travers had five sons. The eldest, Robert, married Hester Hodder; and had Boyle Travers, my grandfather, who married Anna-Maria Moore. Boyle Travers left two sons: John Moore Travers, who died without issue male; and Robert Travers, my father, to whom the estates in Ibane and Barryroc descended, with the family seat of Ballinamona, now in my possession. Robert Travers left three sons, viz.—myself; Boyle Travers, a General in her Majesty's service; and Thomas Otho Travers, a Captain in the service of the East India Company, who died July, 1844, at his seat of Leemount in the county of Cork."

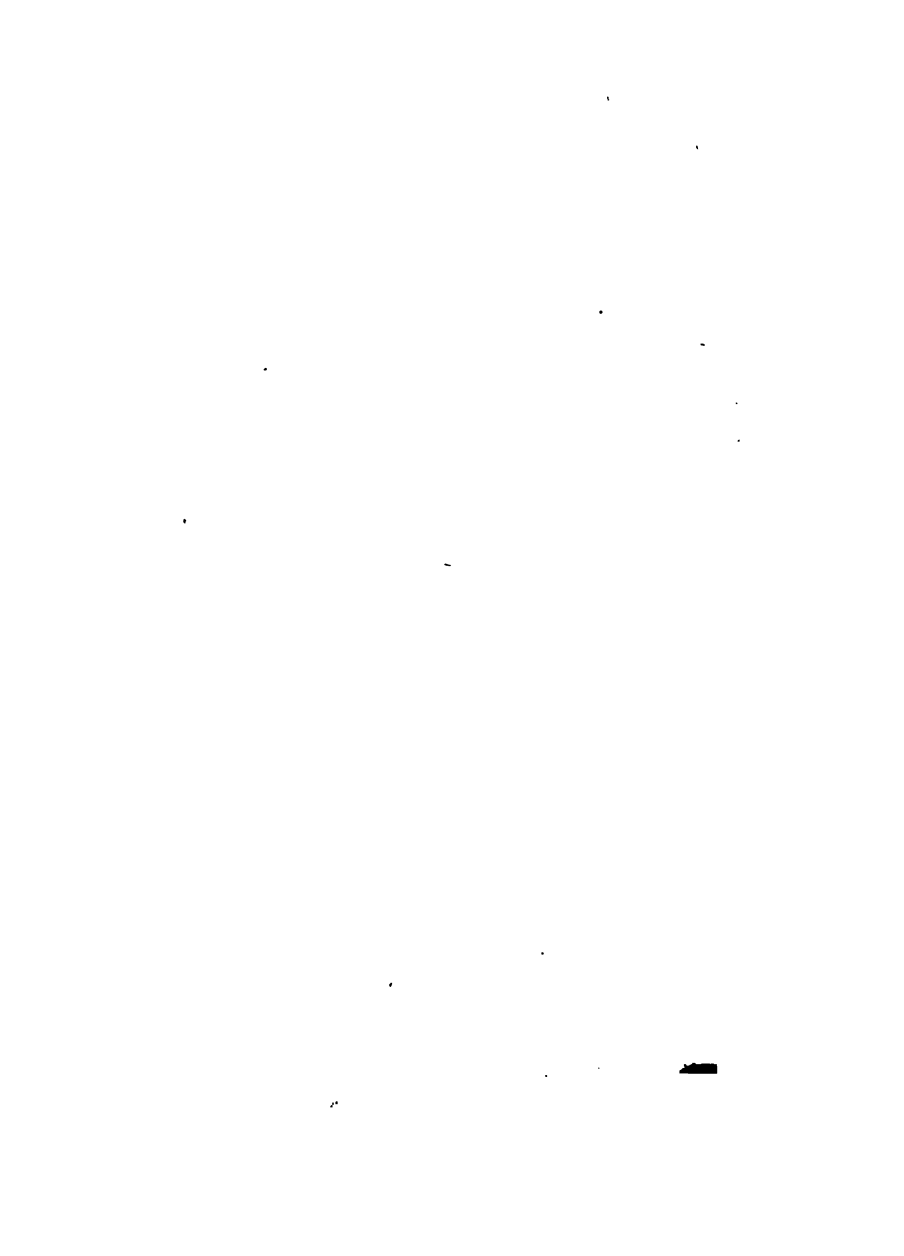
We have to add that Mr. Travers's only child is the lady of Sir William St. Lawrence Clarke, of Gloucester Place, Portman Square, London.

In a subsequent letter Mr. Travers states that the imprea-

sion on his mind is that John Travers and Spenser came to Ireland together ; and that they were very probably related previously to the marriage of his ancestor with the poet's sister.*

* While the above notices are passing through the press, we find in an interesting article on "The Irish Rivers," in the *Dublin University Magazine* for October, 1845, an extract from a work called 'A Guide to the Blackwater,' by Mr. O'Flanagan, in which it is stated that "the last of the Spensers of whom we have an authentic account," lived at Renny, or Rinny, and had contracted an intimacy with his housekeeper, from which she inferred that he meant to marry her ; and that this woman, who was also employed by her master as his barber, cut his throat while shaving him on the morning of the day on which he was to have been married to a lady in the neighbourhood. "In the small antique dwelling at Rinny," it is added, "is pointed out the room in which she did the deed." Was this Nathaniel Spenser, the 12th, or John Spenser, the 13th, in our list?

THE END.



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